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A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

XVI.

FLORIDA swiftly mounted the terrace steps, but she stopped with her hand on the door, panting, and turned and walked slowly away to the end of the terrace, drying her eyes with dashes of her handkerchief, and ordering her hair, some coils of which had been loosened by her flight. Then she went back to the door, waited, and softly opened it. Her mother was not in the parlor where she had left her, and she passed noiselessly into her own room, where some trunks stood, open and half-packed, against the wall. She began to gather up the pieces of dress that lay upon the bed and chairs, and to fold them with mechanical carefulness and put them in the boxes. Her mother's voice called from the other chamber, "Is that you, Florida?"

"Yes, mother," answered the girl, but remained kneeling before one of the boxes, with that pale green robe in her hand which she had worn on the morning when Ferris had first brought Don Ippolito to see them. She smoothed its folds and looked down at it without making any motion to pack it away, and so she lingered while her mother advanced with one question after another: "What are you doing, Florida? Where are you? Why did n't you come

to me?" and finally stood in the doorway. "Oh, you're packing. Do you know, Florida, I'm getting very impatient about going. I wish we could be off at once."

A tremor passed over the young girl, and she started from her languid posture and laid the dress in the trunk. "So do I, mother. I would give the world if we could go to-morrow!"

"Yes, but we can't, you see. I'm afraid we've undertaken a great deal, my dear. It's quite a weight upon *my* mind, already; and I don't know what it *will* be. If we were free, now, I should say, go to-morrow, by all means. But we could n't arrange it with Don Ippolito on our hands."

Florida waited a moment before she replied. Then she said coldly, "Don Ippolito is not going with us, mother."

"Not going with us? Why?" —

"He is not going to America. He will not leave Venice; he is to remain a priest," said Florida, doggedly.

Mrs. Vervain sat down in the chair that stood beside the door. "Not going to America; not leave Venice; remain a priest? Florida, you astonish me! But I am not the least surprised, not the least in the world. I thought Don Ippolito would give out, all along. He is not what I should call fickle, exactly, but he is weak, or timid, rather.

He is a good man, but he lacks courage—resolution. I always doubted if he would succeed in America; he is too much of a dreamer. But this, really, goes a little beyond anything! I never expected this. What did he say, Florida? How did he excuse himself?"

"I hardly know; very little. What was there to say?"

"To be sure, to be sure! Did you try to reason with him, Florida?"

"No," answered the girl, dearly.

"I am glad of that. I think you had said quite enough already. You owed it to yourself not to do so, and he might have misinterpreted it. These foreigners are very different from Americans. No doubt we should have had a time of it, if he had gone with us. It must be for the best. I'm sure it was ordered so. But all that does n't relieve Don Ippolito from the charge of black ingratitude, and want of consideration for us. He's quite made fools of us."

"He was not to blame. It was a very great step for him. And if" . . .

"I know that. But he ought not to have talked of it. He ought to have known his own mind fully before speaking; that's the only safe way. Well, then, there is nothing to prevent our going to-morrow."

Florida drew a long breath, and rose to go on with the work of packing.

"Have you been crying, Florida? Well, of course, you can't help feeling sorry for such a man. There's a great deal of good in Don Ippolito, a great deal. But when you come to my age you won't cry so easily, my dear. It's very trying," said Mrs. Vervain. She sat a while in silence before she asked: "Will he come here to-morrow morning?"

Her daughter looked at her with a glance of terrified inquiry.

"Do have your wits about you, my dear! We can't go away without saying good-by to him, and we can't go away without paying him."

"Paying him?"

"Yes, paying him — paying him for your lessons. It's always been very awkward. He has n't been like other

teachers, you know: more like a guest, or friend of the family. He never seemed to want to take the money, and of late, I've been letting it run along, because I hated so to offer it, till now, it's quite a sum. I suppose he needs it, poor fellow. And how to get it to him is the question. He may not come to-morrow, as usual, and I could n't trust it to the padrone. We might send it to him in a draft from Paris, but I'd rather pay him before we go. Besides, it would be rather rude, going away without seeing him again." Mrs. Vervain thought a moment; then, "I'll tell you," she resumed. "If he does n't happen to come here to-morrow morning, we can stop on our way to the station and give him the money."

Florida did not answer.

"Don't you think that would be a good plan?"

"I don't know," replied the girl in a dull way.

"Why, Florida, if you think from anything Don Ippolito said that he would rather not see us again — that it would be painful to him — why, we could ask Mr. Ferris to hand him the money."

"Oh no, no, no, mother!" cried Florida, hiding her face, "that would be too horribly indelicate!"

"Well, perhaps it would n't be quite good taste," said Mrs. Vervain perplexedly, "but you need n't express yourself so violently, my dear. It's not a matter of life and death. I'm sure I don't know what to do. We must stop at Don Ippolito's house, I suppose. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," faintly assented the daughter.

Mrs. Vervain yawned. "Well, I can't think anything more about it to-night; I'm too stupid. But that's the way we shall do. Will you help me to bed, my dear? I shall be good for nothing to-morrow."

She went on talking of Don Ippolito's change of purpose till her head touched the pillow, from which she suddenly lifted it again, and called out to her

daughter, who had passed into the next room: "But Mr. Ferris — why did n't he come back with you?"

"Come back with me?"

"Why yes, child. I sent him out to call you, just before you came in. This Don Ippolito business put him quite out of my head. Did n't you see him? . . . Oh! What's that?"

"Nothing: I dropped my candle."

"You're sure you did n't set anything on fire?"

"No. It went dead out."

"Light it again, and do look. Now is everything right?"

"Yes."

"It's queer he did n't come back to say he could n't find you. What do you suppose became of him?"

"I don't know, mother."

"It's very perplexing. I wish Mr. Ferris were not so odd. It quite borders on affectation. I don't know what to make of it. We must send word to him the very first thing to-morrow morning, that we're going, and ask him to come to see us."

Florida made no reply. She sat staring at the black space of the doorway into her mother's room. Mrs. Vervain did not speak again. After a while her daughter softly entered her chamber, shading the candle with her hand; and seeing that she slept, softly withdrew, closed the door, and went about the work of packing again. When it was all done, she flung herself upon her bed and hid her face in the pillow.

The next morning was spent in bestowing those interminable last touches which the packing of ladies' baggage demands, and in taking leave with largess (in which Mrs. Vervain shone) of all the people in the house and out of it, who had so much as touched a hat to the Vervains during their sojourn. It was not a vast sum in all; nor did the sundry extortions of the padrone come to much, though the honest man racked his brain to invent injuries to his apartments and furniture. Being uncomplainingly paid, he gave way to his real goodwill for his tenants in many little useful

offices. At the end he persisted in sending them to the station in his own gondola and could with difficulty be kept from going with them.

Mrs. Vervain had early sent a message to Ferris, but word came back a first and a second time that he was not at home, and the forenoon wore away and he had not appeared. A certain indignation sustained her till the gondola pushed out into the canal, and then it yielded to an intolerable regret that she should not see him.

"I can't go without saying good-by to Mr. Ferris, Florida," she said at last, "and it's no use asking me. He may have been wanting a little in politeness, but he's been so good all along; and we owe him too much not to make an effort to thank him before we go. We really must stop a moment at his house."

Florida, who had regarded her mother's efforts to summon Ferris to them with passive coldness, turned a look of terror upon her. But in a moment she bade the gondolier stop at the consulate, and dropping her veil over her face, fell back in the shadow of the tenda-curtains.

Mrs. Vervain sentimentalized their departure a little, but her daughter made no comment on the scene they were leaving.

The gondolier rang at Ferris's door and returned with the answer that he was not at home.

Mrs. Vervain gave way to despair. "Oh dear, oh dear! This is too bad! What shall we do?"

"We'll lose the train, mother, if we loiter in this way," said Florida.

"Well, wait. I must leave a message at least."

"How could you be away," she wrote on her card, "when we called to say good-by? We've changed our plans and we're going to-day. I shall write you a nice scolding letter from Verona — we're going over the Brenner — for your behavior last night. Who will keep you straight when I'm gone? You've been very, very kind. Florida joins me in a thousand thanks, regrets, and good-byes."

"There, I have n't said anything,

after all," she fretted, with tears in her eyes.

The gondolier carried the card again to the door, where Ferris's servant let down a basket by a string and fished it up.

"If Don Ippolito should n't be in," said Mrs. Vervain, as the boat moved on again, "I don't know what I *shall* do with this money. It will be awkward beyond anything."

The gondola slipped from the Canallazzo into the net-work of the smaller canals, where the dense shadows were as old as the palaces that cast them, and stopped at the landing of a narrow quay. The gondolier dismounted and rang at Don Ippolito's door. There was no response; he rang again and again. At last from a window of the uppermost story the head of the priest himself peered out. The gondolier touched his hat and said, "It is the ladies who ask for you, Don Ippolito."

It was a minute before the door opened, and the priest, bare-headed and blinking in the strong light, came with a stupefied air across the quay to the landing-steps.

"Well, Don Ippolito!" cried Mrs. Vervain, rising and giving him her hand, which she first waved at the trunks and bags piled up in the vacant space in the front of the boat, "what do you think of this? We are really going, immediately; *we* can change our minds too; and I don't think it would have been too much," she added with a friendly smile, "if we had gone without saying good-by to you. What in the world does it all mean, your giving up that grand project of yours so suddenly?"

She sat down again, that she might talk more at her ease, and seemed thoroughly happy to have Don Ippolito before her again.

"It finally appeared best, madama," he said quietly, after a quick, keen glance at Florida, who did not lift her veil.

"Well, perhaps you're partly right. But I can't help thinking that you with your talent would have succeeded in America. Inventors do get on there, in

the most surprising way. There's the Screw Company of Providence. It's such a simple thing; and now the shares are worth eight hundred. Are you well to-day, Don Ippolito?"

"Quite well, madama."

"I thought you looked rather pale. But I believe you're always a little pale. You must n't work too hard. We shall miss you a great deal, Don Ippolito."

"Thanks, madama."

"Yes, we shall be quite lost without you. And I wanted to say this to you, Don Ippolito, that if ever you change your mind again, and conclude to come to America, you must write to me, and let me help you just as I had intended to do."

The priest shivered, as if cold, and gave another look at Florida's veiled face.

"You are too good," he said.

"Yes, I really think I am," replied Mrs. Vervain, playfully. "Considering that you were going to let me leave Venice without even trying to say good-by to me, I think I'm very good indeed."

Mrs. Vervain's mood became overcast, and her eyes filled with tears: "I hope you're sorry to have us going, Don Ippolito, for you know how very highly I prize your acquaintance. It was rather cruel of you, I think."

She seemed not to remember that he could not have known of their change of plan. Don Ippolito looked piteously into her face, and made a touching gesture of deprecation, but did not speak.

"I'm really afraid you're *not* well, and I think it's too bad of us to be going," resumed Mrs. Vervain; "but it can't be helped now: we are all packed, don't you see. But I want to ask one favor of you, Don Ippolito; and that is," said Mrs. Vervain, covertly taking a little *rouleau* from her pocket, "that you'll leave these inventions of yours for a while, and give yourself a vacation. You need rest of mind. Go into the country, somewhere, do. That's what's preying upon you. But we must really be off, now. Shake hands with Florida — I'm going to be the last to part with you," she said, with a tearful smile.

Don Ippolito and Florida extended their hands. Neither spoke, and as she sank back upon the seat from which she had half risen, she drew more closely the folds of the veil which she had not lifted from her face.

Mrs. Vervain gave a little sob as Don Ippolito took her hand and kissed it; and she had some difficulty in leaving with him the rouleau, which she tried artfully to press into his palm. "Good-by, good-by," she said, "don't drop it," and attempted to close his fingers over it.

But he let it lie carelessly in his open hand, as the gondola moved off, and there it still lay as he stood watching the boat slip under a bridge at the next corner, and disappear. While he stood there gazing at the empty arch, a man of a wild and savage aspect approached. It was said that this man's brain had been turned by the death of his brother, who was betrayed to the Austrians after the revolution of '48, by his wife's confessor. He advanced with swift strides, and at the moment he reached Don Ippolito's side he suddenly turned his face upon him and cursed him through his clenched teeth: "Dog of a priest!"

Don Ippolito, as if his whole race had renounced him in the maniac's words, uttered a desolate cry, and hiding his face in his hands, tottered into his house.

The rouleau had dropped from his palm; it rolled down the shelving marble of the quay, and slipped into the water.

The young beggar who had held Mrs. Vervain's gondola to the shore while she talked, looked up and down the deserted quay, and at the doors and windows. Then he began to take off his clothes for a bath.

XVII.

Ferris returned at nightfall to his house, where he had not been since daybreak, and flung himself exhausted upon the bed. His face was burnt red with the sun, and his eyes were blood-

shot. He fell into a doze and dreamed that he was still at Malamocco, whither he had gone that morning in a sort of craze, with some fishermen, who were to cast their nets there; then he was rowing back to Venice across the lagoon, that seemed a molten fire under the keel. He woke with a heavy groan, and bade Marina fetch him a light.

She set it on the table, and handed him the card Mrs. Vervain had left. He read it and read it again, and then he laid it down, and putting on his hat, he took his cane and went out. "Do not wait for me, Marina," he said, "I may be late. Go to bed."

He returned at midnight, and lighting his candle took up the card and read it once more. He could not tell whether to be glad or sorry that he had failed to see the Vervains again. He took it for granted that Don Ippolito was to follow; he would not ask himself what motive had hastened their going. The reasons were all that he should never more look upon the woman so hatefully lost to him, but a strong instinct of his heart struggled against them.

He lay down in his clothes, and began to dream almost before he began to sleep. He woke early, and went out to walk. He did not rest all day. Once he came home, and found a letter from Mrs. Vervain, postmarked Verona, reiterating her lamentations and adieux, and explaining that the priest had relinquished his purpose, and should not go to America at all. The deeper mystery in which this news left him was not less sinister than before.

In the weeks that followed, Ferris had no other purpose than to reduce the days to hours, the hours to minutes. The burden that fell upon him when he woke lay heavy on his heart till night, and oppressed him far into his sleep. He could not give his trouble certain shape; what was mostly with him was a formless loss, which he could not resolve into any definite shame or wrong. At times, what he had seen seemed to him some baleful trick of the imagination, some lurid and foolish illusion.

But he could do nothing, he could not

ask himself what the end was to be. He kept indoors all day, trying to work, trying to read, marveling somewhat that he did not fall sick and die. At night he set out on long walks, which took him he cared not where, and often detained him till the gray lights of morning began to tremble through the nocturnal blue. But even by night he shunned the neighborhood in which the Vervains had lived. Their landlord sent him a package of trifles they had left behind, but he refused to receive them, sending back word that he did not know where the ladies were. He had half expected that Mrs. Vervain, though he had not answered her last letter, might write to him again from England, but she did not. The Vervains had passed out of his world; he knew that they had been in it only by the torment they had left him.

He wondered in a listless way that he should see nothing of Don Ippolito. Once at midnight he fancied that the priest was coming towards him across a campo he had just entered; he stopped and turned back into the calle: when the priest came up to him, it was not Don Ippolito.

In these days Ferris received a dispatch from the Department of State, informing him that his successor had been appointed, and directing him to deliver up the consular flags, seals, archives, and other property of the United States. No reason for his removal was given; but as there had never been any reason for his appointment, he had no right to complain; the balance was exactly dressed by this simple device of our civil service. He determined not to wait for the coming of his successor before giving up the consular effects, and he placed them at once in the keeping of the worthy ship-chandler who had so often transferred them from departing to arriving consuls. Then, being quite ready at any moment to leave Venice, he found himself in nowise eager to go; but he began in a desultory way to pack up his sketches and studies.

One morning as he sat idle in his dismantled studio, Marina came to tell him

that an old woman, waiting at the door below, wished to speak with him.

"Well, let her come up," said Ferris wearily; and presently Marina returned with a very ill-favored beldam, who stared hard at him while he frowningly puzzled himself as to where he had seen that malign visage before.

"Well?" he said harshly.

"I come," answered the old woman, "on the part of Don Ippolito Rondinelli, who desires so much to see your excellency."

Ferris made no response, while the old woman knotted the fringe of her shawl with quaking hands, and presently added with a tenderness in her voice which oddly discorded with the hardness of her face: "He has been very sick, poor thing, with a fever; but now he is in his senses again, and the doctors say he will get well. I hope so. But he is still very weak. He tried to write two lines to you, but he had not the strength; so he bade me bring you this word: That he had something to say which it greatly concerned you to hear, and that he prayed you to forgive his not coming to revere you, for it was impossible, and that you should have the goodness to do him this favor, to come to find him the quickest you could."

The old woman wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl, and her chin wobbled pathetically while she shot a glance of baleful dislike at Ferris, who answered after a long dull stare at her, "Tell him I'll come."

He did not believe that Don Ippolito could tell him anything that greatly concerned him; but he was worn out with going round in the same circle of conjecture, and so far as he could be glad, he was glad of this chance to face his calamity. He would go, but not at once; he would think it over; he would go to-morrow, when he had got some grasp of the matter.

The old woman lingered.

"Tell him I'll come," repeated Ferris impatiently.

"A thousand excuses! but my poor master has been very sick. The doctors say he will get well. I hope so. But

he is very weak indeed; a little shock, a little disappointment . . . Is the signore very, *very* much occupied this morning? He greatly desired—he prayed that if such a thing were possible in the goodness of your excellency . . . But I am offending the signore!”

“What do you want?” demanded Ferris.

The old wretch set up a piteous whimper, and tried to possess herself of his hand; she kissed his coat-sleeve instead. “That you will return with me,” she besought him.

“Oh, I’ll go!” groaned the painter. “I might as well go first as last,” he added in English. “There, stop that! Enough, enough, I tell you! Did n’t I say I was going with you?” he cried to the old woman.

“God bless you!” she mumbled, and set off before him down the stairs and out of the door. She looked so miserably old and weary that he called a gondola to his landing and made her get into it with him.

It tormented Don Ippolito’s idle neighborhood to see Veneranda arrive in such state, and a passionate excitement arose at the caffè, where the person of the consul was known, when Ferris entered the priest’s house with her.

He had not often visited Don Ippolito, but the quaintness of the place had been so vividly impressed upon him, that he had a certain familiarity with the grape-arbor of the anteroom, the paintings of the parlor, and the puerile arrangement of the piano and melodeon. Veneranda led him through these rooms to the chamber where Don Ippolito had first shown him his inventions. They were all removed now, and on a bed, set against the wall opposite the door, lay the priest, with his hands on his breast, and a faint smile on his lips, so peaceful, so serene, that the painter stopped with a sudden awe, as if he had unawares come into the presence of death.

“Advance, advance,” whispered the old woman.

Near the head of the bed sat a white-haired priest wearing the red stockings of a canonico; his face was fanatically

stern; but he rose, and bowed courteously to Ferris.

The stir of his robes roused Don Ippolito. He slowly and weakly turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the painter. He made a helpless gesture of salutation with his thin hand, and began to excuse himself for the trouble he had given with a gentle politeness that touched the painter’s heart through all the complex resentments that divided them. It was indeed a strange ground on which the two men met. Ferris could not have described Don Ippolito as his enemy, for the priest had wittingly done him no wrong; he could not have logically hated him as a rival, for till it was too late he had not confessed to his own heart the love that was in it; he knew no evil of Don Ippolito, he could not accuse him of any betrayal of trust, or violation of confidence. He felt merely that this hapless creature, lying so deathlike before him, had profaned, however involuntarily, what was sacredest in the world to him; beyond this all was chaos. He had heard of the priest’s sickness with a fierce hardening of the heart; yet as he beheld him now, he began to remember things that moved him to a sort of remorse. He recalled the simple loyalty with which Don Ippolito had first spoken to him of Miss Vervain and tried to learn his own feeling toward her; he thought how trustfully at their last meeting the priest had declared his love and hope, and how, when he had coldly received his confession, Don Ippolito had solemnly adjured him to be frank with him; and Ferris could not. That pity for himself as the prey of fantastically cruel chances, which he had already vaguely felt, began now also to include the priest; ignoring all but that compassion, he went up to the bed and took the weak, chill, nerveless hand in his own.

The canonico rose and placed his chair for Ferris beside the pillow, on which lay a brass crucifix, and then softly left the room, exchanging a glance of affectionate intelligence with the sick man.

"I might have waited a little while," said Don Ippolito weakly, speaking in a hollow voice that was the shadow of his old deep tones, "but you will know how to forgive the impatience of a man not yet quite master of himself. I thank you for coming. I have been very sick, as you see; I did not think to live; I did not care. . . . I am very weak, now; let me say to you quickly what I want to say. Dear friend," continued Don Ippolito, fixing his eyes upon the painter's face, "I spoke to her that night after I had parted from you."

The priest's voice was now firm; the painter turned his face away.

"I spoke without hope," proceeded Don Ippolito, "and because I must. I spoke in vain; all was lost, all was past in a moment."

The coil of suspicions and misgivings and fears in which Ferris had lived was suddenly without a clew; he could not look upon the pallid visage of the priest lest he should now at last find there that subtle expression of deceit; the whirl of his thoughts kept him silent; Don Ippolito went on.

"Even if I had never been a priest, I would still have been impossible to her. She" . . .

He stopped as if for want of strength to go on. All at once he cried, "Listen!" and he rapidly recounted the story of his life, ending with the fatal tragedy of his love. When all was told, he said calmly, "But now, everything is over with me on earth. I thank the Infinite Compassion for the sorrows through which I have passed. I, also, have proved the miraculous power of the church, potent to save in all ages." He gathered the crucifix in his spectral grasp, and pressed it to his lips. "Many merciful things have befallen me on this bed of sickness. My uncle, whom the long years of my darkness divided from me, is once more at peace with me. Even that poor old woman whom I sent to call you, and who had served me as I believed with hate for me as a false priest in her heart, has devoted herself day and night to my helplessness; she

has grown decrepit with her cares and vigils. Yes, I have had many and signal marks of the divine pity to be grateful for." He paused, breathing quickly, and then added, "They tell me that the danger of this sickness is past. But none the less I have died in it. When I rise from this bed, it shall be to take the vows of a Carmelite friar."

Ferris made no answer, and Don Ippolito resumed:—

"I have told you how, when I first owned to her the falsehood in which I lived, she besought me to try if I might not find consolation in the holy life to which I had been devoted. When you see her, dear friend, will you not tell her that I came to understand that this comfort, this refuge, awaited me in the cell of the Carmelite? I have brought so much trouble into her life that I would fain have her know I have found peace where she bade me seek it, that I have mastered my affliction by reconciling myself to it. Tell her that but for her pity and fear for me, I believe that I must have died in my sins."

It was perhaps inevitable from Ferris's Protestant association of monks and convents and penances chiefly with the machinery of fiction, that all this affected him as unreal as talk in a stage-play. His heart was cold, as he answered: "I am glad that your mind is at rest concerning the doubts which so long troubled you. Not all men are so easily pacified; but, as you say, it is the privilege of your church to work miracles. As to Miss Vervain, I am sorry that I cannot promise to give her your message. I shall never see her again. Excuse me," he continued, "but your servant said there was something you wished to say that concerned me."

"You will never see her again!" cried the priest, struggling to lift himself upon his elbow, and falling back upon the pillow. "Oh, bereft! Oh, deaf and blind! It was *you* that she loved! She confessed it to me that night."

"Wait!" said Ferris, trying to steady his voice, and failing; "I was with Mrs.

Vervain that night; she sent me into the garden to call her daughter, and I saw how Miss Vervain parted from the man she did not love! I saw" . . .

It was a horrible thing to have said it, he felt now that he had spoken; a sense of the indelicacy, the shameful-ness, seemed to alienate him from all high concern in the matter, and to leave him a mere self-convicted eavesdropper. His face flamed; the wavering hopes, the wavering doubts alike died in his heart. He had fallen below the dignity of his own trouble.

"You saw, you saw," softly repeated the priest, without looking at him, and without any show of emotion; apparently, the convalescence that had brought him perfect clearness of reason had left his sensibilities still somewhat dulled. He closed his lips and lay silent. At last, he asked very gently, "And how shall I make you believe that what you saw was not a woman's love, but an angel's heavenly pity for me? Does it seem hard to believe this of her?"

"Yes," answered the painter doggedly, "it is hard."

"And yet it is the very truth. Oh, you do not know her, you never knew her! In the same moment that she denied me her love, she divined the anguish of my soul, and with that embrace she sought to console me for the friendlessness of a whole life, past and to come. But I know that I waste my words on you," he cried bitterly. "You never would see me as I was; you would find no singleness in me, and yet I had a heart as full of loyalty to you as love for her. In what have I been false to you?"

"You never were false to me," answered Ferris, "and God knows I have been true to you, and at what cost! We might well curse the day we met, Don Ippolito, for we have only done each other harm. But I never meant you harm. And now I ask you to forgive me if I cannot believe you. I cannot — yet. I am of another race from you, slow to suspect, slow to trust. Give me a little time; let me see you again. I want to go away and think.

I don't question your truth. I'm afraid you don't know. I'm afraid that the same deceit has tricked us both. I must come to you to-morrow. Can I?"

He rose and stood beside the couch.

"Surely, surely," answered the priest, looking into Ferris's troubled eyes with calm meekness. "You will do me the greatest pleasure. Yes, come again to-morrow. You know," he said with a sad smile, referring to his purpose of taking vows, "that my time in the world is short. Adieu, to meet again!"

He took Ferris's hand, hanging weak and hot by his side, and drew him gently down by it, and kissed him on either bearded cheek. "It is our custom, you know, among *friends*. Farewell."

The canonico in the anteroom bowed austere-ly to him as he passed through; the old woman refused with a fierce "Nothing!" the money he offered her at the door.

He bitterly upbraided himself for the doubts he could not banish, and he still flushed with shame that he should have declared his knowledge of a scene which ought, at its worst, to have been inviolable by his speech. He scarcely cared now for the woman about whom these miseries grouped themselves; he realized that a fantastic remorse may be stronger than a jealous love.

He longed for the morrow to come, that he might confess his shame and regret; but a reaction to this violent repentance came before the night fell. As the sound of the priest's voice and the sight of his wasted face faded from the painter's sense, he began to see everything in the old light again. Then what Don Ippolito had said took a character of ludicrous, of insolent improbability.

After dark, Ferris set out upon one of his long, rambling walks. He walked hard and fast, to try if he might not still, by mere fatigue of body, the anguish that filled his soul. But whichever way he went he came again and again to the house of Don Ippolito, and at last he stopped there, leaning against the parapet of the quay, and staring at the house, as though he would spell from

the senseless stones the truth of the secret they sheltered. Far up in the chamber where he knew that the priest lay, the windows were dimly lit.

As he stood thus, with his upturned face haggard in the moonlight, the soldier commanding the Austrian patrol which passed that way halted his squad, and seemed about to ask him what he wanted there.

Ferris turned and walked swiftly homeward; but he did not even lie down. His misery took the shape of an intent that would not suffer him to rest. He meant to go to Don Ippolito and tell him that his story had failed of its effect, that he was not to be fooled so easily, and, without demanding anything further, to leave him in his lie.

At the earliest hour when he might hope to be admitted, he went, and rang the bell furiously. The door opened, and he confronted the priest's servant. "I want to see Don Ippolito," said Ferris abruptly.

"It cannot be," she began.

"I tell you I must," cried Ferris, raising his voice. "I tell you" . . .

"Madman!" fiercely whispered the old woman, shaking both her open hands in his face, "he's dead! He died last night!"

XVIII.

The terrible stroke sobered Ferris; he woke from his long debauch of hate and jealousy and despair; for the first time since that night in the garden, he faced his fate with a clear mind. Death had set his seal forever to a testimony which he had been able neither to refuse nor to accept; in abject sorrow and shame he thanked God that he had been kept from dealing that last cruel blow; but if Don Ippolito had come back from the dead to repeat his witness, Ferris felt that the miracle could not change his own passive state. There was now but one thing in the world for him to do: to see Florida, to confront her with his knowledge of all that had been, and to abide by her word, whatever it was.

At the worst, there was the war, whose drums had already called to him, for a refuge.

He thought at first that he might perhaps overtake the Vervains before they sailed for America, but he remembered that they had left Venice six weeks before. It seemed impossible that he could wait; but when he landed in New York, he was tormented in his impatience by a strange reluctance and hesitation. A fantastic light fell upon his plans; a sense of its wildness enfeebled his purpose. What was he going to do? Had he come four thousand miles to tell Florida that Don Ippolito was dead? Or was he going to say, "I have heard that you love me, but I don't believe it: is it true?"

He pushed on to Providence, stifling these antic misgivings as he might, and without allowing himself time to falter from his intent, he set out to find Mrs. Vervain's house. He knew the street and the number, for she had often given him the address in her invitations against the time when he should return to America. As he drew near the house a tender trepidation filled him and silenced all other senses in him; his heart beat thickly; the universe included only the fact that he was to look upon the face he loved, and this fact had neither past nor future.

But a terrible foreboding as of death seized him when he stood before the house, and glanced up at its close-shuttered front, and round upon the dusty grass-plots and neglected flower-beds of the door-yard. With a cold hand he rang and rang again, and no answer came. At last a man lounged up to the fence from the next house-door. "Guess you won't make anybody hear," he said, casually.

"Does n't Mrs. Vervain live in this house?" asked Ferris, finding a husky voice in his throat that sounded to him like some other's voice lost there.

"She used to, but she is n't at home. Family's in Europe."

They had not come back yet.

"Thanks," said Ferris mechanically, and he went away. He laughed to him-

self at this keen irony of fortune: he was prepared for the confirmation of his doubts; he was ready for relief from them, Heaven knew; but this blank that the turn of the wheel had brought, this Nothing! . . .

The Vervains were as lost to him as if Europe were in another planet. How should he find them there? Besides, he was poor; he had no money to get back with, if he had wanted to return.

He took the first train to New York, and hunted up a young fellow of his acquaintance, who in the days of peace had been one of the governor's aides. He was still holding this place, and was an ardent recruiter. He hailed with rapture the expression of Ferris's wish to go into the war. "Look here!" he said after a moment's thought, "did n't you have some rank as a consul?"

"Yes," replied Ferris with a dreary smile, "I have been equivalent to a commander in the navy and a colonel in the army—I don't mean both, but either."

"Good!" cried his friend. "We must strike high. The colonelcies are rather inaccessible, just at present, and so are the lieutenant-colonelcies; but a majorship, now" . . .

"Oh no; don't!" pleaded Ferris. "Make me a corporal—or a cook. I shall not be so mischievous to our own side, then, and when the other fellows shoot me, I shall not be so much of a loss."

"Oh, they won't *shoot* you," expostulated his friend, high-heartedly. He got Ferris a commission as second lieutenant, and lent him money to buy a uniform.

Ferris's regiment was sent to a part of the Southwest, where he saw a good deal of fighting and fever and ague. At the end of two years, spent alternately in the field and the hospital, he was riding out near the camp one morning in unusual spirits, when two men in butternut fired at him: one had the mortification to miss him; the bullet of the other struck him in the arm. There was talk of amputation at first, but the

case was finally managed without. In Ferris's state of health it was all the same an end of his soldiering.

He came North sick and maimed and poor. He smiled now to think of confronting Florida in any imperative or challenging spirit; but the current of his hopeless melancholy turned more and more towards her. He had once, at a desperate venture, written to her at Providence, but he had got no answer. He asked of a Providence man, among the artists in New York, if he knew the Vervains; the Providence man said that he did know them a little when he was much younger; they had been abroad a great deal; he believed in a dim way that they were still in Europe. The young one, he added, used to have a temper of her own.

"Indeed!" said Ferris stiffly.

The one fast friend whom he found in New York was the governor's dashing aide. The enthusiasm of this recruiter of regiments had not ceased with Ferris's departure for the front; the number of disabled officers forbade him to lionize any one of them, but he befriended Ferris; he made a feint of discovering the open secret of his poverty, and asked how he could help him.

"I don't know," said Ferris; "it looks like a hopeless case, to me."

"Oh no it is n't," retorted his friend, as cheerfully and confidently as he had promised him that he should not be shot. "Didn't you bring back any pictures from Venice with you?"

"I brought back a lot of sketches and studies. I'm sorry to say that I loafed a good deal there; I used to feel that I had eternity before me; and I was a theorist and a purist and an idiot generally. There are none of them fit to be seen."

"Never mind; let's look at them."

They hunted out Ferris's property from a catch-all closet in the studio of a sculptor with whom he had left them, and who expressed a polite pleasure in handing them over to Ferris rather than to his heirs and assigns.

"Well, I'm not sure that I share your satisfaction, old fellow," said the

painter ruefully; but he unpacked the sketches.

Their inspection certainly revealed a disheartening condition of half-work. "And I can't do anything to help the matter for the present," groaned Ferris, stopping midway in the business, and making as if to shut the case again.

"Hold on," said his friend. "What's this? Why, this is n't so bad."

It was the study of Don Ippolito as a Venetian priest, which Ferris beheld with a stupid amaze, remembering that he had meant to destroy it, and wondering how it had got where it was, but not really caring much. "It's worse than you can imagine," he said, still looking at it with this apathy.

"No matter; I want you to sell it to me. Come!"

"I can't!" replied Ferris. "It would be flat burglary."

"Then put it into the exhibition."

The sculptor, who had gone back to scraping the chin of the famous public man on whose bust he was at work, stabbed him to the heart with his modeling-tool, and turned to Ferris and his friend. He slanted his broad red beard for a sidelong look at the picture, and said: "I know what you mean, Ferris. It's hard, and it's feeble in some ways; and it looks a little too much like experimenting. But it is n't so infernally bad."

"Don't be fulsome," responded Ferris, jadedly. He was thinking in a thoroughly vanquished mood what a tragico-comic end of the whole business it was that poor Don Ippolito should come to his rescue in this fashion, and as it were offer to succor him in his extremity. He perceived the shameful-ness of suffering such help; it would be much better to starve; but he felt cowed, and he had not courage to take arms against this sarcastic destiny, which had pursued him with a mocking smile from one lower level to another. He rubbed his forehead and brooded upon the picture. At least it would be some comfort to be rid of it; and Don Ippolito was dead; and to whom could it mean more than the face of it?

His friend had his way about framing it, and it was got into the exhibition. The hanging-committee offered it the hospitalities of an obscure corner; but it was there, and it stood its chance. Nobody seemed to know that it was there, however, unless confronted with it by Ferris's friend, and then no one seemed to care for it, much less want to buy it. Ferris saw so many much worse pictures sold all around it, that he began gloomily to respect it. At first it had shocked him to see it on the Academy's wall; but it soon came to have no other relation to him than that of creatureship, like a poem in which a poet celebrates his love or laments his dead, and sells for a price. His pride as well as his poverty was set on having the picture sold; he had nothing to do, and he used to lurk about, and see if it would not interest somebody at last. But it remained unsold throughout May, and well into June, long after the crowds had ceased to frequent the exhibition, and only chance visitors from the country straggled in by twos and threes.

One warm, dusty afternoon, when he turned into the Academy out of Fourth Avenue, the empty hall echoed to no footfall but his own. A group of weary women, who wore that look of wanting lunch which characterizes all picture-gallery-goers at home and abroad, stood faint before a certain large Venetian subject which Ferris abhorred, and the very name of which he spat out of his mouth with loathing for its unreality. He passed them with a fierce glance, as he took his way toward the retired spot where his own painting hung.

A lady whose crapes would have betrayed to her own sex the latest touch of Paris stood a little way back from it, and gazed fixedly at it. The pose of her head, her whole attitude, expressed a quiet dejection; without seeing her face one could know its air of pensive wistfulness. Ferris resolved to indulge himself in a near approach to this unwonted spectacle of interest in his picture, at the sound of his steps the lady slowly turned a face of somewhat heavily molded beauty, and from low-growing,

thick pale hair and level brows, stared at him with the sad eyes of Florida Vervain. She looked fully the last two years older.

As though she were listening to the sound of his steps in the dark instead of having him there visibly before her, she kept her eyes upon him with a dreamy unrecognition.

"Yes, it is I," said Ferris, as if she had spoken.

She recovered herself, and with a subdued, sorrowful quiet in her old directness, she answered, "I supposed you must be in New York;" and she indicated that she had supposed so from seeing this picture.

Ferris felt the blood mounting to his head. "Do you think it is like?" he asked.

"No," she said, "it is n't just to him; it attributes things that did n't belong to him, and it leaves out a great deal."

"I could scarcely have hoped to please you in a portrait of Don Ippolito." Ferris saw the red light break out as it used on the girl's pale cheeks, and her eyes dilate angrily. He went on recklessly: "He sent for me after you went away, and gave me a message for you. I never promised to deliver it, but I will do so now. He asked me to tell you when we met, that he had acted on your desire, and had tried to reconcile himself to his calling and his religion; he was going to enter a Carmelite convent."

Florida made no answer, but she seemed to expect him to go on, and he was constrained to do so.

"He never carried out his purpose," Ferris said, with a keen glance at her; "he died the night after I saw him."

"Died?" The fan and the parasol and the two or three light packages she had been holding slid down one by one, and lay at her feet. "Thank you for bringing me his last words," she said, but did not ask him anything more.

Ferris did not offer to gather up her things; he stood irresolute; presently he continued with a downcast look: "He had had a fever, but they thought he

was getting well. His death must have been sudden." He stopped, and resumed fiercely, resolved to have the worst out: "I went to him, with no good-will toward him, the next day after I saw him; but I came too late. That was God's mercy to me. I hope you have your consolation, Miss Vervain."

It maddened him to see her so little moved, and he meant to make her share his remorse.

"Did he blame me for anything?" she asked.

"No!" said Ferris, with a bitter laugh, "he praised you."

"I am glad of that," returned Florida, "for I have thought it all over many times, and I know that I was not to blame, though at first I blamed myself. I never intended him anything but good. That is *my* consolation, Mr. Ferris. But you," she added, "you seem to make yourself my judge. Well, and what do *you* blame me for? I have a right to know what is in your mind."

The thing that was in his mind had rankled there for two years; in many a black reverie of those that alternated with his moods of abject self-reproach and perfect trust of her, he had confronted her and flung it all out upon her in one stinging phrase. But he was now suddenly at a loss; the words would not come; his torment fell dumb before her; in her presence the cause was unspeakable. Her lips had quivered a little in making that demand, and there had been a corresponding break in her voice.

"Florida! Florida!" Ferris heard himself saying, "I loved you all the time!"

"Oh indeed, did you love me?" she cried, indignantly, while the tears shone in her eyes. "And was that why you left a helpless young girl to meet that trouble alone? Was that why you refused me your advice, and turned your back on me, and snubbed me? Oh, many thanks for your love!" She dashed the gathered tears angrily away, and went on. "Perhaps you knew, too, what that poor priest was thinking of?"

"Yes," said Ferris, stolidly, "I did at last: he told me."

"Oh, then you acted generously and nobly to let him go on! It was kind to him, and very, very kind to me!"

"What could I do?" demanded Ferris, amazed and furious to find himself on the defensive. "His telling me put it out of my power to act."

"I'm glad that you can satisfy yourself with such a quibble! But I wonder that you can tell *me*—any woman of it!"

"By Heavens, this is atrocious!" cried Ferris. "Do you think . . . Look here!" he went on rudely. "I'll put the case to you, and you shall judge it. Remember that I was such a fool as to be in love with you. Suppose Don Ippolito had told me that he was going to risk everything—going to give up home, religion, friends—on the ten thousandth part of a chance that you might some day care for him. I did not believe he had even so much chance as that; but he had always thought me his friend, and he trusted me. Was it a quibble that kept me from betraying him? I don't know what honor is among women; but no *man* could have done it. I confess to my shame that I went to your house that night longing to betray him. And then suppose your mother sent me into the garden to call you, and I saw . . . what has made my life a hell of doubt for the last two years; what . . . No, excuse me! I can't put the case to you after all."

"What do you mean?" asked Florida. "I don't understand you!"

"What do I mean? You don't understand? Are you so blind as that, or are you making a fool of me? What could I think but you had played with that priest's heart till your own" . . .

"Oh!" cried Florida with a shudder, starting away from him, "did you think I was such a wicked girl as that?"

It was no defense, no explanation, no denial; it simply left the case with Ferris as before. He stood looking like a man who does not know whether to bless or curse himself, to laugh or blaspheme.

She stooped and tried to pick up the things she had let fall upon the floor; but she seemed not able to find them. He bent over, and, gathering them together, returned them to her with his left hand, keeping the other in the breast of his coat.

"Thanks," she said; and then after a moment, "Have you been hurt?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," said Ferris in a sulky way. "I have had my share." He glanced down at his arm askance. "It's rather conventional," he added. "It is n't much of a hurt; but then, I was n't much of a soldier."

The girl's eyes looked reverently at the conventional arm; those were the days, so long past, when women worshiped men for such things. But she said nothing, and as Ferris's eyes wandered to her, he received a novel and painful impression. He said, hesitatingly, "I have not asked before: but your mother, Miss Vervain—I hope she is well?"

"She is dead," answered Florida, with stony quiet.

They both were silent for a time. Then Ferris said, "I had a great affection for your mother."

"Yes," said the girl, "she was fond of you, too. But you never wrote or sent her any word; it used to grieve her."

Her unjust reproach went to his heart, so long preoccupied with its own troubles; he recalled with a tender remorse the old Venetian days and the kindness of the gracious, silly woman who had seemed to like him so much; he remembered the charm of her perfect ladylikeness, and of her winning, weak-headed desire to make every one happy to whom she spoke; the beauty of the good-will, the hospitable soul that in an imaginably better world than this will outvalue a merely intellectual or æsthetic life. He humbled himself before her memory, and as keenly reproached himself as if he could have made her hear from him at any time during the past two years. He could only say, "I am sorry that I gave your

mother pain; I loved her very truly. I hope that she did not suffer much before" —

"No," said Florida, "it was a peaceful end; but finally it was very sudden. She had not been well for many years, with that sort of decline; I used sometimes to feel troubled about her before we came to Venice; but I was very young. I never was really alarmed till that day I went to you."

"I remember," said Ferris, contritely.

"She had fainted, and I thought we ought to see a doctor; but afterwards, because I thought that I ought not to do so without speaking to her, I did not go to the doctor; and that day we made up our minds to get home as soon as we could; and she seemed so much better, for a while; and then, everything seemed to happen at once. When we did start home, she could not go any farther than Switzerland, and in the fall we went back to Italy. We went to Sorrento, where the climate seemed to do her good. But she was growing frailer the whole time. She died in March. I found some old friends of hers in Naples, and came home with them."

The girl hesitated a little over the words, which she nevertheless uttered unbroken, while the tears fell quietly down her face. She seemed to have forgotten the angry words that had passed between her and Ferris, to remember him only as one who had known her mother, while she went on to relate some little facts in the history of her mother's last days; and she rose into a higher, serenest atmosphere, inaccessible to his resentment or his regret, as she spoke of her loss. The simple tale of sickness and death inexpressibly belittled his passionate woes, and made them look theatrical to him. He hung his head as they turned at her motion and walked away from the picture of Don Ippolito, and down the stairs toward the street-door; the people before the other Venetian picture had apparently yielded to their craving for lunch, and had vanished.

"I have very little to tell you of my

own life," Ferris began awkwardly. "I came home soon after you started, and I went to Providence to find you, but you had not got back."

Florida stopped him and looked perplexedly into his face, and then moved on.

"Then I went into the army. I wrote once to you."

"I never got your letter," she said.

They were now in the lower hall, and near the door.

"Florida," said Ferris, abruptly, "I'm poor and disabled; I've no more right than any sick beggar in the street to say it to you; but I loved you, I must always love you. I— Good-by!"

She halted him again, and "You said," she grieved, "that you doubted me; you said that I had made your life a"—

"Yes, I said that; I know it," answered Ferris.

"You thought I could be such a false and cruel girl as that!"

"Yes, yes: I thought it all, God help me!"

"When I was only sorry for him, when it was you that I"—

"Oh, I know it," answered Ferris in a heartsick, hopeless voice. "He knew it, too. He told me so the day before he died."

"And did n't you believe him?"

Ferris could not answer.

"Do you believe him now?"

"I believe anything you tell me. When I look at you, I can't believe I ever doubted you."

"Why?"

"Because — because — I love you."

"Oh! That's no reason."

"I know it; but I'm used to being without a reason."

Florida looked gravely at his penitent face, and a brave red color mantled her own, while she advanced an unanswerable argument: "Then what are you going away for?"

The world seemed to melt and float away from between them. It returned and solidified at the sound of the janitor's steps as he came towards them

on his round through the empty building. Ferris caught her hand; she leaned heavily upon his arm as they walked out into the street. It was all they could do at the moment except to look into each other's faces, and walk swiftly on.

At last, after how long a time he did not know, Ferris cried: "Where are we going, Florida?"

"Why, I don't know!" she replied. "I'm stopping with those friends of ours at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We were going on to Providence to-morrow. We landed yesterday; and we stayed to do some shopping"—

"And may I ask why you happened to give your first moments in America to the fine arts?"

"The fine arts? Oh! I thought I might find something of yours, there!"

At the hotel she presented him to her party as a friend whom her mother and she had known in Italy; and then went to lay aside her hat. The Providence people received him with the easy, half-southern warmth of manner which seems to have floated northward as far as their city on the Gulf Stream bathing the Rhode Island shores. The matron of the party had, before Florida came back, an outline history of their acquaintance, which she evolved from him with so much tact that he was not conscious of parting with information; and she divined indefinitely more when she saw them together again. She was charming; but to Ferris's thinking she had a fault,—she kept him too much from Florida, though she talked of nothing else, and at the last she was discreetly merciful.

"Do you think," whispered Florida, very close against his face, when they parted, "that I'll have a bad temper?"

"I hope you will—or I shall be killed with kindness," he replied.

She stood a moment, nervously buttoning his coat across his breast. "You mustn't let that picture be sold, Henry," she said, and by this touch alone did she express any sense, if she had it, of his want of feeling in proposing to

sell it. He winced, and she added with a soft pity in her voice, "He did bring us together, after all. I wish you had believed him, dear!"

"So do I," said Ferris, most humbly.

People are never equal to the romance of their youth in after life, except by fits, and Ferris especially could not keep himself at what he called the operative pitch of their brief betrothal and the early days of their marriage. With his help, or even his encouragement, his wife might have been able to maintain it. She had a gift for idealizing him, at least, and as his hurt healed but slowly, and it was a good while before he could paint with his wounded arm, it was an easy matter for her to believe in the mean while that he would have been the greatest painter of his time, but for his honorable disability; to hear her, you would suppose no one else had ever been shot in the service of his country.

It was fortunate for Ferris, since he could not work, that she had money; in exalted moments he had thought this a barrier to their marriage; yet he could not recall any one who had refused the hand of a beautiful girl because of the accident of her wealth, and in the end he silenced his scruples. It might be said that in many other ways he was not her equal; but one ought to reflect how very few men are worthy of their wives in any sense. After his fashion he certainly loved her always,—even when she tried him most, for it must be owned that she really had that hot temper which he had dreaded in her from the first. Not that her imperiousness directly affected him. For a long time after their marriage, she seemed to have no other desire than to lose her outwearied will in his. There was something a little pathetic in this; there was a kind of bewilderment in her gentleness, as though the relaxed tension of her long self-devotion to her mother left her without a full motive; she apparently found it impossible to give herself with a satisfactory degree of abandon to a man who could do so many things for

himself. When her children came they filled this vacancy, and afforded her scope for the greatest excesses of self-devotion. Ferris laughed to find her protecting them and serving them with the same tigerish tenderness, the same haughty humility, as that with which she used to care for poor Mrs. Vervain; and he perceived that this was merely the direction away from herself of that intense arrogance of nature which, but for her power and need of loving, would have made her intolerable. What she chiefly exacted from them in return for her fierce devotedness was the truth in everything; she was content that they should be rather less fond of her than of their father, whom indeed they found much more amusing.

The Ferrises went to Europe some years after their marriage, revisiting Venice, but sojourning for the most part in Florence. Ferris had once imagined that the tragedy which had given him his wife would always invest her with the shadow of its sadness, but in this he was mistaken. There is nothing has really so strong a digestion as love, and this is very lucky, seeing what manifold experiences love has to swallow and assimilate; and when they got back to Venice, Ferris found that the customs of their joint life exorcised all the dark associations of the place. These simply formed a sombre background, against which their wedded happiness relieved itself. They talked much of the past, with free minds, unashamed and unafraid. If it is a little shocking, it is nevertheless true, and true to human nature, that they spoke of Don Ippolito as if he were a part of their love.

Ferris had never ceased to wonder at what he called the unfathomable innocence of his wife, and he liked to go over all the points of their former life in Venice, and bring home to himself the utter simplicity of her girlish ideas, motives, and designs, which both confounded and delighted him.

"It's amazing, Florida," he would say, "it's perfectly amazing that you should have been willing to undertake the job of importing into America that

poor fellow with his whole stock of helplessness, dreamery, and unpracticality. What *were* you about?"

"Why, I've often told you, Henry. I thought he ought n't to continue a priest."

"Yes, yes; I know." Then he would remain lost in thought, softly whistling to himself. On one of these occasions he asked, "Do you think he was really very much troubled by his false position?"

"I can't tell, now. He seemed to be so."

"That story he told you of his childhood and of how he became a priest; did n't it strike you at the time like rather a made-up, melodramatic history?"

"No, no! How can you say such things, Henry? It was too simple not to be true."

"Well, well. Perhaps so. But he baffles me. He always did, for that matter."

Then came another pause, while Ferris lay back upon the gondola cushions, getting the level of the Lido just under his hat-brim.

"Do you think he was very much of a skeptic, after all, Florida?"

Mrs. Ferris turned her eyes reproachfully upon her husband. "Why, Henry, how strange you are! You said yourself, once, that you used to wonder if he were not a skeptic."

"Yes; I know. But for a man who had lived in doubt so many years, he certainly slipped back into the bosom of mother church pretty suddenly. Don't you think he was a person of rather light feelings?"

"I can't talk with you, my dear, if you go on in that way."

"I don't mean any harm. I can see how in many things he was the soul of truth and honor. But it seems to me that even the life he lived was largely imagined. I mean that he was such a dreamer that once having fancied himself afflicted at being what he was, he could go on and suffer as keenly as if he really were troubled by it. Why might n't it be that all his doubts came from anger and resentment towards those

who made him a priest, rather than from any examination of his own mind? I don't say it *was* so. But I don't believe he knew quite what he wanted. He must have felt that his failure as an inventor went deeper than the failure of his particular attempts. I once thought that perhaps he had a genius in that way, but I question now whether he had. If he had, it seems to me he had opportunity to prove it — certainly, as a priest he had leisure to prove it. But when that sort of sub-consciousness of his own inadequacy came over him, it was perfectly natural for him to take refuge in the supposition that he had been baffled by circumstances."

Mrs. Ferris remained silently troubled. "I don't know how to answer you, Henry; but I think that you're judging him narrowly and harshly."

"Not harshly. I feel very compassionate towards him. But now, even as to what one might consider the most real thing in his life, — his caring for

you, — it seems to me there must have been a great share of imagined sentiment in it. It was not a passion; it was a gentle nature's dream of a passion."

"He did n't die of a dream," said the wife.

"No, he died of a fever."

"He had got well of the fever."

"That's very true, my dear. And whatever his head was, he had an affectionate and faithful heart. I wish I had been gentler with him. I must often have bruised that sensitive soul. God knows I'm sorry for it. But he's a puzzle — he's a puzzle!"

Thus lapsing more and more into a mere problem, as the years have passed, Don Ippolito has at last ceased to be even the memory of a man with a passionate love and a mortal sorrow. Perhaps this final effect in the mind of him who has realized the happiness of which the poor priest vainly dreamed is not the least tragic phase of the tragedy of Don Ippolito.

W. D. Howells.

NOVEMBER.

A HINT of slumber in the wind,
A dreamful stir of blades and stalks,
As tenderly the twilight flows
Down all my garden walks.

My robes of work are thrown aside,
The odor of the grass is sweet,
The pleasure of a day well spent
Bathes me from head to feet.

Calmly I wait the dreary change —
The season cutting sharp and sheer
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe
The border of the year.

And while I muse, the fated earth
Into a colder current dips, —
Feels winter's scourge with summer's kiss
Still warm upon her lips.

James Maurice Thompson.

CONTRASTS BETWEEN ENGLISH SCENERY AND OUR OWN.

I HAVE never been so struck with the sublimity of great cities as in August eventides in the depths of dog-days. At such an hour, when in London, I used to go to Trafalgar Square. Instead of the usual paltry plots of grass, that square has a broad floor of stone, which immensely enhances its impressiveness.¹ Only a few weary feet broke the stillness of the place. The golden clouds of dust choked the vistas of the streets. Silently out of their grimy mouths the fountains glided. I heard all round the desolate roar of the city. The granite column seemed borne upward, and to swim in the air, and Nelson from its summit looked far away to Egypt and the Nile.

Art is stronger than nature in the old countries. Nowhere in England do you ever get well out of London; the town inflames the island to its extremities. London is strong as disease is strong. Many a time, swinging about the streets in the "gondola of London," the handsome cab, I have wondered that so great a place should be so *low*, should have so little height. The inequalities on the surface of an orange, we are told, vastly exaggerate the hills and valleys of the globe. London is scarcely higher than if the surface of the earth upon which it lies had been scratched with a file. Yet so potent has it been to change the entire face of that part of the world which it dominates!

Nature has been chased out of England into the sea. In Europe, man is scarcely conscious of the presence of nature. Here, nature is scarcely conscious of the presence of man. Perhaps, indeed, on our Atlantic border, she is just waking to a sense that her rest is broken by the foot of the intruder. But in England nature has been quite subjugated. The

fence and the furrow are everywhere. You find yourself by a lonely tarn at the bottom of a sweet-breathing ravine, and you say, "Surely here is something primeval;" but you have only to look up to where the sharp back of the mountain cuts the sky, to see a stone fence riding it with a giddy tenacity, and holding on for dear life. We miss the feelings with which newer and wilder scenes inspire us. English scenery is always pleasing, perhaps the most agreeable for any common condition of mind that can be found. Nowhere is there such a pretty country to have picnics in. What wind so careless as that which fans the cheeks of August tourists, whose table is spread half-way up some hill-side in Devon? In the morning, when the youth of the day supplements the age of nature, then we see the English landscape in its best. The air is sweet and the sod greener than elsewhere, and the foldings of the hills and hollows are lovely and surprising. But the beauty is for the eye; it fails to touch the heart. This seemed to be true even of the scenery in Wales. It was very impressive. The Welsh mountains were very old; the wind of the heather wandered gravely from the sweet, sad fields of the most distant past; the verdure of the margin of that shining estuary that sets up to Dollgelly, through the greenest green, is enriched by the yellow of the buttercups.

Nevertheless there was an incompleteness that I could not suppose to be altogether in myself, for the ocean had its moods as sublime or bright as where its evening waves flow round the light-ship at Sandy Hook. The waters came to the cottage thresholds and to the gates of the gardens. Late one afternoon as I sat looking over the blue, bright ocean, there came under my window a proud-stepping fellow with a plaid, and a feather in his bonnet, playing upon the bagpipes. A pure and stainless sunset was

¹ There is a profuse and profound wealth of fancy and expression in this line of one of the sonnets of Shakespeare, —

"Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time."

approaching. The sweet breeze from the heather ran about the streets at will. Far out over the quiet, flickering waters wandered the notes of the bagpipes, flew, and were wafted westward. The children danced about the piper, and their feet moved to the music and to the fast-changing moments of the sunset. But the landlord came out before the door bare-headed and rang the bell, and the bagpiper ceased suddenly and went away with the children, and the sun dropped down behind the wave, and I, with that rude haste with which we extinguish delights we know to be too evanescent, I went to dinner.

For the purposes of comfort the English climate is better than ours. I have heard this denied, but I am sure that it is so. One has only to remember that the fashionable hour for horseback riding in London is from twelve to two, in the summer months. Nobody can ride at that hour anywhere in this country. The equestrian here has a choice between sunrise, sunset, and moonlight, unless, as used to be common in the South, he rides with an umbrella. But for poetry and the observance of nature, our climate is the better. The English summer never commits itself. It is always lingering April or premature October. If you go out at night to walk in the moonlight or to sit by the sea-shore, you must take an overcoat. Here, about the last of June we have a sweltering week or two in which everybody unlearns the use of overcoats. We then understand that it is summer and that it will stay summer. To be sure, if you are in search of some poor, churlish spot where you may forego nature and the miracle of summer for the sake of keeping cool, you may find it on the coast of Maine. But if deeper pastimes entice you, and more verdurous hill-sides, if you would sit in some rose-embowered porch, while yet the blue mist lingers in the farthest recesses of the mountain gorge, then it is to the Susquehanna or the Kanawha you must go. There, where the chestnut shade cools the edge of the hot, humming meadow, you may lie, your hands stained with the dark, deep clover. On indolent

afternoons your scow will float through those silent scenes, you hearing only the dull lapping of the river at the thirsty keel.

I may here say that one great disadvantage for any person desiring to look at an English landscape is the absence of good fences to sit upon; the ground is usually too damp to permit one to lie at full length. I missed very much the rail fences of my own country. I would come to a pretty prospect, and, my legs sinking under me, I would look about for a place to sit. The inhospitable landscape had not a single suggestion. There were no stones, and a hedge was of course not to be thought of. How different the stake-and-rider fences of this land of ours. The top rail of a good fence is as fine a seat as one can wish. Of course, much depends upon the shape and position of the rail. Sometimes the upper rail is sharp and knotted. But one has only to walk on for a rod or two, before a perfect seat can be found, and this point I have discovered to be the very best from which the scene may be viewed. It really appears as if the honest farmer had builded better than he knew. If there is one place from which to overlook a landscape, to be preferred to another, I have always found that nature, so far from betraying him that loved her, had actually put there the properly shaped rail at his disposal.

The streams of England are unclean. Waters that the poets have made famous smell abominably. Consider the task the poets would have, to immortalize all the running waters of our Atlantic slope. Unsung, unnamed even, with pure noises they hasten to their river-beds. For many miles by the railway which traverses North Wales, the Dec brawls along with a tumult of green waters. From the car window it looked enticing, and I thought I would stay over a day at Llangollen and walk along the banks. At Llangollen is The Hand, over which presides a gentle and unique landlady, who carries a bunch of keys, and greets you with that curious cramp of the knees called a courtesy. (If you would see a courtesy, you must go to England very

soon, for the radicals will have put a stop to it in a year or two more.) There was hanging in the coffee-room a picture of Sir William Somebody, the great man of the neighborhood. His left arm he rested upon the withers of a great black hunter, while his wife, buxom and beautiful, leaned upon the other. Some happy dogs were playing about his feet. There were two or three more engravings of the kind well known to frequenters of English inns. Upon a table in the middle of the room were the cold meats, the pies, the tarts, the custards, and the berries. In the corner, a lunch was spread for two collegians who were traveling with their tutor. All this you saw to the music of the old blind harper, who sat just outside the door, by the high clock in the windy hall. Here, too, was the prettiest girl I saw in Wales. She told me she was sixteen, and I believed her. You talk of strawberries and cream, — a namby-pamby and silly expression, — she was blackberries and cream. She was there with her brother Arthur, a youth two years older than herself, the guide, philosopher, and financier of the party; the pair were the children of a Bristol music teacher. We lunched together, and the girl cut the pie with her own hands. She had been twice to London. When I asked her where she stayed when she came there, she said, "At Mr. Hawkins's," as if that were enough. Was there ever such a delightful answer!

I tell this because it is only fair to Llangollen that I should. Any little nameless stream in the Shenandoah Valley is better than the Dee. But in the tavern near there would have been no landlady with the keys, nor the really good music of the harper, nor the table spread with tarts and berries, nor very likely the pretty girl. The green waters of the Dee, cool and clean enough a few rods off. I found, when I came nearer, washing over noisome, stinking rocks. I followed the slipping banks a mile or so, and then took the macadamized road that runs above the river. I very soon found my way back to the inn, and went with Arthur and his sister to a village

entertainment. We sat upon the front bench, and saw a burlesque of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, performed by four metropolitan stars, upon a stage eight feet by twelve.

I have spoken of art as strong and of nature as weak in the Old World. In scenes in which art and nature mingle, England, I suppose, is unsurpassed. The little I saw of rural England was mainly on Sundays, and then I could rarely get far away from London. There are influences which nature appears to borrow from society. The Christian Sunday seems to impart to the pristine beauty of our own landscape an intenser purity. Here, where the virgin altars are set up in glades whose stillness is broken only by the noise of the primeval streams, where the spires shine afar over our summer wildernesses, the face of nature is conscious of the religion of man. There is, on a Sunday afternoon, in the long street which climbs the hill of a New England village, an unattainable severity, an almost bitter silence. On a Sunday morning when the village bells are silent, to me sitting under the trees of an orchard in blossom, there is in the air a strange reproof, a pungent purity, which renders obvious a canker in the midst of the blue sunlight and the bloom. These impressions must of course exist in England, though my occupations in London were such as to give me little leisure to taste the wild silences and asperities of the rural Sunday afternoon. In one of the few suburbs of London yet comparatively free from the ravages of convenience and respectability, there was an old green-walled garden-plot, to which I was permitted to repair at that hour. I sat alone upon a broken, dirty iron bench (I beg the T—s' pardon for calling their bench dirty), and under an old pear-tree. It was a long patch of sod and flowers. The brick walls were rent and decayed, and, except where the peach and the vine covered them, were green with moss and black with age. The neighboring gardens I only knew by the tops of the pear and may trees. No sound came from them save the rustle of

their greenery, which now and then disturbed the heart of the quiet hour. Of the children who played in them, of the maidens who knelt among their flowers, I knew nothing. The same sunshine and yellow haze filled them all, the same

Sabbath silence. From out their narrow plots all looked upward to the same blue sky. I used to think that the gardens never ended, but lay side by side the island through, and that the sea washed them all around.

E. S. Nadal.

CADENABBIA.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade,
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fishers' nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene;
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

Henry W. Longfellow.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

VII. THE END, AND AFTER.

It is impossible to say precisely when the conviction became general in the South that we were to be beaten. I cannot even decide at what time I myself began to think the cause a hopeless one, and I have never yet found one of my fellow-Confederates, though I have questioned many of them, who could tell me with any degree of certainty the history of his change from confidence to despondency. We schooled ourselves from the first to think that we should ultimately win, and the habit of thinking so was too strong to be easily broken by adverse events. Having undertaken to make good our declaration of independence, we refused to admit, even to ourselves, the possibility of failure. It was a part of our soldierly and patriotic duty to believe that ultimate success was to be ours, and Stuart only uttered the common thought of army and people, when he said, "We are bound to believe that, anyhow." We were convinced, beyond the possibility of a doubt, of the absolute righteousness of our cause, and in spite of history we persuaded ourselves that a people battling for the right could not fail in the end. And so our hearts went on hoping for success

long after our heads had learned to expect failure. Besides all this, we never gave verbal expression to the doubts we felt, or even to the longing, which must have been universal, for the end. It was our religion to believe in the triumph of our cause, and it was heresy of the rankest sort to doubt it or even to admit the possibility of failure. It was ours to fight on indefinitely, and to the future belonged the award of victory to our arms. We did not allow ourselves even the poor privilege of wishing that the struggle might end, except as we coupled the wish with a pronounced confidence in our ability to make the end what we desired it to be. I remember very well the stern rebuke administered by an officer to as gallant a fellow as any in the army, who, in utter weariness and wretchedness, in the trenches at Spottsylvania Court House, after a night of watching in a drenching rain, said that he hoped the campaign then opening might be the last one of the war. His plea that he also hoped the war would end as we desired availed him nothing. To be weary in the cause was offense enough, and the officer gave warning that another such expression would sub-

ject the culprit to trial by court-martial. In this he only spoke the common mind. We had enlisted for the war, and a thought of weariness was hardly better than a wish for surrender. This was the temper in which we began the campaign of 1864, and so far as I have been able to discover, we remained in it to the end. Even during the final retreat, though there were many desertions soon after Richmond was left behind, not one of us who remained despaired of the end we sought. We discussed the comparative strategic merits of the line we had left and the new one we hoped to make on the Roanoke River, and we wondered where the seat of government would be, but not one word was said about a probable or possible surrender. Nor was the army alone in this. The people who were being left behind were confident that they should see us again shortly, on our way to Richmond's recapture.

Up to the hour of the evacuation of Richmond, the newspapers were as confident as ever of victory. During the fall of 1864 they even believed, or professed to believe, that our triumph was already at hand. The Richmond Whig of October 5, 1864, said: "That the present condition of affairs, compared with that of any previous year at the same season, at least since 1861, is greatly in our favor, we think can hardly be denied." In the same article it said: "That General Lee can keep Grant out of Richmond from this time until doomsday, if he should be tempted to keep up the trial so long, we are as confident as we can be of anything whatever." The Examiner of September 24, 1864, said in its leading editorial: "The final struggle for the possession of Richmond and of Virginia is now near. This war draws to a close. If Richmond is held by the South till the first of November it will be ours forever more; for the North will never throw another huge army into the abyss where so many lie; and the war will conclude, beyond a doubt, with the independence of the Southern States." In its issue for October 7, 1864, the same paper be-

gan its principal editorial article with this paragraph: "One month of spirit and energy now, and the campaign is over, and the war is over. We do not mean that if the year's campaign end favorably for us, McClellan will be elected as Yankee President. That may come, or may not come; but no part of our chance for an honorable peace and independence rests upon that. Let who will be Yankee President, with the failure of Grant and Sherman this year, the war ends. And with Sherman's army already isolated and cut off in Georgia, and Grant unable either to take or besiege Richmond, we have only to make one month's exertion in improving our advantages, and then it may safely be said that the fourth year's campaign, and with it the war itself, is one gigantic failure." The Richmond Whig of September 8, 1864, with great gravity copied from the Wytheville Dispatch an article beginning as follows: "Believing as we do that the war of subjugation is virtually over, we deem it not improper to make a few suggestions relative to the treatment of Yankees after the war is over. Our soldiers know how to treat them now, but *then* a different treatment will be necessary." And so they talked all the time.

Much of this was mere whistling to keep our courage up, of course, but we tried very hard to believe all these pleasant things, and in a measure we succeeded. And yet I think we must have known from the beginning of the campaign of 1864 that the end was approaching, and that it could not be other than a disastrous one. We knew very well that General Lee's army was smaller than it ever had been before. We knew, too, that there were no reinforcements to be had from any source. The conscription had put every man worth counting into the field already, and the little army that met General Grant in the Wilderness represented all that remained of the Confederate strength in Virginia. In the South matters were at their worst, and we knew that not a man could come thence to our assistance. Lee mustered a total strength of

about sixty-six thousand men, when we marched out of winter-quarters and began in the Wilderness that long struggle which ended nearly a year later at Appomattox. With that army alone the war was to be fought out, and we had to shut our eyes to facts very resolutely, that we might not see how certainly we were to be crushed. And we did shut our eyes so successfully as to hope in a vague, irrational way for the impossible, to the very end. In the Wilderness we held our own against every assault, and the visible punishment we inflicted upon the foe was so great that hardly any man in our army expected to see a Federal force on our side of the river at daybreak next morning. We thought that General Grant was as badly hurt as Hooker had been on the same field, and confidently expected him to retreat during the night. When he moved by his left flank to Spottsylvania instead, we understood what manner of man he was, and knew that the persistent pounding, which of all things we were least able to endure, had begun. When at last we settled down in the trenches around Petersburg, we ought to have known that the end was rapidly drawing near. We congratulated ourselves instead upon the fact that we had inflicted a heavier loss than we had suffered, and buckled on our armor anew.

If General Grant had failed to break our power of resistance by his sledgehammer blows, it speedily became evident that he would be more successful in wearing it away by the constant friction of a siege. Without fighting a battle he was literally destroying our army. The sharp-shooting was incessant, and the bombardment hardly less so, and under it all our numbers visibly decreased day by day. During the first two months of the siege my own company, which numbered about a hundred and fifty men, lost sixty, in killed and wounded, an average of a man a day; and while our list of casualties was greater than that of many other commands, there were undoubtedly some companies and regiments which suffered more than we. The reader will readily

understand that an army already weakened by years of war, with no source from which to recruit its ranks, could not stand this daily waste for any great length of time. We were in a state of atrophy for which there was no remedy except that of freeing the negroes and making soldiers of them, which Congress was altogether too loftily sentimental to think of for a moment.

There was no longer any room for hope except in a superstitious belief that Providence would in some way interfere in our behalf, and to that very many betook themselves for comfort. This shifting upon a supernatural power the task we had failed to accomplish by human means rapidly bred many less worthy superstitions among the troops. The general despondency, which amounted almost to despair, doubtless helped to bring about this result, and the great religious "revival" contributed to it in no small degree. I think hardly any man in that army entertained a thought of coming out of the struggle alive. The only question with each was when his time was to come, and a sort of gloomy fatalism took possession of many minds. Believing that they must be killed sooner or later, and that the hour and the manner of their deaths were unalterably fixed, many became singularly reckless, and exposed themselves with the utmost carelessness to all sorts of unnecessary dangers.

"I'm going to be killed pretty soon," said as brave a man as I ever knew, to me one day. "I never flinched from a bullet until to-day, and now I dodge every time one whistles within twenty feet of me."

I tried to persuade him out of the belief, and even got for him a dose of valerian with which to quiet his nerves. He took the medicine, but assured me that he was not nervous in the least.

"My time is coming, that's all," he said; "and I don't care. A few days more or less don't signify much." An hour afterwards the poor fellow's head was blown off as he stood by my side.

One such incident — and there were many of them — served to confirm a

superstitious belief in presentiments which a hundred failures of fulfillment were unable to shake. Meantime the revival went on. Prayer-meetings were held in every tent. Testaments were in every hand, and a sort of religious ecstasy took possession of the army. The men had ceased to rely upon the skill of our leaders or the strength of our army for success, and not a few of them hoped now for a miraculous interposition of supernatural power in our behalf. Men in this mood make the best of soldiers, and at no time were the fighting qualities of the Southern army better than during the siege. Under such circumstances men do not regard death, and even the failure of any effort they were called upon to make wrought no demoralization among troops who had persuaded themselves that the Almighty held victory in store for them, and would give it them in due time. What cared they for the failure of mere human efforts, when they were persuaded that through such failures God was leading us to ultimate victory? Disaster seemed only to strengthen the faith of many. They saw in it a needed lesson in humility, and an additional reason for believing that God meant to bring about victory by his own and not by human strength. They did their soldierly duties perfectly. They held danger and fatigue alike in contempt. It was their duty as Christian men to obey orders without question, and they did so in the thought that to do otherwise was to sin.

That the confidence bred of these things should be of a gloomy kind was natural enough, and the gloom was not dispelled, certainly, by the conviction of every man that he was assisting at his own funeral. Failure, too, which was worse than death, was plainly inevitable in spite of it all. We persisted, as I have said, in vaguely hoping and trying to believe that success was still to be ours, and to that end we shut our eyes to the plainest facts, refusing to admit the truth which was everywhere evident, namely, that our efforts had failed, and that our cause was already in its death struggles. But we must

have known all this, nevertheless, and our diligent cultivation of an unreasonable hopefulness served in no sensible degree to raise our spirits.

Even positive knowledge does not always bring belief. I doubt if a condemned man, who finds himself in full bodily health, ever quite believes that he is to die within the hour, however certainly he may know the fact; and our condition was not unlike that of condemned men.

When at last the beginning of the end came, in the evacuation of Richmond and the effort to retreat, everything seemed to go to pieces at once. The best disciplinarians in the army relaxed instead of tightening their reins. The best troops became disorganized, and hardly any command marched in a body. Companies were mixed together, parts of each being separated by detachments of others. Flying citizens in vehicles of every conceivable sort accompanied and embarrassed the columns. Many commands marched heedlessly on without orders, and seemingly without a thought of whither they were going. Others mistook the meaning of their orders, and still others had instructions which it was impossible to obey in any case. At Amelia Court House we should have found a supply of provisions. General Lee had ordered a train load to meet him there, but, as I have stated in a previous paper, the interests of the starving army had been sacrificed to the convenience or the cowardice of the President and his personal following. The train had been hurried on to Richmond and its precious cargo of food thrown out there, in order that Mr. Davis and his people might retreat rapidly and comfortably from the abandoned capital. Then began the desertion of which we have heard so much. Up to that time, as far as I can learn, if desertions had occurred at all they had not become general; but now that the government, in flying from the foe, had cut off our only supply of provisions, what were the men to do? Many of them wandered off in search of food, with no thought of deserting at

all. Many others followed the example of the government, and fled; but as irregularly large proportion of the little whole stayed and starved to the last. And it was no technical or metaphorical starvation which we had to endure, either, as a brief statement of my own experience will show. The battery to which I was attached was captured near Amelia Court House, and within a mile or two of my home. Seven men only escaped, and as I knew intimately everybody in the neighborhood, I had no trouble in getting horses for these to ride. Applying to General Lee in person for instructions, I was ordered to march on, using my own judgment, and rendering what service I could in the event of a battle. In this independent fashion I marched, with much better chances than most of the men had to get food, and yet during three days and nights our total supply consisted of one ear of corn to the man, and we divided that with our horses.

The end came, technically, at Appomattox, but of the real difficulties of the war the end was not yet. The trials and the perils of utter disorganization were still to be endured, and as the condition in which many parts of the South were left by the fall of the Confederate government was an anomalous one, some account of it seems necessary to the completeness of this series of papers.

Our principal danger was from the lawless bands of marauders who infested the country, and our greatest difficulty in dealing with them lay in the utter absence of constituted authority of any sort. Our country was full of highwaymen, — not the picturesque highwaymen of whom fiction and questionable history tell us, those gallant, generous fellows whose purse-cutting proclivities seem mere peccadilloes in the midst of so many virtues; not these, by any means, but plain highwaymen of the most brutal description possible, and destitute even of the merit of presenting a respectable appearance. They were simply the offscourings of the two armies and of the suddenly freed negro population: deserters from fighting reg-

iments on both sides, and negro desperadoes, who found common ground upon which to fraternize in their common depravity. They moved about in bands, from two to ten strong, cutting horses out of plows, plundering helpless people, and wantonly destroying valuables which they could not carry away. At the house of one of my friends where only ladies lived, a body of these men demanded dinner, which was given them. They then required the mistress of the mansion to fill their canteens with sorghum molasses, which they immediately proceeded to pour over the carpets and furniture of the parlor. Outrages of this kind and worse were of every-day enactment, and there was no remedy. There was no State, county, or municipal government in existence among us. We had no courts, no justices of the peace, no sheriffs, no officers of any kind invested with a shadow of authority, and there were not men enough in the community, at first, to resist the marauders, comparatively few of the surrendered soldiers having found their way home as yet. Those districts in which the Federal armies were stationed were peculiarly fortunate. The troops gave protection to the people, and the commandants of posts constituted a government able to enforce order, to which outraged or threatened people could appeal. But these favored sections were only a small part of the whole. The troops were not distributed in detached bodies over the country, but were kept in considerable masses at strategic points, lest a guerrilla war should succeed regular hostilities; and so the greater part of the country was left wholly without law, at a time when law was most imperatively needed. I mention this, not to the discredit of the victorious army or of its officers. They could not wisely have done otherwise. If the disbanded Confederates had seen fit to inaugurate a partisan warfare, as many of the Federal commanders believed they would, they could have annoyed the army of occupation no little; and so long as the temper of the country in this matter was unknown, it would

have been in the last degree improper to station small bodies of troops in exposed situations. Common military prudence dictated the massing of the troops, and as soon as it became evident that we had no disposition to resist further, but were disposed rather to render such assistance as we could in restoring and maintaining order, everything was done which could be done to protect us. It is with a good deal of pleasure that I bear witness to the uniform disposition shown by such Federal officers as I came in contact with at this time, to protect all quiet citizens, to restore order, and to forward the interests of the community they were called upon to govern. In one case I went with a fellow-Confederate to the head-quarters nearest me, eighteen miles away, and reported the doings of some marauders in my neighborhood, which had been more than usually outrageous. The general in command at once made a detail of cavalry and instructed its chief to go in pursuit of the highwaymen, and to bring them to him, dead or alive. They were captured, marched at a double-quick to the camp, and shot forthwith, by sentence of a drum-head court-martial, a proceeding which did more than almost anything else could have done, to intimidate other bands of a like kind. At another time I took to the same officer's camp a number of stolen horses which a party of us had managed to recapture from a sleeping band of desperadoes. Some of the horses we recognized as the property of our neighbors, some we did not know at all, and one or two were branded "C. S." and "U. S." The general promptly returned all the identified horses, and lent all the others to farmers in need of them. These things gave us confidence and promoted good feeling.

After a little time most of the ex-soldiers returned to their homes, and finding that there were enough of us in the county in which I lived to exercise a much-needed police supervision if we had the necessary authority, we sent a committee of citizens to Richmond to report the facts to the general in command of the district. He received

our committee very cordially, expressed great pleasure in the discovery that citizens were anxious to maintain order until a reign of law could be restored, and granted us leave to organize ourselves into a military police, with officers acting under written authority from him; to patrol the county; to disarm all improper or suspicious persons; to arrest and turn over to the nearest provost-marshal all wrong-doers, and generally to preserve order by armed surveillance. To this he attached but one condition, namely, that we should hold ourselves bound in honor to assist any United States officer who might require such service of us, in the suppression of guerrilla warfare. To this we were glad enough to assent, as the thing we dreaded most at that time was the inauguration of a hopeless, irregular struggle, which would destroy the small chance left us of rebuilding our fortunes and restoring our wasted country to prosperity. We governed the county in which we lived until the establishment of a military post at the county seat relieved us of the task, and the permission given us thus to stamp out lawlessness saved our people from the alternative of starvation or dependence upon the bounty of the government. It was seed-time, and without a vigorous maintenance of order our fields could not have been planted at all.

It is difficult to comprehend, and impossible to describe, the state of uncertainty in which we lived at this time. We had surrendered at discretion, and had no way of discovering or even of guessing what terms were to be given us. We were cut off almost wholly from trustworthy news, and in the absence of papers were unable even to rest conjecture upon the expression of sentiment at the North. Rumors we had in plenty, but so many of them were clearly false that we were forced to reject them all as probably untrue. When we heard it confidently asserted that General Alexander had made a journey to Brazil and brought back a tempting offer to emigrants, knowing all the time that if he had gone he must have made the

trip within the extraordinarily brief period of a few weeks, it was difficult to believe other news which reached us through like channels, though much of it ultimately proved true. I think nobody in my neighborhood believed the rumor of Mr. Lincoln's assassination until it was confirmed by a Federal soldier whom I questioned upon the subject one day, a week or two after the event. When we knew that the rumor was true, we deemed it the worst news we had heard since the surrender. We distrusted President Johnson more than any one else. Regarding him as a renegade Southerner, we thought it probable that he would endeavor to prove his loyalty to the Union by extra severity to the South, and we confidently believed he would revoke the terms offered us in Mr. Lincoln's amnesty proclamation; wherefore there was a general haste to take the oath and so to secure the benefit of the dead president's clemency before his successor should establish harsher conditions. We should have regarded Mr. Lincoln's death as a calamity, even if it had come about by natural means, and coming as it did through a crime committed in our name, it seemed doubly a disaster.

With the history of the South during the period of reconstruction, all readers are familiar, and it is only the state of affairs between the time of the surrender and the beginning of the rebuilding, that I have tried to describe in this paper. But the picture would be inexcusably incomplete without some mention of the negroes. Their behavior both during and after the war may well surprise anybody not acquainted with the character of the race. When the men of the South were nearly all in the army, the negroes were left in large bodies on the plantations with nobody to control them except the women and a few old or infirm men. They might have been insolent, insubordinate, and idle, if they had chosen. They might have gained their freedom by asserting it. They might have overturned the social and political fabric at any time, and *they knew all this too*. They were intelligent

enough to know that there was no power on the plantations capable of resisting any movement they might choose to make. They did know, too, that the success of the Federal arms would give them freedom. The fact was talked about everywhere, and no effort was made to keep the knowledge of it from them. They knew that to assert their freedom was to give immediate success to the Union cause. Most of them coveted freedom, too, as the heartiness with which they afterwards accepted it abundantly proves. And yet they remained quiet, faithful, and diligent throughout, very few of them giving trouble of any sort, even on plantations where only a few women remained to control them. The reason for all this must be sought in the negro character, and we of the South, knowing that character thoroughly, trusted it implicitly. We left our homes and our helpless ones in the keeping of the Africans of our households, without any hesitation whatever. We knew these faithful and affectionate people too well to fear that they would abuse such a trust. We concealed nothing from them, and they knew quite as well as we did the issues at stake in the war.

The negro is constitutionally loyal to his obligations as he understands them, and his attachments, both local and personal, are uncommonly strong. He speedily forgets an injury, but never a kindness, and so he was not likely to rise in arms against the helpless women and children whom he had known intimately and loved almost reverentially from childhood, however strongly he desired the freedom which such a rising would secure to him. It was a failure to appreciate these peculiarities of the negro character which led John Brown into the mistake that cost him his life. Nothing is plainer than that he miscalculated the difficulty of exciting the colored people to insurrection. He went to Harper's Ferry confident that when he should declare his purposes, the negroes would flock to his standard and speedily crown his effort with success. They remained quietly at work instead, many of

them hoping, doubtless, that freedom for themselves and their fellows might somehow be wrought out, but they were wholly unwilling to make the necessary war upon the whites, to whom they were attached by the strongest possible bonds of affection. And so throughout the war they acted after their kind, waiting for the issue with the great, calm patience which is their most universal characteristic.

When the war ended, leaving everything in confusion, the poor blacks hardly knew what to do; but upon the whole, they acted with great modesty, much consideration for their masters, and singular wisdom. A few depraved ones took to bad courses at once, but their number was remarkably small. A few others, with visionary notions, betook themselves to the cities in search of easier and more profitable work than any they had ever done, and many of these suffered severely from want before they found employment again. The great majority waited patiently for things to adjust themselves in their new conditions, going on with their work meanwhile, and conducting themselves with singular modesty. I saw much of them at this time, and I heard of no case in which a negro voluntarily reminded his master of the changed relations existing between them, or in any other way offended against the strictest rules of propriety.

At my own home, the master of the

mansion assembled his negroes immediately after the surrender; told them they were free, and under no obligation whatever to work for him; and explained to them the difficulty he found in deciding what kind of terms he ought to offer them, inasmuch as he was wholly ignorant upon the subject of the wages of agricultural laborers. He told them, however, that if they wished to go on with the crop, he would give them provisions and clothing as before, and at the end of the year would pay them as high a rate of wages as any paid in the neighborhood. To this every negro on the place agreed, all of them protesting that they wanted no better terms than for their master to give them at the end of the year whatever he thought they had earned. They lost not an hour from their work, and the life upon the plantation underwent no change whatever until its master was forced by a pressure of debt to sell his land. I give the history of the adjustment on this plantation as a fair example of the way in which ex-masters and ex-slaves were disposed to deal with each other.

There were cases in which no such harmonious adjustment could be effected, but, so far as my observation extended, these were exceptions to the common rule; and even now, after a lapse of nine years, a very large proportion of the negroes remain, either as hired laborers or as renters of small farms, on the plantations on which they were born.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE MARGUERITE.

PRETTY flower that June remembers,
 Blossom that July forgets,
 While my hand thy cup dismembers
 Pity me and my regrets;

For of all thy wreathèd glory
 But one ray remains to fall,
 And that petal tells the story
 That I am not loved at all.

A. R. Grots.

MR. ALDRICH'S POETRY.¹

If popularity were a result which every poet aimed assiduously at achieving, there would be much disappointed lamentation round about Castaly; for especially when we review the names of living poets it is possible to find that fortune, as regards their fames throughout the land, has behaved with a great deal of her customary caprice. Possibly Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, however, is not one of those singers who has ever deserved to win his laurel from the general throng. Indeed, he seems to have put forward no pronounced claim toward poetic recognition, but rather to feel satisfied with that sort of performance which, if the reverse of trivial, is no less the reverse also of expansive or sustained. His *forte* appears to be lyric poetry alone, and lyric poetry served in small installments; but the noticeable brevity of these songs, when considered in connection with their vividness of verbal coloring and their nearly faultless rhythm, helps to produce the effect of an added grace, because it is a brevity always in keeping with the light and dainty loveliness of the thought expressed.

Wholly out of the question seems a comparison between Mr. Aldrich's work and that of any dead master, unless, perhaps, we except Keats and Herrick. But even his resemblance to these two poets of the past is at times very vague and often quite indistinguishable. Mr. Aldrich can be compared with nothing of yesterday, because he writes and thinks in a spirit of intense modernness. It is doubtful whether even Mr. Rossetti would deny the pungent preraphaelitism of the following lines, for example :—

"And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime :
The clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blusht and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange." . . .

1 Cloth of Gold, and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Or of this :—

"Then
And swung a pack of sweet . . . from his head,
And stood,—a hideous pagan cut in jet."

Or yet of the following :—

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Where the influence of Keats is manifest seems only to be in a love for colors and the blending of colors—the passion to write as an artist paints, and use words as an artist uses pigments. This tendency has been somewhat sneered at, by the way, among recent critics. The fashion has been to cry down "word-painting" because it has given rise to much bad art and bungling extravagance. There can be no doubt that the art of making pictures from words is one for which numerous worthy minds have no possible faculty of appreciation, but it is one which exists, notwithstanding, and which will continue to exist, moreover, so long as for certain other minds the mere word itself, independent of all intellectual surroundings, possesses an essential and intrinsic charm; a charm, in truth, like nothing except an artist's delight in the colors which he lays upon his canvas before those colors have shaped themselves into the desired design. "*Pour le poète*," says Théophile Gautier, himself a marvelous master of words, "*les mots ont en eux-mêmes et en dehors du sens qu'ils expriment, une beauté et une valeur*."

This sensuous love of language for the sake of itself, more than for the idea it covers, is everywhere observable in Mr. Aldrich's poems. He has perpetually a tendency to load his phrases with a weight of striking and newly-arranged words. Admirable is the control with which he meets this tendency, it must be conceded. There are no unaccountable verbal gatherings in the forum of his verse. We are not tripped up with

splendid synonyms ; we do not flounder in any fine morass of adjectives. His love for words, indeed, is not shown in this fashion, but in what might almost be defined as its antipode. Everywhere is manifest the dainty chooser, the tasteful searcher, the careful weigher. When we have done reading one of Mr. Aldrich's most characteristic lyrics, we are apt to have a vague sense of a gilt frame and a catalogue. The art is always there, and the poetry is very rarely not there, and the blending of both produces often an effect of picturesqueness rarely equaled if ever surpassed. Take as an example of this the exquisite morsel of verse entitled *After the Rain*. Here we have a thread of the richest poetry, in the midst of most effective and studious elaboration as regards descriptive detail.

"The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood ;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

"From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye :

"And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck :
And in the belfry sits a Dove
With purple ripples on her neck."

It has been urged against this polished species of poetry that its finish is its most salient defect, that it cultivates style at the expense of thought, and that it delights the taste whilst it leaves the intellect wholly unsatisfied. There is but one reply to such curious caviling as this. If a poet weakens an idea by too polished a phraseology in its expression, he commits a marked artistic error, but when the absence of intellectual attributes already exists (as in many poems it unmistakably does), then are we illogical to blame the manner for that which concerns the matter alone. For example, of the following poem, entitled *The Lunch*, it might be said that the intellectual value was nearly null and void ; but were it not for the consummate art which surrounds this poverty of idea, the work might easily fall flat and prove in all respects unimportant. By the

sheer force of his extraordinary discriminative tact in the choice, arrangement, and contrast of words, Mr. Aldrich has made from nothing a charming, rich-colored cabinet-picture, only hurt, in my own opinion, by the last half of the final line of the poem, which mars the spirit of ethereal daintiness till then so deliciously apparent :—

"A Gothic window, where a damask curtain
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain :
A slab of agate on four eagle-talons
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance :
A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Black grapes hung down, dead-ripe and without
 lustre :
A melon cut in thin, delicious slices :
A cake that seemed mosaic-work in spices :
Two China cups with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey ;
And she and I the banquet-scene completing
With dreamy words, — and very pleasant eating !"

Mr. Aldrich sings merely for the pleasure of singing, and lays no shadow of claim toward being ranked as a "teacher" of anything more noticeable than that the rarer jewels of fancy, when set in finely-wrought verse, make the most charming sorts of ornaments. He has no pet philosophy with which he stuffs, as one might say, all the spare interstices of his verse ; he does not lean extravagantly toward mediævalism ; he is so little of a mannerist that few metrical tricks peculiar to his verse might be evidenced against him ; and as for that marked self-abandonment, so observable among most modern poetry when it treats of erotic subjects, one might say of Mr. Aldrich's love-poems that they are perhaps too coldly graceful, too skillfully dispassionate. In brief, we find him apparently no follower of a school, no member of a poetical clique, no sharer of an ideal, or of ideals, with brother bards. He produces little, but that little is of finished and enduring fabric ; and he seems to take of poetry what, to my own thinking, is the one wholesome view which can be taken of it — the view of Charles Baudelaire, that most gifted of French lyrists, of whom it must be conceded that he wrote at all times consistently with his opinions. "*Aucun poème,*" declares Baudelaire, "*ne sera si grand, si noble, si véritablement digne du nom de poème, que celui*

qui aura été écrit uniquement pour le plaisir d'écrire un poème." And again he states, in speaking of "la poésie:" "*Elle n'a pas la vérité pour objet, elle n'a qu'elle même.*" Nothing can be truer than this, vehemently as some may deny it. The moment that poetry is made the mouth-piece of creeds, theories, moral and intellectual aspirations, that moment it loses its birthright and fails in its most forceful charm. *Ex ungue leonem.* Mr. Aldrich may or may not long ago have discovered this simple truth, but it is nevertheless certain that his exquisite poems are everywhere good witnesses of its value. For example, in the hands of some fervid moralist, it is easy to imagine what weight of cumbersome comment might attach itself to the following felicitous thought, which, under Mr. Aldrich's treatment, takes the clean-cut noticeableness of some fine intaglio:—

- "A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,
"And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven; 'Only God is great.'
"So these four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,
"And evermore, from the high barbacan,
Saluted each returning caravan.
"Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust;
"And all is ruin,—save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, 'Only God is great.'"

A portion of his poetry which deserves to be separately regarded, and for that matter distinctively praised, are Mr. Aldrich's sonnets. As a rule the English sonnet is something from which the reader recoils at sight, as though he scented the blood of tortured syllables and massacred syntax. When the sonnet contains three or four good lines it usually happens that the remaining eleven or ten are in various degrees a weariness. I remember scarcely a single English poet since Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats, who has not drawn rather clumsy results from this tough literary task, and I can think of no distinguished American poets, except Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, who are creditable sonnetters. Indeed, until Mr. Aldrich wrote,

it was hard to believe that, unless by directly imitating the quaint phrases of the Shakespearean sonnet, anything like a nice blending of grace and sweetness and subtlety could be made conformable with the modern manner. But how thoroughly do we find these three attributes commingled in the following bit of choicest and chastest rhapsody:—

- "Though thou wert cunninger than Vivien,—
Faithful as Euid,—fair as Guinevere,—
Pure as Elaine,—I should not hold thee dear.
Count me not cold, decorous, unlike men!
Indeed the time was, and not long since, when—
But 'tis not now. An amulet I've here
Saves me. A ring. Observe: within this sphere
Of chased gold a jewel is set. What then?
Why, this,—the stone and setting cannot part,
Unless one's broken. See with what a grace
The diamond dewdrop sinks into the white
Tulip-shaped calyx, and o'erflows it quite!
There is a lady set so in my heart;
There's not for any other any place!"

But Mr. Aldrich can play more solemn-toned melodies—and play them most powerfully, too—on the restricted accommodation of this fourteen-stringed harp, the sonnet. In *By the Potomac*, we have perhaps the most perfect of the few good poems which our late war produced:—

- "The soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;
The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower!
The Southern nightingale that, hour by hour,
In its melodious summer madness raves.
Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
With what sweet voices, Nature seeks to screen
The awful Crime of this distracted land,—
Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green
Mantle of velvet where the Murdered lie,
As if to hide the horror from God's eye."

If this be not veritably "noble music with a golden ending," it bears, at least, close resemblance to such literary rarity. Mr. Aldrich has written no sonnet that is not apt, through some peculiar beauty of fancy or phrasing or rhythm, to haunt the reader's imagination afterwards with some persistently recurring melody. And indeed, only to glance over his remaining sonnets is to find how rich they are in the pure gold of lines like—

- "To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,
In such pure air as this, by Tiber's wave,
Daisies are trembling over Keats's grave!"

or,

"Hence it is I, the least, a very hind,
Have stolen away into this leafy vale,
Drawn by the flutings of the silvery wind!"

or,

"A wide-browed sphynx, half-buried in the sand,
With orbless sockets stares across the land."

or,

"And one bearded star, faint-glimmering like a bee,
Is shut in the rosy outstretched hand of dawn."

But it will be well to end quotations which are of such a piecemeal nature as scarcely to speak justly for the work from which they have been taken. Let us listen to one more sonnet, however, which Mr. Aldrich calls Pursuit and Possession, and which is probably, for exactness of diction and epithet, for perfect consonance of subject and metrical form, for every grace and charm, in brief, except possibly that of equaling in its idea the poet's usual originality, the most successful sonnet he has given us:

"When I behold what pleasure is Pursuit,
What life, what glorious eagerness it is;
Then mark how full Possession falls from this,
How fairer seems the blossom than the fruit,—
I am perplexed, and often stricken mute
Wondering which attained the higher bliss,
The winged insect, or the chrysalis foot
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.
Spirit of verse, that still elud'st my art,
Thou airy phantom that dost ever haunt me,
Oh never, never rest upon my heart,
If when I have thee I shall little want thee!
Still flit away in moonlight, rain, and dew,
Will-o'-the-wisp, that I may still pursue!"

A poem of great rhythmic beauty and exquisite tenderness of conception is the mediæval legend which Mr. Aldrich tells under the title of Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book. The poem begins by narrating how Friar Jerome was covered with remorseful wretchedness because of a slight fault long ago committed. Hitherto it has been his regular task

"Nightly to feed the hungry poor
That crowded to the convent door."

But to-night he suddenly conceives a holy disgust for this duty, and exclaims:

"What work for an immortal soul,
To feed and clothe some lazy clown!
Is there no action worth my mood,
No deed of daring, high and pure,
That shall, when I am dead, endure,
A well-spring of perpetual good?"

Then it occurs to him that those precious illuminated books of the convent

have existed for ages, realms and kings alike disappearing. Next, he journeys among the ancient hiding-places of these volumes, giving Mr. Aldrich an opportunity for the following exquisite passage:—

"To those dim alcoves, far withdrawn,
He turned with measured steps and slow,
Trimming his lantern as he went:
And there, among the shadows, bent
Above one ponderous folio,
With whose miraculous text were blent
Seraphic faces: Angels, crowned
With rings of melting amethyst;
Mute, patient Martyrs, cruelly bound
To blazing fagots; here and there,
Some bold, serene Evangelist,
Or Mary in her sunny hair;
And here and there from out the words
A brilliant tropic bird took flight;
And through the margins many a vine
Went wandering,—roses, red and white,
Tulip, wind-flower, and columbine
Blossomed. To his believing mind
These things were real, and the wind,
Blown through the mullioned window, took
Scent from the lilies in the book."

After poring with delight over these pages, Friar Jerome determines that he shall himself assume the task of illuminating, "on smooth clear parchment," the "Prophet's fell Apocalypse," telling himself, whilst he contemplates what seems so glorious a labor,

"As I write from day to day,
Perchance my sins will pass away."

The Beautiful Book is accordingly begun. The friar labors with passionate zeal,

"And little recked he of the poor
That missed him at the convent door;
Or, thinking of them, put the thought
Aside. 'I feed the souls of men
Henceforth, and not their bodies!'—yet
Their sharp, pinched features, now and then,
Stole in between him and his Book,
And filled him with a vague regret."

Suddenly a blight falls upon the surrounding country. Crops fail; famine reigns; and in the wake of famine walks

... "the malign
Green-spotted terror called the Pest,
That took the light from loving eyes
And made the young bride's gentle breast
A fatal pillow."

The monks, in solemn file, led by their chanting prior, go forth from the convent to shrive the sick "and give the hungry grave its dead."

"Only Jerome, he went not forth,
But hiding in his dusty nook,

'Let come what will, I must illumine
The last ten pages of my Book !'
He drew his stool before the desk,
And sat him down, distraught and wan,
To paint his daring masterpiece,
The stately figure of Saint John.
He sketched the head with pious care,
Laid in the tint, when, powers of Grace !
He found a grinning Death's-head there,
And not the grand Apostle's face !"

Horrified by this dreadful change, the poor friar starts up and cries out to God that he recognizes in it a punishment for his own neglect to hear the divine voice when it called upon him most loudly. He leaves his book still incomplete, therefore, and hurries to the succor of the plague-stricken hundreds in that accursed land. He performs many deeds of humane self-sacrifice. At last the plague diminishes, the black vapor that has covered the country rolls away, and there is universal thanksgiving at the return of healthful peace. But

"Then Friar Jerome, a wasted shape, —
For he had taken the Plague at last, —
Rose up, and through the happy town,
And through the wintry woodlands, past
Into the convent. What a gloom
Sat brooding in each desolate room !
What silence in the corridor !
For of that long, innumerable train
Which issued forth a month before
Scarce twenty had come back again !"

And now the friar crawls up the "moldy stair" to his cell, looking "like some unshriven church-yard thing," desirous of gazing once more upon the pages of his beloved book.

"And there it lay upon the stand,
Open ! — he had not left it so.
He grasped it, with a cry ; for, lo !
He saw that some angelic hand,
While he was gone, had finished it !
There 't was complete, as he had planned ;
There, at the end, stood *FINIS*. writ
And gilded as no man could do, —
Not even that pious anchoret,
Bilfrid, the wonderful, nor yet
The miniatore Ethelwold,
Nor Durham's Bishop, who of old
(England still hoards the priceless leaves)
Did the Four Gospels all in gold.
And Friar Jerome nor spoke nor stirred,
But, with his eyes fixed on that word,
He passed from sin and want and scorn ;
And suddenly the chapel-bells
Rang in the holy Christmas-morn !"

Strikingly delightful as we find Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, both for ex-

cution and conception, it is surprising that Mr. Aldrich has written, except his popular ballad of Babie Bell, no poem of equal length which at all approaches it as a piece of authentic and original work. But all his long poems, except those mentioned, are in blank verse ; and here Mr. Aldrich is no master. He is indeed a follower of the Tennysonian model to such a painstaking degree of fidelity that we are often led to marvel at the imitative skill he has shown. Scarcely a line in *Judith* is free from a most marked resemblance to the English laureate's work — the Tennyson of the Arthurian Idyls and of *Enoch Arden*. It is only in Mr. Tennyson's blank verse that any characteristic manner, individualism, representative style, or whatever name the trait deserves, is invariably to be found ; and consequently his blank verse is the most dangerous of all to imitate or even be influenced by. It is unfortunate that the fine thoughts and graceful conceits of *Judith* should all be cast in the same well-known mold ; for their value, on this account, whether small or great, can only derive its proper estimate from their degree of adherence to the guiding model. Byron's execrable blank verse was at least his own, but the very beauty and polish of Mr. Aldrich's is something which we must admire as the ingenuity of the copyist. It is superb imitation, by the bye, and there are not many living writers who have the skill to approach it.

But Mr. Aldrich will find in the future, let us hope, other ways of convincing his readers that he is a very noticeable lyrist than this perilous way of writing unoriginal pentameters. If in succeeding works he only maintains the lyric level, so to speak, of works gone before, we shall have reason to rejoice ; but the excellence of what he has already achieved still leaves ample room for even stronger and better achievement — a fact of which none is perhaps more clearly cognizant than the poet himself.

Edgar Fawcett.

OLD TREES.

OLD trees are living epochs in the history of the world. Here have they stood for hundreds of years, some even for thousands, looking down upon the smiling earth; now battling with tempests, then basking in sunshine; steadily growing and strengthening and spreading, till at last, venerable in colossal grandeur, and clad with the livery of advancing age, they claim our reverence and inspire emotions of solemn awe. We think, as we look at them, of the lapse of time since the tender radicle first shot downward and the light plunule aspired heavenward; of the silent forces which have been at work in building them up. Year after year have they formed their buds and expanded their leaves; year after year have they shed the old and developed the new, and slowly but surely have the limbs lengthened and the trunk swollen, and the whole structure, solidly buttressed on every side, grown into symmetrical beauty and form.

Every part of the habitable globe can furnish its quota of venerable trees. It has been estimated that even now a third of the earth's surface is covered with forests. In tropical climes, as on the banks of the Amazon, travelers are struck with the number and variety of ancient trees; in temperate regions immense tracts are covered with pines and oaks, cedars and walnuts, hemlocks and chestnuts, lindens and ashes, many of which are from twenty to eighty feet in circumference, and from one to three hundred feet in height; and farther to the north, to the outer verge of the Arctic Circle, the whole surface is covered with trees less gigantic in circumference and height, many of which are of great age.

The pine, whose image was stamped on the first silver shillings issued in Massachusetts, has a geographical range in America from the Saskatchewan to Georgia, and, beyond the Mississippi,

from the sources of the Columbia to the Pacific slope. It grows in every part of New England and in every variety of soil, and it was formerly, as now, the principal tree of Massachusetts, although the older growths have mostly disappeared. Fifty years ago it was not uncommon to find pines six feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet in height, and masts have been made, on the Penobscot and in Canada, ninety feet in length and three feet in diameter at the smallest part. We have frequently seen sticks of this size on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, at Quebec and other ports, which were being loaded into vessels for England. The Worcester Palladium for July 3, 1844, gives an account of a tree cut in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, previous to the Revolution, from which a mast was hewn one hundred and ten feet long, and three feet in diameter at the upper end. The dimensions of the stump are not given, but it is said a yoke of large oxen were driven upon it and turned with ease, and that fifty-five yoke of oxen were required to draw the stick to tide-water.

Lambert's pine, on the northwest coast, grows to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, and the Douglass pine, which is still larger, grows to the height of three hundred feet. Such trees, in the depths of the forest, are often objects of peculiar interest from the striking variety of vegetable life which they exhibit: lichens — dotted lecidias, lecanoras, and verrucarias — closely invest the bark on the lower part of the trunk; star-like pamelias spread over them; green and purple mosses in the crannies, and tufts of stricta, ramalina, and usnea higher up. Quite often, indeed, the usnea barbata hangs pendent in large masses from the upper boughs in moist woods, trailing in the wind and giving to the trees in the dim twilight an exceedingly weird and ghost-

like appearance. The estimated age of the most ancient of these trees is fourteen hundred years, and trees of the age of eleven hundred years are not uncommon. Many of the trunks are from twenty-seven to thirty-six feet in circumference, and rise to the height of one hundred and twenty feet without a limb.

On the continent of Europe, the Siberian pine, which grows quite extensively in Switzerland as well as in Russia, although not a large tree, attains often to a great age: a trunk nineteen inches in diameter presenting, when cut down, three hundred and fifty-three annual circles. The timber of this pine is of an agreeable perfume, and is much employed for domestic purposes as well as for wainscoting rooms; it exhales its fragrance for centuries with undiminished strength and without any decrease of weight in the wood. The seeds are esteemed a great luxury, and are eaten in quantities at the winter festivals. Like all the coniferæ it is symmetrical in shape, but the branches, which are not long, incline upward and are somewhat contorted.

Nearly allied to the pine is the cypress, a tall and graceful plume-shaped tree, which attains in Europe to a great age and size, and which was celebrated in all antiquity for the incorruptibility of its wood and its funeral uses. The oldest tree on record is the Cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, figured by London in his *Arboretum*. This tree is supposed by some to have been planted the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account it is regarded with great reverence; but an ancient chronicle at Milan is said to prove that it was a tree in the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 42. It is one hundred and twenty-one feet high, and twenty-three feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree.

The American cypress, found in the Southern States, grows naturally in low grounds subject to annual inundations, and sometimes rises to the height of one

hundred and twenty feet, with a circumference at the base of from twenty-five to forty feet. The roots, which run horizontally at a short depth below the surface, throw up conical protuberances or knees, sometimes four or five feet high, but usually smaller, smooth without and hollow within, looking not unlike mile-posts, and serving, says Bartram, "very well for bee-hives." These trees, with their streamers of long moss floating on the wind, are a curious feature in the scenery of the Southern States, and a cypress swamp is a somewhat formidable object to encounter. Some cypresses have been known to reach the age of six hundred and seventy years.

This tree, however, attains to its amplest development and age in the *tierras templadas* of Mexico; and one of the celebrated group in the garden of Chapultepec, called the Cypress of Montezuma, which was already a remarkable tree in the palmy days of that unfortunate monarch, nearly four hundred years ago, is forty-five feet in circumference, and of a height, in proportion to its size, so great that the whole mass appears light and graceful. But this tree, vast as it is, is greatly surpassed by the famous *Ahuchute* — the Mexican name for the species — of the village of Atlisco, in the intendancy of Puebla, which was first described by Lorenzana, and which, according to the worthy archbishop, "might contain twelve or thirteen men on horseback in the cavity of the trunk." Humboldt says the girth of the tree is twenty-three metres, or seventy-six English feet, and the diameter of the cavity is sixteen feet.

Still more gigantic, however, than this — the Nestor of the race, indeed, if not of the whole vegetable kingdom — is the cypress which stands in the church-yard of the village of Santa Maria del Tule in the intendancy of Oaxaca, on the road to Guatemala by the way of Tehuantepec, which, according to Humboldt, is thirty-six metres, or one hundred and eighteen English feet in circumference. In its immediate vicinity are five or six other trees of the same species, each of which is

nearly as large as the Cypress of Montezuma; but this tree as much surpasses the rest as they surpass the ordinary denizens of the forest. It still shows no signs of decay, although it bears less foliage in proportion to its size than its younger fellows.

Recent travelers speak of other trees near the ruins of Palenque equal in size to the splendid tree at Santa Maria del Tule, and the estimate of the age of these trees is from *four to six thousand years*; perhaps dating back to the beginning of the earth's historic period! Imagination is lost in picturing the possibility even of such longevity; yet if any reliance can be placed upon estimates sanctioned by the opinion of the most eminent naturalists, we have here trees which have witnessed the gradual rise, the steady progress, the final decline, and even the extinction of a race whose history has sunk into oblivion, while the trees themselves are still alive!

The yew is also allied to the pine, and is of slower growth and greater durability than any other European tree; thus supporting the opinion first advanced by De Candolle, and now concurred in by most physiologists, that exogenous trees are by their nature of indefinite growth, and never die except by a violent death. Indeed, a yew,

"Of vast circumference and gloom profound,"

is, as Wordsworth truly says,

"A living thing,
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed."

Of the many trees of this species to be found in England, one is mentioned which formerly stood in Braburne church-yard, in the county of Kent, which was more than sixty feet in circumference, and its age was computed at twenty-five hundred years. A second still stands in the woods of Cliefden called the Hedron Yew, healthy and vigorous, over eighty feet in circumference, and three thousand years old. The famous yews of Fountain's Abbey, near Ripon, Yorkshire, were in full vigor when the abbey was founded in 1132 by Thurston, Archbishop of York;

and of the seven trees of which history speaks, one measured twenty-six feet and six inches in circumference at the height of three feet from the ground, and the whole seven stood so near each other as to form a cover almost equal to a thatched roof. The age of the largest is fixed at twelve hundred years.

The fine yew at Dryburgh Abbey, which is supposed to have been planted when the abbey was founded, in 1136, and which is in full health and vigor, has a trunk only twelve feet in circumference. The Arkernyke Yew, near Staines, which witnessed the conference between the English barons and King John, and in sight of which Magna Charta was signed, measures twenty-seven feet and eight inches in circumference, and is supposed to be between eleven and twelve hundred years old. It was beneath this tree that Henry VIII., by the Grace of God Defender of the Faith, etc., first saw gospel light in the fair eyes of Anne Boleyn. The Darley Yew, in Derbyshire, which is twenty-nine feet and two inches in circumference, is estimated to be nearly fourteen hundred years old; and the yew in Tisbury church-yard, Dorsetshire, which is thirty-seven feet in circumference, is estimated to be sixteen hundred years old. The yew in Fortingal church-yard, Perthshire, Scotland, situated in a wild district among the Grampians, is fifty-six feet in circumference, and is estimated to be more than twenty-five hundred years old.

Next to the yew we may mention the cedar; and although no very ancient specimens exist in America, in portions of Asia, especially in the Levant, are trees invested with a sacred interest from the fact that they were living in Old Testament times, hundreds of years before the birth of Jesus Christ. The grove on Mount Lebanon, so often alluded to in Holy Writ, was first described in modern times by Belon, who visited it about the year 1550. The cedars of this grove were then, as now, highly venerated by the Maronite Christians, who firmly believed them to be coeval with Solomon, if not planted by his

hand; and they made an annual pilgrimage to the spot at the festival of the Transfiguration, the patriarch celebrating high mass under the shade of one of the oldest trees, and anathematizing all who should presume to injure these sacred relics. The larger trees of the grove were measured and described by Rauwolf, an early German traveler, in 1574; by Thévenot in 1655; more particularly by Maundrell in 1696; by La Roque in 1722; by Dr. Pococke, in 1744; by Labillardière in 1787; and by M. Laure, an officer of the French marine, who visited them with the Prince de Joinville, in 1836. Formerly, from twenty to thirty of the trees were standing; more recently there were seventeen; still more recently, only twelve; and now we believe there are but seven. We have in our possession a small section from a limb of one of these trees, which we prize highly for its venerable associations.

Of the soft-wood trees of tropical climes, some attain to a great age and size. Thus, the *palo de vaca* or cow tree of South America, found in the Cordilleras, in Venezuela and Caracas, grows to the height of a hundred feet, and is often seven feet in diameter. Humboldt describes it as a handsome tree resembling the broad-leaved star apple; and says that when incisions are made in the trunk a glutinous milk abundantly issues, of a pleasing and balmy smell, rich and thick though not bitter, and mixed with coffee it could scarcely be distinguished from animal milk.

The banian, or Indian fig, commonly called the peepul-tree, is constantly planted by the Hindoo temples:—

"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade,
High overarched, and echoing walks between."

The roots or props thrown out from the main trunk occupy such a space that one growing on the banks of the Nerbuddah covers an almost incredible area. The circumference which now remains is nearly two thousand feet, and the overhanging branches which have not yet

thrown down their props overshadow a much larger space. Three hundred and twenty large trunks are counted, and the smaller ones exceed three thousand. Each is continually sending forth new branches and pendent roots, to form other trunks and become the parent of a future progeny. According to Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, the whole has been known to shelter beneath its shade a company of at least seven thousand men.

The baobab, or monkey bread, another tropical tree, found in the Cape Verd Islands and at Senegal, has long afforded celebrated instances of longevity. This tree is remarkable for its small height in comparison with the diameter of its trunk or the length of its branches; trunks of seventy or eighty feet in circumference being only ten or twelve feet high. The branches, however, are very numerous, often fifty or sixty feet in length, spreading widely in every direction, and forming a hemisphere or hillock of verdure sometimes one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The history of these trees, rendered famous by Adamson's account, reaches back to the first discovery of that part of the African coast, and of the Cape Verd Islands, by Cadamosto, in 1455. The largest trunks were twenty-seven feet in diameter, or eighty-five feet in circumference. More recently, M. Perrottet has met with many baobabs in Senegambia, varying from sixty to ninety feet in circumference, green and flourishing, and showing no signs of approaching decrepitude. By some, these trees are regarded as among the oldest in existence on our globe, and their age is estimated by the younger De Candolle at five or six thousand years!

The famous dragon-tree furnishes another instance of great longevity. One of these trees, found near the city of Orotava, Teneriffe, has been visited by many competent observers, — among others by Humboldt, — and from their statements it appears that the trunk is about fifty feet in girth, and sixty or seventy feet in height. At the discovery of Teneriffe, in 1402, nearly five centuries ago, this tree was about as large

as it is to-day; and even then it had been immemorially an object of veneration among the Guanches. Since that period it has been hollowed by decay, and shorn of part of its top; still it continues to vegetate, and its remaining branches are annually covered, as they have been for thousands of years, with beautiful clusters of white, lily-like blossoms, emblems of the eternal youth of nature.

Of the hard-wood trees, the oak unquestionably stands at the head of those growing in the temperate zone, and it is justly regarded as the monarch of the forest. Virgil calls it—

"Jove's own tree,
Which holds the woods in awful sovereignty."

The ancient Pelasgians believed that a deity dwelt in their oak groves, whom they feared and worshiped. The oracle of Dodona was situated in an oak grove; and to the inhabitants of Britain and Gaul, under the Druids, the oak was still more sacred. Oak groves were their temples, and the mistletoe, which hung from its boughs, was their favorite wand. For the fullest account of this magnificent tree, which grows in nearly every part of the world, we must refer to the works of Evelyn and Gilpin, Strutt and Loudon, who have devoted pages instead of paragraphs to its consideration. It is not uncommon to find in Massachusetts oak-trees from twelve to twenty feet in circumference, and from four to fourteen hundred years old. In the town of Brighton is the picturesque ruin of a white oak, nearly twenty-six feet in circumference, hollow at the base, and easily entered by men and boys. This tree is supposed to have passed its prime centuries before the first English voice was heard on our shores, and it is still clad with abundant foliage. In South Scituate, near Jacobs's mill, is another white oak, eighteen feet in circumference at the ground, and from four to six hundred years old. This tree,

"Whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;"

promises to outlast the noble elms growing near it. The oak under which the

apostle Eliot preached to the Indians at South Natick, in 1690, is still standing, a "hale, green tree," and yet affords a grateful shade to the weary traveler.

The celebrated Charter Oak, of Hartford, Connecticut, which was prostrated in the storm of August, 1854, is said to have been thirty-six feet in circumference at the ground, and its age was estimated at eight hundred years. The Wadsworth Oak, of Genesee, New York, lived to a great age, and at the time of its destruction, in 1857, was estimated to be at least a thousand years old. Its circumference was about twenty-seven feet, and it was a fair counterpart of Spenser's tree:—

"A huge oak, dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old;
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head;
Whose feet on earth had got but feeble hold,
And half-disbowed stands above the ground,
With wreathed roots and naked arms."

Of the oaks of Europe, some of the most noted are the King's Oak, in Windsor Forest, which is more than a thousand years old, and quite hollow. Professor Burnet, who once lunched inside this tree, said it was capable of accommodating ten or twelve persons comfortably at a sitting. The Beggar's Oak, in Bagshot Park, is twenty feet in girth at five feet from the ground, and the branches extend from the trunk forty-eight feet in every direction. The Wallace Oak, at Ellerslie, near where Wallace was born, is twenty-one feet in circumference; and Wallace and three hundred of his men are said to have hid from the English army among its branches when the tree was in full leaf. The Parliament Oak, in Clipstone Park, which is supposed to be the oldest in England, derives its name from the fact that a parliament was held under its branches by Edward I., in 1290, at which time it was a large tree. The oak in Yardley Chase, immortalized by Cowper, is also a conspicuous and venerable relic. The Winfarthing Oak, now a bleached ruin, is said to have been an old tree at the time of the Norman Conquest, in the eleventh century. The Greendale Oak, in the Duke of Portland's Park, at Walbeck, is described by Evelyn and figured by Hunter, with its

trunk pierced by a lofty arch, through which carriages have been driven. The Conthorpe Oak, in Yorkshire, measures seventy-eight feet in circumference, and its age is estimated at eighteen hundred years. The Great Oak of Salcey Forest, Northamptonshire, a picturesque wreck, is supposed to be of equal antiquity.

On the Continent, an oak was felled at Bordza, in Russian Poland, some forty years ago, upon which seven hundred and ten consecutive layers were distinctly counted, and the space in which the layers could not be counted was estimated to contain three hundred more, making the whole age of the tree a thousand years. Near Saintes, in France, an oak is standing which is said to be upwards of ninety feet in circumference. A room has been cut out of the dead wood of the interior, about twelve feet in diameter, and a round table has been placed in it, at which twelve guests can be seated at once. The full age of the tree is estimated at two thousand years.

Next to the oak in size and popularity must be ranked the elm, which is found all over the United States, and in Europe. Few trees, indeed, are more common in the temperate zone than this; and although it rarely grows in large bodies, like the pine and spruce, it is frequently found in the Canadian woods interspersed with ashes and maples of venerable size, and growing to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet, with a smooth stem to the height of from forty to sixty feet. Few sights are grander than those old forests, back from the Ottawa, stretching to the northward undisturbed for hundreds of miles, with giant pines and enormous hemlocks completely concealing and shading the earth.

The elm in Massachusetts is a favorite tree, and may be found planted by nearly all old mansions. Every town has its memorable trees of this kind; and they grow in many places from eighty to a hundred feet high, and with a circumference of from twelve to thirty feet. The famous elm on Boston Common is twenty-four feet in circumference, and on a map of Boston published in 1720 it is delineated as a large tree. It is

said to have been planted by Captain Daniel Henchman, an ancestor of Governor Hancock, in 1670, and is now two hundred years old. The Washington Elm, in Cambridge, is another classic tree, and is nearly sixteen feet in circumference at the base. The Pittsfield Elm, greatly revered by the inhabitants of that town, was one hundred and twenty-six feet high, and thirteen feet in circumference at the height of four feet from the ground. The Aspinwall Elm, in Brookline, now more than two hundred years old, is nearly twenty-one feet in circumference, and its branches are one hundred feet long. The elm in Hingham, near the Old Colony House, which was transplanted in 1729, is thirteen feet in circumference at four feet from the ground. The Springfield Elm, according to Dr. Holmes, is over twenty-nine feet in circumference at the base; a tree is mentioned in Hatfield which is forty-one feet in circumference at the base; and another in Medfield is over thirty-seven feet in circumference. An elm in Wakefield, in front of the residence of James Eustis, Esq., measures twenty-one feet at the ground; the Sheffield Elm is nearly twenty-three feet in circumference; and there are hundreds of trees of equal size and age scattered abroad throughout our villages.

The European elm is somewhat different from that of America; and Strutt, in his *Sylva Britannica*, gives engravings of several of the most remarkable. Among these, the finest is the Chipstead Elm, which is twenty feet in circumference at the ground, and sixteen feet at the height of four feet. Its venerable trunk is richly mantled with clustering ivy, and gives signs of considerable age. The Crawley Elm, on the high-road from London to Brighton, measures sixty-one feet in circumference at the ground, and is a well-known object of interest to travelers, with its tall, straight stem, and the fantastic ruggedness of its wide-spreading roots. For several centuries this species of elm has been planted for ornament on avenues and public parks in France, Spain, and the Low Countries, and in England immemorially. It is

less graceful than the American elm, and more sturdy and spreading in its form; but it has the advantage of retaining its foliage for several weeks longer than our native tree. Fine specimens are found in this country, in Boston and its vicinity.

The linden is a native of America and Europe, and in both countries attains to a great size and age. The celebrated sycamore maple which stands near the entrance of the village of Trons, in the Grisons, — the cradle of liberty among the Rhoetan Alps, — was once called a linden, and under its spreading branches the Gray League was solemnized in 1424. Its age is estimated at six hundred years. The true linden is a favorite with the Swiss, and is intimately associated with important events in the history of that people. The linden at Freiburg, planted in 1476 to commemorate the battle of Morat, is still standing, and though beginning to decay, has already proved a more durable monument than the famous ossuary on that battle-field,

"Where Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain
Themselves their monument."

Another tree, standing at the village of Villars-en-Moing, near Morat, was a noted tree four centuries ago, and at four feet from the ground it has a circumference of thirty-eight feet. Its full age is computed at nine hundred years. The still more celebrated linden of Neustadt on the Kocher, in Würtemberg, is equally old, and was a remarkable tree at the opening of the thirteenth century; for the village of Helmbundt, which was destroyed in 1226, was subsequently rebuilt in the vicinity of this tree, and thence took the name of *Neustadt an der grossen Linden*. From an old poem, written in 1404, it appears that even then the tree was of such size, and the spread of its branches was so enormous, that their weight was sustained by sixty-seven columns of stone. At six feet from the ground the circumference of the tree is thirty-six English feet, and its age is computed at nine hundred years.

The chestnut-tree, found in Europe and America, also lives to a good old age. In this country, large specimens

are occasionally found, and many are mentioned by Mr. Emerson, in his *Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts*, from fourteen to twenty-six feet in circumference, the largest of which must be from four to six hundred years old. But great as these are, they are thrown into the shade, and seem like pigmies, beside the enormous tree on Mount Etna, called the *Castagna di cento cavalli*, from the tradition of its having once sheltered in its hollow trunk one hundred mounted cavaliers under Jeanne of Aragon. Brydone, in his *Tour in Sicily*, described this tree in 1770, and says it was then *two hundred and four feet* in circumference, and had the appearance of five distinct trunks. Kircher, however, who saw the tree a century earlier, speaks of the five as united in one. An engraving of this tree, with its splendid top, is given in Plate LXXXVII. of Low's *American Encyclopedia*, published in 1807.

Besides this, there are other colossal chestnuts on Mount Etna with undoubted single trunks; and three of these, when measured a quarter of a century ago, had respectively a circumference of fifty-seven, sixty-four, and seventy feet. Their age is probably not far from fifteen hundred years; and the great tree is supposed to be from two thousand to twenty-five hundred years old. The Great Chestnut of Sancerre, France, described by Bosc, has been called by that name for at least six hundred years; and as its girth is thirty-three feet at six feet from the ground, its full age is probably at least a thousand years. The same is true of the Great Chestnut of Totworth, in Gloucestershire, England, which is known to have been standing in 1150, and which is fifty-two feet in circumference at the ground. This tree fixes the boundary of the ancient manor, and its age is probably about twelve hundred years.

The black walnut is a native of America, and in the States bordering on the Ohio often grows to a great size. Michaux says he has frequently seen walnuts from six to seven feet in diameter; and we have measured stumps in Illinois which were from five to eight feet

in diameter. Planks have been sawed from such trees five feet wide and thirty or forty feet long. When the walnut stands alone, it spreads out into a spacious head and extends its branches horizontally to a great distance; but in the depths of the forest it is of a more compact growth, and is often shorn of its limbs, and has a smooth bole to the height of from forty to sixty feet. The largest trees are probably from four to six hundred years old.

The walnut of Europe is equally venerable; and Galignani's Messenger mentions one on the road from Martel to Grammont which is at least three hundred and fifty years old. Its height is fifty-five feet, and its diameter fourteen feet. Its branches, seven in number, extend to a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and it bears on an average fifteen bags of nuts per annum.

The button-wood, or sycamore, the American plane, is often a venerable object to behold; and specimens may be found from six to seven feet in diameter, yet sound, notwithstanding the disease which attacked them so generally a third of a century ago, and which threatened for a time to sweep them entirely away. One formerly stood in the town of Wakefield, on land of John Tyler, which measured thirty feet in circumference at the ground. It was hollow within, and the opening was sufficient to permit four men to stand in it easily. Some mischievous boys built a fire in it one Sunday, and the tree burned all day; but the flames were extinguished, and subsequently the tree was felled; a portion of the trunk was removed to the Common, and a platform erected upon it, from which Hon. Henry Wilson, now Vice-President of the United States, and then just beginning his political career, delivered a stump speech in the Harrison campaign of 1841.

At a place called Vacluse, near Newport, Rhode Island, a button-wood is described which, in 1839, measured twenty-four feet in circumference at the ground; and three miles from Hagerstown, Maryland, near Salem Church, a tree is standing which is thirty-nine feet

in circumference at the ground, and the cavity within is eleven feet in diameter. A Mr. Gelwicks, with twenty scholars, from eight to seventeen years old, stood in a circle around this cavity. As the growth of the button-wood after a certain period is quite slow, it is probable that this tree is five or six hundred years old, and the others we have described were from two to four hundred years old.

The elder Michaux measured a tree on a small island in the Ohio, which was over forty feet in circumference at five feet from the ground. General Washington had measured the same tree twenty years before, and found it to be of nearly the same size. The younger Michaux found a tree in 1802 on the right bank of the Ohio, thirty-six miles from Marietta, which measured forty-seven feet in circumference at four feet from the ground. Either of these trees must have been at least six hundred years old.

The Oriental plane is a tree of nearly the same kind, only its leaves are more palmated, and it has less disposition to overshadow the ground. It was a great favorite with the ancients, and Pliny, in his Natural History, tells a story of its having been brought across the Ionian Sea to shade the tomb of Diomedes, in the island of that hero; that it came thence into fertile Sicily, and was among the first of the foreign trees presented to Italy. From thence it was carried to Spain and France, where, it is said, the inhabitants were made to pay for the privilege of sitting under its shade. The same writer describes some of the principal trees of this kind, and speaks of one in the walks of the Academy at Athens, whose trunk was forty-eight feet to the branches. He describes, also, a tree in Syria, near a cool fountain by the road-side, with a cavity of eighty-one feet in circumference, a forest-like head, and arms like trees overshadowing broad fields. Within this apartment, made by moss-covered stones to resemble a grotto, Licinius Mucianus thought it a fact worthy of history that he dined and slept with nineteen companions.

But the greatest of all the Oriental planes is that which stands in the valley of Bouyouderch, near Constantinople, described by Olivier, Dr. Webb, and others, the trunk of which is one hundred and fifty feet in girth, with a central hollow of eighty feet in circumference. The age of this tree it is difficult to determine; but if it is a single trunk, as there is good reason to suppose, it must be the most ancient of its species in existence; and it will hardly be deemed an exaggeration to fix its age at two thousand years.

The terebinth-tree, a native of Asia, grows to a great size, and attains to an almost fabulous age. Josephus relates that he saw a tree of this species near Hebron, which had existed since the Creation; and the Old Testament Scriptures often refer to this tree. Thus, Jacob buried the idolatrous images which his family brought from Mesopotamia under a terebinth-tree; an angel appeared to Gideon under a terebinth-tree; it was in a valley of terebinths that Saul encamped with all his army; Absalom hung on a terebinth-tree; and Isaiah threatens idolaters that they shall be as a terebinth-tree whose leaves fall off. One of these trees, under which the prophetess Deborah is said to have dwelt, was in existence in the days of St. Jerome, and was probably then a thousand years old. And towards the middle of the seventeenth century there stood between Jerusalem and Bethlehem an old tree under which tradition relates that the Virgin Mary rested as she went to present her son in the Jewish temple; This tree, however, which was equally venerated by Christians and Mussulmans, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1616, after having stood for nearly two thousand years.

The olive is found in Europe and Asia, and, as a tree, is of slower growth than even the oak. From this circumstance, and the durability of its wood, it furnishes instances of remarkable longevity. Thus the olive at Pescio, mentioned by De Candolle, which had a trunk twenty-four feet in girth, is supposed to have been at least seven

hundred years old; and although now in a state of decrepitude, it continues to bear a crop of fruit of considerable abundance. It is not impossible, therefore, that the eight venerable trees still to be found on the Mount of Olives may have been in existence, as tradition asserts, at the time of our Saviour's passion, and their age may extend beyond two thousand years. Certain it is that they are venerable trees, and need little aid from the imagination to invest them with a peculiar charm.

In concluding this paper, we must refer briefly to some of the largest, though not the oldest trees on our globe. These are the giant trees of California, which are among the most perfect and wonderful specimens of vegetable life. Fifteen or twenty groves of these trees have been discovered in all, on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, in Southern California; but the two principal groves are in Calaveras County, and on the borders of Mariposa and Fresno counties, but a few miles from the direct road to the valley of the Yo Semite.

These "big trees," as they are commonly called, are scattered in groups among the pines and cedars throughout a space of several miles, and the collection numbers about six hundred. They attain to the diameter of from thirty to fifty feet, and rarely fall below two hundred feet in height. Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, who visited this grove in company with Mr. Colfax and others, in his delightful work, *Across the Continent*, says: "Among those we examined are six, each over thirty feet in diameter, and from ninety to one hundred feet in circumference; fifty over sixteen feet in diameter, and two hundred over twelve feet. The Grizzly Giant, which is among the largest and most noteworthy, runs up ninety feet with scarcely perceptible diminution of bulk, and then sends out a branch, itself six feet in diameter."

"But," he adds, "they are even more impressive for their beauty than their bigness. The bark is an exquisitely light and delicate cinnamon color,

fluted up and down the long, straight, slowly-tapering trunk, like Corinthian columns in architecture; the top, resting like a cap upon a high, bare mast, is a perfect cone; and the evergreen leaves wear a bright, light shade, by which the tree can be distinguished from afar in the forest. The wood is of a deep, rich red in color, and otherwise marks the similarity of the big trees to the species that grows so abundantly on the Coast Range of mountains through the Pacific States, and known generally as the redwood. Their wood is, however, of a finer grain than their smaller kindred, and both that and the bark, the latter sometimes as much as twenty inches thick, are so light and delicate that the winds and snows of the winter make frequent wrecks of the tops and upper branches. Many of the largest of these trees are, therefore, shorn of their upper works. One or two of the largest in the grove we visited are wholly blown down, and we rode on horseback through the trunk of an old one that had been burnt out. Many more of the noblest specimens are scarred by fires that have been wantonly built about their trunks, or swept through the forest by accident. The trunk of one huge tree is burnt into half a dozen little apartments, making capital provision for a game of hide-and-seek by children, or for dividing up a picnic of older growths into sentimental couples."

A friend of the writer, who visited California with the Boston Board of Trade in 1870, and one of the most noted booksellers of the city, informs us that he rode erect on horseback through the trunk of the fallen tree referred to by Mr. Bowles, to the distance of one hun-

dred and twenty feet; that he and seven others, standing shoulder to shoulder, walked down the outside of the tree without the least difficulty, such was the breadth of the foothold afforded them; and that ten horsemen, closely arranged in single file, did not reach round the trunk of the largest standing tree, which, by his measurement, was ninety-nine feet in circumference. The silence in this grove is almost unbroken. Not a bird chants its song; not an insect chirps. And to lie at full length on the soft carpet of fallen leaves, and gaze upward to the spiry tree-tops, and breathe the pure and exhilarating air which circles through the forest, is the height of enjoyment and voluptuous repose.

We have thus briefly noticed a few of the multitude of ancient trees to be found on our globe. And as we look over the list, we are struck with wonder at the extent and variety of these monuments of vegetable life. No country is destitute of such trees. Scattered everywhere in great profusion, they attest to the boundless magnificence of nature. And when we survey the whole field, and pause to reflect, we are impressed with the fact that no form of organized life is so venerable as this. Few animals live to the age of two hundred years. The duration of man's life, except in the earliest periods of history, has rarely exceeded a hundred years. Yet here are trees, which, if we may trust our somewhat imperfect methods of calculation, must be at least from four to five thousand years old; and it is not impossible that there may be still standing trees which were in existence when Adam and Eve walked in Paradise.

J. S. Barry.

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF MONEY-MAKING.

It has become painfully evident, during the past few years, that no branch of investigation has received so little attention, in this country, as the problems which are grouped under the general title of "political economy." In Europe, men of the highest type of genius have spent their lives in investigating and made themselves eminent by their works upon these subjects; but as yet no great advance has been made with us, and the simplest principles are as yet unrecognized by the mass of the people. It may be from this cause that — although our great boast has been the ease with which material welfare can be secured, although we are proud of the common wealth of our people — the special wealth of individuals, which, when aggregated, makes up the gross sum of which we are so proud, is in itself a cause of jealousy, and at the present time, in some cases, almost a mark for legal confiscation.

The discussion of the land grant policy, of the general railroad question, and of what is called the labor question, has revealed an under-current of resentment, not only on account of alleged frauds and abuses, but also because men should have undertaken to become rich out of what are called public services, like the construction of railroads. Coupled with this is a jealousy of wealth or possession itself, which finds expression not only in public discussion, but also, in a far more mischievous and wide-spread way, in the poor work of large classes of mechanics and employes; the proportion of journeymen who take a pride in doing good work being lamentably small, the general sentiment appearing to be that society owes the laborer a good subsistence irrespective of the return which he may make.

This state of feeling does not imply an absolute wrong intent on the part of those of whom it is true. The vast ma-

jority of men will deal fairly with each other if left to the innate sense of trust and honor which is in them: but the attempt of legislators to alter the conditions of distribution, by perverting the laws for imposing public taxes into instruments for enlarging private profits under the pretense of keeping up wages; the enforced use of bad money; the unavoidable effect of the war in making a few men very rich, and other like causes, have created a feeling of unfair treatment, and while there may be few who can reason the matter out, there are great numbers who have an instinctive sense of being unjustly served. They perceive that there have been vast improvements and inventions from which they as yet get little benefit, and, impatient at the slow remedy, they become somewhat hopeless and undertake to get a remedy by the same wrong method of meddlesome legislation that has caused many of the ills under which they suffer.

A very large part of these wrong ideas about wealth and the jealousy of property may doubtless be attributed to the continued use of bad money, whereby the government of the nation now lends itself to every fraud committed by individuals, in being itself the exponent of a lie and of useless and fraudulent insolvency.

But in addition to this potent cause of the evil indicated in this paper, there are others more subtle and remote. During the exceptional period of war legislation and of the absolute loss and unequal distribution of wealth that has always ensued from war, there has been a good deal more than the usual amount of nonsense talked at and to the laborer about the dignity of labor; as if a man was peculiarly meritorious because he is poor, and so obliged to work with his hands. Of course nothing is to be said against a man who is obliged to be a digger and a delver, or to saw wood or

feed a furnace all day; but no man stays in such a position a moment longer than he can help, and just as soon as he can substitute brain power for muscle, as soon as he can learn to operate a machine instead of being a machine, as soon as he can become a "boss" instead of being a common workman, he takes the step, — and it is a step upward, as every laborer knows, when specious talkers undertake to mislead him. But yet the possession and use of wealth itself need to be reestablished as a righteous aim for men of force and character, and it is now especially a time when the true function of wealth, of rich men, of merchants, of capitalists, and the like, should be restated, lest the mischievous theories of communists and socialists, and of grangers who without being aware of it are becoming agrarians, should work more harm than good.

It would by no means be wise to prevent the agitation of communistic ideas even if it were possible, because the discussion will bring to light the fact that many old and popular methods of legislation, now supported by men who profess the utmost horror of communism, are but phases of that theory. The very fundamental idea of what is called protection is communistic. It is a perversion of statute law from its true function of promoting liberty and justice into an engine for making a different distribution of wealth from that which would take effect in a really free country; and the same logic by which a protective tariff is defended would warrant legislation for an equal rather than an equitable distribution of all products, without regard to the comparative effort or skill of the producers. But it is not my intention to enter upon this branch of the subject at present, but rather to assert that it is time for the men of affairs — the men by whom all the wheels of modern industry are kept in motion, the money-makers, as they are called — to assert themselves and claim their true and necessary place in the history of human progress. Heretofore they have not done so, but have been too apt to defer even to shallow

pretenders in science and literature, and to dogmatic theologians, as if these were entitled to a place upon a higher plane than mere utilitarian money-getters.

The merchant and the manufacturer have repaired the evils inflicted upon humanity by the priest and the soldier; their work is to remove the causes of want which mere charity cannot cope with, and they carry the blessings of civilization and education to dark places in distant lands where without them the missionary would be powerless.

It is surely true that progress in civilization has been coincident with the progress in commerce and manufacturing. May it not be true that the pursuit and accumulation of wealth have been the most potent causes, and not the consequence, of civilization?

In early ages all distribution was conducted under the gravest dangers. The obligation of contracts, for a long time after contract had formal existence among men, depended more upon force than upon the honor of the parties in the transaction, and only he could be rich who was also strong. In the Middle Ages the merchant needed the protection of the lord, not of the law; the ship was of necessity armed. Rapine upon land and piracy upon the sea were the honorable pursuits, and gain by peaceful methods was ignoble. But the Crusades and other religious wars removed the seigneurs and the knights. Under the impulse of the enthusiasm which governed them, they were ready to part with estates which had been previously retained with the utmost jealousy; land thus became distributed, the feudal tenure was broken, and its representatives killed off; but the men-at-arms who had been forced into distant and so-called holy wars returned, brought home the arts of the East, and changed the face of Western Europe. The invention of gunpowder next altered all the conditions of distribution by making the serf equal in individual force to the knight; thus greater division of labor became possible. Gradually and surely the true honor of the merchant and the tradesman, and the sacredness of contract, took the

place of the false standard of chivalry, and now the time has almost come when only the idle man need be called ignoble.

For a time it was doubtless true that the security of contracts depended as much upon the force of statute law as upon integrity, or more; but as time advances the chief dependence of all who buy and sell and get gain is upon character, not upon coercion.

It cannot now be said that our vast system of exchanges depends in any very large measure upon statutes. On the contrary, the chief rightful use of statutes is to arbitrate and determine what is equity in the few cases of disagreement or attempted fraud, — few cases, I say, even in these days when the government itself sets the example of fraud, if the number of cases which occur is considered in their relation to the enormous total of transactions. The wrongful use of statutes is to alter the conditions of distribution and to make men rogues who, except for such statutes, would have been honest men.

There has been a gradual evolution in the method of affairs corresponding with the development of character among those who do the work, and this has caused the repeal of laws for imprisonment for debt and of usury laws; it is this which has modified other coercive and protective statutes; it has also caused *business men* to have less and less recourse to courts, if lawsuits are considered in their proportion to the number and magnitude of transactions.

If it shall be said that the fulfillment of contracts is the rule because the existence of statutes for their enforcement makes their infringement dangerous, attention need only be called to the single fact that in the last year's panic there was one class of transactions which was positively law-forbidden, but yet represented the largest aggregate of any single kind, and did not result in the loss of a single dollar to any one connected therewith. I refer to the law-forbidden practice of the New York banks of certifying checks as good before deposits have been made to cover them, the only reliance of the banks being upon the

good faith of their depositors, many of whom they knew to be engaged in affairs doubly unlawful because usurious. Well has it been said that "the integrity of the many creates the opportunity for the fraud of the few."

I do not intend to defend stock gambling, or efforts to make profits which must in their very nature be at the loss of some one else; only that commerce is to be deemed righteous which works a mutual service; and the time will come when the same evolution of character which has placed us even where we are, in some of our ways, will elevate all to a plane on which that profit which is gained only at another's loss will be sought no more than gain by rapine and piracy. Yet these very men whose gain from stock-jobbing must be mainly at the cost of others' loss, by whom a large portion of such checks are given, are better than their creed; if they were absolutely miserable sinners, if there was *no* good in them, all their transactions would be impossible. If men were not on the whole intending to do right and to be true to their engagements, our trade would stop. We act every day upon our firm faith in the divinity of human nature, while professing to believe in its devilry.

There is no possibility of great exchanges of stocks, money, or merchandise *except upon the basis of the trust* imposed upon and deserved by the great mass of dealers; and the rule of rectitude and probity is so well established as to render insurance that trusts will be maintained worth but a very small premium.

Now, while we may present these general principles and may affirm the high character of business men, it is necessary to admit that the increase of comfort and abundance for the great mass of men comes slowly. The competitive system under which merchants and capitalists act, the true effect of which is to decrease the general cost of production and distribution and to increase abundance, works very slowly and has not divested itself of the hardships which accompany it. These hardships will re-

main just so long as education is deficient or not well directed; hence, constant attempts to hasten by legislation what can come only from gradual development.

The advocates of coercive legislation, whether in the nature of protective tariffs, eight-hour laws, usury laws, liquor laws, and the like, never advocate them for their own protection, but always for the protection of others who are alleged to be very ignorant or feeble persons. If education was as good as it is common, this pretext would not hold.

The capitalist demands a protective tariff in order that labor may be better employed, and really persuades himself that his motive is single and that his purpose is not to get greater gain; the laborer responds to this effort by demanding an eight-hour law for the protection of himself and his associates from the rapacity of capital: between the two the real function of capital, and the true position of the rich man, are obscured. He has been set up by some and looked up to by others, as one who is to confer benefit, not to render service in what he does.

The superficial preacher will barely justify the possession of wealth if the owner *gives* much in charity; otherwise his pursuit is held to be almost unchristian, — of the earth, earthy, — while the wage that he pays is spoken of more as a boon than as a price.

The common expression that the capitalist "*gives* employment" implies an entire misunderstanding of the true relation between the parties. There is no *giving* in the case, but a simple exchange for mutual benefit. The moment the idea of a gift comes into the transaction, the freedom of the laborer is affected, — he becomes a dependent, not a free agent; and the employer must soon become imbued with the idea that he has a right to control and direct the laborer in a manner that he would not submit to himself if placed in the same circumstances. Hence the very common and very false assumption of the possessors of property, that they are more competent to make laws than those who have

nothing; and hence also often a false humility and a secret jealousy among those whom circumstances have prevented from ever earning more than a subsistence. There are many persons who have substituted the dogma of the "divine right of property" for the "divine right of kings," and who look to statute law and therefore ultimately to force only as the sole protection for property. If the right to property had not its foundation in the nature of man, and did not exist for the *common* welfare, statute law would be for it a feeble defense.

On the other hand, many persons act as if they must give an excuse for accumulating wealth, and there is a strong but unadmitted conviction in the minds of very many persons, perhaps of a majority of the community, that it is more Christian to be poor than to be rich. Of course mere possession does not entitle a man to any special position, but there are many men now, and, as time goes on, there will be far more, with whom the pursuit of wealth and its accumulation will be the pursuit in which they can engage most usefully to the community. There are quacks in business as there are in law, physic, and theology; but the man of real force in the conduct of material interests needs as high qualifications as those called for in any other occupation, and it is as great a loss to humanity to pervert a boy from his calling, who has an honest instinct for business and for gain, and convert him into a dull preacher or a plodding doctor, as it would be to divert the instinct for science to mere purposes of entirely selfish gain.

Each pursuit supplements the other, each is the necessary complement of the other, and each may be entitled, as a pursuit, to an equal recognition and to the utmost liberty. It may have been well said by Agassiz that he could not afford the time to make money; neither could Faraday, nor many other exceptional men; but, to complete the statement, and present the whole truth, neither could these men of science afford to have some other men give up their function of making money or of accumulating

wealth, lest all should starve together, and the whole benefit of the discoveries in science be lost. It is the men of capital who apply the discoveries of science, and thus render the general struggle for life less arduous. It is the money-maker, the somewhat ignoble person, able only with extreme difficulty to enter the kingdom of heaven, who has clothed the naked, fed the hungry, removed famine from civilized lands, abolished the plague, increased the duration of life, and in every way has builded better than he knew. All this has been accomplished, not by wholesale alms-giving, which only pauperizes, but in the mere way of trade. Science in these matters would have been helpless unless it had called to its aid the power of capital; and capital has only been accumulated under the stimulus of the prospective enjoyment of wealth. When we read that it would be more possible for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, we must remember not only that the "needle's eye" was a narrow gate in the wall of Jerusalem, but also that the rich man of that day was the Roman, or the Romanized and protected Jew, whose wealth was the product of rapine and plunder, and not of commerce. Roman rule destroyed commerce, and substituted slavery and the plunder of captive nations. The great Roman roads were for the transport of troops out from Rome, and for carrying back the forced contributions of those they had conquered. Some one has well said that "for Roman roads we have substituted a bill of exchange."

When this accumulation of wealth seems to work individual hardship, when some ill-paid laborer gets little and he who employs him gets rich, it must yet be constantly remembered that the cure is working; that the larger the absolute share that falls to capital out of the total production, the less relative share will be taken from the laborer, because as capital accumulates the less rate of interest or profit can it obtain. It is therefore absolutely true that in proportion to the

success of these apparently blindly selfish money-getters, who by force of competition are said to grind the faces of the poor, does their power to work the harm that is attributed to them pass away. Yet in the thought of a very large and perhaps increasing portion of the community, these selfish men of wealth can only compound for the wrong of their accumulation by giving freely in mere charity.

It is time for the merchant and the manufacturer, the railroad builder and the banker, to assert their right to a place among those who are helping on the progress of the world by their mere trades: they must repel the charge that they are only engaged in laying up earthly treasure, and that in the very nature of worldly things they must detach themselves from worldly pursuits if they would enter heaven. They must assert and prove that the true and manly life is entered through the counting-room door, and that good work deserving of the highest praise may be proved by the very magnitude of the sum that is placed to their credit in their profit and loss account; *may* be proved, I say, not *must* be; and yet the time shall come when the positive term will be the fit one, since all true and *permanent* commerce is based upon *mutuality of service*, and the few who have completely grasped this central truth can even now say that their dollars are the tokens of their well-doing.

There should be a method of teaching in school and college based upon the idea that in the necessary pursuit of the almighty dollar, in which most graduates must perforce engage, the gain of the dollar may be symbolic of the highest welfare, both to him who gains and to those by whose aid he gains. The time may come when it shall no longer seem or be the most intense irony to measure a man's worth by the number of dollars he possesses, as we do, in common speech. Some men's true worth may even now be so measured, and they prove it by the judicious use they make of the capital so righteously saved.

The teaching which is suggested

would modify the common estimate of many historic persons, both statesmen and soldiers, and would elevate to distinction many whose names are wholly lost. The despised Jew of the Middle Ages who saved capital and prevented commerce from coming to utter destruction would take a worthy place beside the monk who saved science and literature, while the historic men of rank and station who performed the chivalrous work of mutual slaughter would be chiefly commended for relieving the world of a class whose function in the world's progress had come to its end.

Where the men of chivalry failed, as they did in the Crusades, progress ensued, and commerce and the useful arts grew up in the places they had left. Where they succeeded, as they did in driving the Moors from Spain, commerce turned to piracy, and the useful arts died.

Among the Teutonic races the spirit of liberty has been strong; wealth, which always accompanies liberty, has accumulated. The same spirit of protestantism which has worked religious liberty has proved effective in matters of trade, and, as I have before said, the merchant and the manufacturer have repaired the injuries that had been inflicted by the priest and the soldier. It is the merchant who makes two blades of grass and two ears of grain grow where one grew before, for he bears to the hungry the food which, except for him, could not be carried and would not be grown. It is the manufacturer who clothes the naked by bending all his energy toward making cloth at less and less cost of time, labor, and capital.

As I said at the beginning, it is but a few centuries since all distribution was accomplished by force. It is scarce a century since it was the universal belief in matters of trade, especially between nations, that what one gained another must lose, and in this enlightened country, boastful of its common schools, this false and pernicious idea still pervades the whole body of our fiscal system. Hence it is that our laws are dishonest while the people are true. The scan-

dals of the moiety system were not the necessary result of the statutes granting moiety to informers; they arose because the laws passed under the pretense of being revenue laws have been so perverted from their true purpose as to render a brood of spies and informers necessary for their enforcement.

It is to prevent such scandals and wrongs that we need a liberal education in school, college, and university for the merchant and the man of affairs; and, if titles are due to the Doctor of Divinity, of Laws, or of Philosophy, there should be one of equal distinction for the true Masters of the Arts, who build and guide our mills, works, and railroads, and for the controllers of commerce, who "launch the ships that pass between this land and that, weaving the web of concord among the nations."

The true and fit commercial history also remains to be written. Only in detached chapters here and there has the true function of the men of affairs taken its right prominence. I trust we need not wait for it for men to become educated in the right method of fiscal legislation.

The vast majority of frauds and speculations which mark this day and produce much of the class jealousy which exists, making it needful for us to fall back on our faith in human nature lest we should become hopeless, are law-made frauds and crimes; and the responsibility for their commission lies at the door of those who have perverted legislation to unfit uses, and have thereby placed temptation in the way of the weak and have made the opportunity for wicked men.

Most of these laws exist because the mass of tradesmen and business men who are of, or who control, legislatures and congresses have not been fitted for their work, and know not how to compass the ends they seek. We are repeating yearly and daily in all branches of legislation the errors of the past in other countries, because of the general ignorance of economic science and commercial history. Our education has been as common in quality as it has

been in quantity, and we have yet to learn the A B C of social science.

How, then, shall business men be trained for their calling and enabled to uphold the dignity of their profession? We have schools of law, medicine, and theology, and he who enters upon these courses of instruction is commended, and not sneered at as seeking only a bread-and-butter training. We have technical schools and methods of education for the engineer, the chemist, and the architect, and all this is well; but he who wishes to find a course of study that shall specially fit him for business pursuits may seek far and wide, and he will not find it. Ought not the business man to know something of the elements of jurisprudence; to be trained from his youth upward so that when he becomes a man he may be aware that law is a science, and that he cannot secure his ends by arbitrary statutes? Where is there to be found any course of instruction in the principles of law, except in the technical schools intended for professional lawyers? Ought there not to be an advanced course in physical and commercial geography? But where can it be found? May not a course in natural science be laid out for those who do not intend to be professed chemists or geologists, or to enter into the higher problems of physics? Where is the instruction in the principles of banking, in the use and abuse of money, in the system of exchanges? Where is the department of commercial history? — not the history of trade, and anecdotes of merchants and the like, but the commercial history in the true sense, by which the power of commerce as one of the world's great motors may be learned.

It may be that those whose only instruction has been that of a common school are unfit to indicate the right course of training for their children, but we know what we ourselves have lacked or have gained only by long and painful groping in the dark, with no one to guide us. It may be said that all the points named may be covered in many colleges under the elective system of

studies; but the experience of many who have had to do with schools and colleges tends to prove that the elective system carried to an extreme may result in a desultory and scrappy method of study, and that young men are not themselves competent to lay out the best course. Far better would it be that a course of instruction should be planned in full, having as its objective point the profession of merchant or manufacturer, and the whole of that course made compulsory as the condition of a degree.

It is never urged that the instruction of the schools of law, medicine, and theology fail to develop the mind and form the man even though they are special; neither could this objection be raised against the business course when once the equal importance of the well-trained merchant or manufacturer has been claimed and recognized.

In some of the foreign universities this need has been recognized and met, and it may be that the reason why the German merchant is found in every corner of the world, doing more and better work than most other men in all branches of commerce, is that his wants have been foreseen and the need has been met in the schools of his native land.

If our professional brethren are unwilling to admit our claim to an equal place with them, we will only remind them that it is not very long since surgeon and barber were synonymous terms, while the parson was in many places only the companion of menials. Times have changed, and it is commerce and manufactures that have changed them, and formed the base on which the learned professions have reached their present high place. We seek not to depress them, but to elevate ourselves and our calling to the true plane on which we and it belong in the world's history and in the progress of humanity.

In some of our technical schools it has become evident that there may be as much pedantry in science as among the advocates of a purely classical training, and it has also become obvious

that the basis even of purely professional training in science must rest upon a broad and general education in other matters. Hence every professional school has its solid course in English and other modern languages, and some add history, logic, physical geography, and other subjects.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has in part opened the way for

the business man's education by establishing its fixed course in science and literature, but it has not yet the means and appliances to do all that needs to be done. But we have passed the boastful period in regard to our school system, and are in the critical stage, and it is not to be doubted that as soon as the expression of the want shall take form, the demand will be fully met.

Edward Atkinson.

FAIRHAVEN BAY.

I RUSH on through the shaggy wood,
I round the hill: 't is here it stood;
And there, beyond the crumbled walls,
The shining Concord slowly crawls,

Yet seems to make a passing stay,
And gently spreads its lilled bay,
Curbed by this green and reedy shore,
Up toward the ancient homestead's door.

But dumbly sits the shattered house,
And makes no answer: man and mouse
Long since forsook it, and decay
Chokes its deep heart with ashes gray.

On what was once a garden-ground
Dull red-bloomed sorrels now abound;
And boldly whistles the brown quail
Within the vacant pasture's pale.

Ah, strange and savage, where he shines,
The sun seems staring through the pines
That oft a vanished home did bless
With intimate, sweet loneliness.

The ignorant, elastic sod
The feet of them that daily trod
Its roods hath utterly forgot:
The very fire-place knows them not.

For, in the weedy cellar, thick
The ruined chimney's mass of brick
Lies strown. Wide heaven, with such an ease
Dost thou, too, lose the thought of these?

Yet I, although I know not who
 Lived here, in years that voiceless grew
 Ere I was born, — and never can, —
 Am moved, because I am a man.

Oh glorious gift of brotherhood!
Oh sweet elixir in the blood
 That makes us live with those long dead,
 Or hope for those that shall be bred

Hereafter! No regret can rob
 My heart of this delicious throb;
 No thought of fortunes haply wrecked,
 Nor pang for nature's wild neglect.

And, though the hearth be cracked and cold,
 Though ruin all the place enfold,
 These ashes that have lost their name
 Shall warm my life with lasting flame!

G. P. Lathrop.

WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

AN ESSAY READ BEFORE THE BOSTON ART CLUB.

OF the various forms of art, there is, perhaps, no one of which less is generally known in this country than water-color painting. In Europe, water-colors have long filled an honorable position in the world of art. In America, they have filled almost no position at all. Our artists, previous to the formation of the Water-Color Club in New York, had made no energetic and successful attempt to cultivate a taste for them, either by producing good work, or by bringing it prominently before the people through an earnest and harmonious combination. It is true that here and there we find a name distinguished for excellence in this respect. Malbone (a contemporary and friend of Allston and Stuart), whose paintings on ivory have seldom been surpassed either in this country or abroad; Robert Jones, a pupil of Stanfield, and for many years a scene-painter at the old Tremont Theatre in Boston, whose works showed great

power as a colorist; Thwaites, Hitchings, Hamilton, Vautin, Van Beest, Wheelock, Bellows, and perhaps a few others, have long been known among us for their excellence in this branch of painting. But there never was in this country so effective and so well sustained a movement in aid of this art as the one now begun in New York.

To define with the pen the exact rules for simplicity with the brush, though often attempted, has never yet been satisfactorily accomplished. It is almost certain that it never will be done, for the simple reason that it cannot be done. The world of literature and the world of art are distinct spheres. The pen can give but little help to the brush. But it may be said that artistic simplicity consists in judiciously stopping short of that point beyond which the material workmanship of the painter's hand cannot well pass, and where the work of the beholder's imagination should begin.

"Painting," says Coleridge, "is a something between a thought and a thing." To the quality of simplicity the material of water-color is especially adapted. Its inferiority to oils in some respects only heightens its superiority in others. Its delicacy and harmony in the blending of a general effect, its remarkable power of representing distance by aerial perspective, its *chiar-oscuro*, its luminosity, its liquidity and transparency, approximating to atmospheric light and prismatic brilliancy, are equaled by no other material for the purpose of conveying the refined and subtle poetry of which landscape art is capable. The peculiar excellence of water-color painting lies especially in its capacity for expressing a sense of distance and light, or what a painter calls "aerial effects." This it does with a brilliancy and freshness unequalled. To what is this superiority due? To the pigments, to the vehicle, or to the ground? The pigments are the same, or nearly the same, as those used in oils. So that its excellence must rest either in the vehicle and the ground, or in the manner of applying the former to the latter. It lies undoubtedly in each. In the first place, paper properly prepared for water-colors is *white* (or at least light-tinted); secondly, it is *absorbent*; thirdly, it possesses a certain *roughness* or *granulous texture*. These qualities are characteristic of paper, and are possessed by no other material in an equal degree. In the rough surface, the little elevations receive and hold less color, and the little depressions receive and hold more color. The finest effects are usually produced by broad washes, applied with a rapid and accurate hand, and with a full brush; by these means the color is *floated* over the paper-ground, and then allowed to lie quiet in its place until it sets and dries. As a rule, the less it is disturbed before dry, the better the result. What are called "accidental" effects, it is true, are sometimes produced in various ways, as by wiping out with bread, by hatching, stippling, etc. But floating washes are the distinctive peculiarity in the handling of water-

colors. Both the vehicle (water) and many of the colors are transparent, or semi-transparent, and allow the white paper beneath to show through them, more or less. The minute projections and cavities of the paper assist the effect of its whiteness, by creating an alternation of lights and half-lights, and casting infinitesimal shadows and half-shadows. Thus we see that the projections receive less color but reflect more light; the cavities receive more color and reflect less light. These alternations of lights and darks, and variations in depth of color, are harmonized by the wonderful capacity which the eye possesses, and are so blended together by it — though perhaps unconsciously to the beholder — as to produce those effects of luminousness and of tender gradations of airy distance which are the property *par excellence* of modern water-color when rightly handled, and which it shares with fresco.

The idea is sometimes entertained that the art of painting in water-colors is a modern one. The English claim that it originated in England and with late English artists. In an extremely restricted sense — probably the one in which most Englishmen take it — there is perhaps a grain of truth in such a statement. The English Water-Color School is, as the words imply, of English development, and of a comparatively recent date. It did not exist before Girtin and Turner; and even since Turner's death some improvements have been made in the technical processes.¹ The art as at present practiced had its origin in England from the custom of making what were called *stained drawings*. A class of topographical draughtsmen, in the latter part of the last century, were in the habit of touching their drawings, which were in Indian ink, with a few tints of local color. In the South Kensington Museum there are specimens of such drawings by Webber (who accompanied Cook on his last voyage to the Pacific) and by Pococke,

¹ Turner died in 1851. The first public exhibition of modern water-color paintings in England took place in the spring of 1808.

which were executed in 1790; by Rooker, in 1795; by Hearne, Alexander, and Payne (the inventor of the pigment known as "Payne's gray"), in 1796. These topographers were chiefly employed in making transcripts of the ruins of castles, abbeys, and cathedrals in England. Literal truth, minute and accurate copy of details were their chief aim. Beauty, grandeur, sentiment, poetry — all the higher qualities of art — were unrepresented by them. But the men above named, with Paul Sandby, who died in 1809, Varley, Malton, Dayes, Byrne, and a few others, laid the foundations of what Cozens (a grandson of Peter the Great, of Russia) and Girtin and Turner subsequently raised to the dignity of art. Samuel Prout, Robson, Copley, Fielding, Barrett, Rowlandson, Dewint, Dadd, Blake, Lewis, Harding, Hunt, Cattermole, and Cooper also deserve most honorable mention. The reader who is familiar with contemporary English art can readily supply other names deservedly eminent in this respect.

The form in which many are wont to think of water-colors is in the comparatively small easel pictures, adapted for hanging in frames on the walls of public galleries or private dwellings. But in reality, fresco painting, tempera painting, scene painting, missal painting, and miniature painting are as much water-color painting as what are distinctively called easel or cabinet pictures.

A wide survey of the history of art shows us that there have been, in general, four different methods of representing nature; namely, tempera, encaustic, fresco, and oil. Of these the oldest is undoubtedly tempera; then follows the encaustic painting of the classic Greeks and their imitators; subsequent to this was the fresco of the Renaissance in the fourteenth and the fifteenth century; and last of all, after the middle of the fifteenth century, came oil. Modern water-color is a modification of ancient tempera.

Water-color painting is in fact not only an older, but a very much older process than the use of oils. Water-colors were used by the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Assyrians, and the Etruscans, long before the birth of Christ. The earliest work extant painted in the present method of using oils, according to Sir Charles Eastlake, is at Frankfort, Germany. Eastlake says its date is 1417, A. D. But a more recent authority sets it at 1444. It is consequently now about four hundred and twenty-five years old. The name of the artist who painted it is Peter Christophsen (called by Vasari, Pietro Crista), a scholar of Hubert Van Eyck. The earliest European water-color extant is undoubtedly the one found in 1843 in Italy, in the necropolis of Veii. Its date, if it had one, antiquarians say would be about the time that Rome was founded, and it is consequently now about twenty-six hundred years old. The name of the artist who painted it is not known.

Oil was undoubtedly employed in certain ways, previous to the time of the Van Eycks. But the art of painting in oils, as now understood, was probably invented by them.¹

It was the dictum of Michelangelo that "oil painting was fit only for women and for the luxurious and idle." He acted up to his belief, for it is by no means certain that there is a single oil painting by Michelangelo in existence. The reverse of this opinion seems now to be commonly entertained, and Michelangelo's dictum about oils is held by many in regard to water-colors. It is a quite prevalent idea that the material of water-colors is adapted by its nature only to the lower ranges of art; that it is limited in its resources to pictures comparatively small in size, and to subjects of such a kind as are best characterized by the term prettiness; that neither force nor feeling can be expressed in this material, but only feebleness; that however successful it may be in rendering grace

¹ John Van Eyck, who did the most towards developing this process, was born sometime between the years 1390 and 1395. He died about the year

1445, or almost exactly at the time of the invention of printing.

or beauty, strength and grandeur are beyond its grasp. On the other hand, it is often believed that the higher ranges of art are monopolized by oil; that the best expression of the noblest ideas is only to be found within the resources of this latter material.

To see that such an opinion is a mistaken one, does not require a long consideration. Most of the great painters of the Renaissance won their immortal fame by water-color. It is by water-color that a very large proportion of the noblest and highest achievements in art has been accomplished. Cimabue, Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandaio (Michelangelo's master), Michelangelo, Perugino (the master of Raphael), Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Andrea Mantegna, Correggio, and the great host of the Renaissance were water-color painters. Buonarroti's paintings of *The Creation* and *The Last Judgment*, in the Sistine Chapel, Correggio's paintings in the Cathedral of Parma, Raphael's *School of Athens*, *The Scourging of Heliodorus*, and his other paintings in the Loggia and Stanze of the Vatican, are "only water-color paintings." And the history of water-color or fresco painting in the revival of art in the fifteenth century is the history of art itself. Moreover the practice of fresco has been renewed in modern times, and many of the chief pictures of Germany, England, and France have been executed in this method.

Fresco (the Italian adjective *fresco*, *fresh*) is the name given to mural paintings which are executed on freshly laid plaster. It is not therefore exactly synonymous with tempera, as this latter term is properly applied only to paintings on *dry* plaster. The tempera process is probably far older than that of real fresco. The latter was not much in use till near the end of the fourteenth century. The method of working in fresco is, in general, as follows. First, a finished sketch in color of the intended picture is made. This may be either of the same size as the proposed fresco, or it may be smaller. The outlines of the

design are carefully drawn on thick paper or pasteboard, which is securely fastened to a cloth stretched on framework. The sketch on the cartoon is then transferred to the wall. Different methods of conveyance are made use of. By some, tracing-paper is laid on the cartoon and the design traced upon it. The tracing is then put upon the wet plaster, and the design pricked through. By others, a blank sheet of paper is placed behind the cartoon, the design pricked through on to the sheet, the sheet laid upon the wall, and black powder dusted through the holes of the paper on to the plaster. Still another method is to draw a series of small squares upon the cartoon, and also another series of larger squares upon the wall. By aid of these to guide the eye, the transfer is made. Thus the use of the cartoon by the fresco painter is similar to that of the clay or wax model by the sculptor.

The pigments used are chiefly earths, since the chemical action of the lime destroys animal and vegetable colors. Lime is mixed with them in fresco and *secco*, but not in tempera painting. Great attention was paid by the ancient and Renaissance painters to the careful preparation of the grounds, which were either of burnished gold or white plaster, as the luminosity of the picture depends on these being preserved pure and clean.

The fresco painter has many difficulties to contend with, arising from the nature of the materials with which he works. This is especially the case with true fresco (*buon fresco*) as distinguished from dry fresco (*fresco secco*) otherwise called *mezzo* (half) fresco or "Florentine" fresco. Strictly speaking, there are three distinct kinds of wall painting, namely: the true fresco, which is executed on wet plaster, and with colors mixed with lime; second, the dry fresco, also executed with lime colors, but on plaster which has dried and been re-moistened; third, tempera (or more commonly, *distemper*), without lime mixed with the colors, and on a dry wall. It is quite common to use the terms *secco*

and tempera (or distemper) as synonymous, though speaking accurately there is the above-mentioned difference.

Discoveries of old fresco and tempera pictures — some beneath whitewash, others beneath accumulated rubbish — are frequently made at the present day. As examples may be mentioned those found in 1863, in England, in Astbury church, Cheshire; those in Stone church, Kent; and those in Eaton church, near Norwich. These were probably executed about the beginning of the fourteenth century. In France, paintings in secco have lately been exhumed in the rooms of the Roman villa in the Department of Allier, near the railway station of St. Gerand le Puy. The villa belongs undoubtedly to the Augustan age, and at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war was undergoing excavation.

Modern chemistry has supplied another method for wall painting, called stereo-chromic. It possesses some advantages over ordinary tempera, on account of its supposed greater durability and the facility with which paintings done in this method can be glazed and retouched. It was invented by a well-known chemist, J. R. von Fuchs, of Munich. The essence of the invention consists in mixing fluoric acid with a proper proportion of water; this mixture is then profusely sprinkled over the picture. The chemical action of the solution ("water-glass," as it is called) renders the colors, and the plaster on which they are laid, one uniform flint-like mass. A longer time, however, than has yet elapsed since the invention of this process is necessary before its merits or defects can be definitely ascertained.

One of the great troubles in the management of fresco consists in the fact that the eggs, which are mixed with the colors to render them of the proper consistency, dry so rapidly that it is difficult to unite the tints in the more nicely modeled parts of a picture. But this technical difficulty is in reality productive of a virtue. For it renders retouching impossible. In oil painting it is practicable to retouch, to glaze, and

to use numerous appliances known to painters, by which the desired effect, if not produced at first, can yet be subsequently obtained. But in fresco painting this is out of the question. The plaster in drying forms a crystalline surface, which gives a clearness and sharpness much superior to that of which distemper is capable; and great care is required in the manipulation, because the stucco has only a limited capacity for the absorption of color. If this capacity is overworked, the plaster becomes what is called "rotten." The rottenness is not perceptible until after the plaster is dry, so that the artist must thoroughly understand his business, must possess an experienced judgment and a swift and resolute hand, before he can produce good and durable work. This necessary simplicity in the manipulation compels the fresco painter to avoid the display of mere mechanical skill — the parade of artistic fire-works, so to speak. Soft and delicate finish, roundness, depth of color, and all the other inferior resources of art are therefore placed beyond his control. It is impossible for him to conceal poverty of invention or of poetic feeling behind the mask of artificial decoration and mechanical elaboration. Simplicity and breadth of treatment, grandeur, harmony, truth and purity of character, nobility of composition and expression, — the higher qualities of true art, — are the only fields in which he can display his triumphs. Without these he is nothing. Vasari has rightly called fresco "the most manly of all modes of painting."

Coleridge says that the measure of greatness in a work of art is its *suggestiveness*. He means, possibly, that great work is never simply specific in effect, but carries the spectator out of himself as it were, and beyond its own mere surface into an atmosphere akin to that in which the work was created. There must therefore be a greater or less degree of sympathy and congeniality between the mind of the beholder and the mind that creates. The effect of a great work of art is not one of sense alone. It is an effect not to be looked for in the

work of little men; it is a spiritual essence—a quintessence beyond them, intangible and everlasting. We can, it is true, lay down the dictum that a work of art, to be the most complete, must exhibit in itself an excellence in the three directions of sensuous, of intellectual, and of spiritual beauty. But it is this intangible quality of suggestiveness which exerts the greatest influence on the true lover of art, be he professional artist or humble layman. When we see more with our minds than we can with our eyes, then comes the keenest delight.

This property of suggestiveness is a vital element of the simplicity and grandeur of fresco painting, and it led the great artists of the Renaissance, even after the invention of oil painting, to select fresco as fittest for the expression of their best thoughts. The necessity of forbearance in the technical management of frescoes; the inevitable law that in them all cannot be said, but that much must be left unsaid, enhance their purity and unity of design, and appeal to the spectator in a manner that, if he is of susceptible fibre, fills his mind with visions of purest delight. In their proper treatment all profusion of ornament is avoided, and their greatness is not infringed by a multiplicity of constituent parts. An easel water-color ought, in a less degree, to possess these characteristics of fresco. Dignified simplicity and directness should be the first objects aimed at. Elaboration is not its appropriate possession. Even rudeness and roughness, if accompanied with a manly breadth, are better than the most patient minuteness of detail. One of the chief requisite conditions in a work of art is that it should be rendered without confusion. When a water-color becomes elaborate in texture, and in what is called *quality* of color, it infringes on the peculiar province of oil painting, and the painter wastes his time.

Besides fresco and tempera, water-

color painting had an immense field for its development, especially during the Middle Ages, in the wide-spread fashion of ornamenting manuscripts. Miniature illumination, particularly as practiced in its later days, was a new resource in art, distinct from fresco and from oil. The illumination of MSS. forms the principal existing link between ancient and modern art. For those two enemies of art, time and barbarians, have destroyed nearly all the other varieties of pictures. It is chiefly in the illuminated Bibles, missals, rubrics, psalters, hymnals, chronicles, and other MSS., handed down to us by their royal or monastic owners, that we can find specimens of the art of painting as practiced in Europe in the time between the fifth and the twelfth century. Paintings on walls, canvas, or panels are of necessity more exposed to injury and destruction than paintings in books, these latter being easily deposited in places secure from violence; and the books being kept closed, the pictures they contain are protected likewise from atmospheric influences. It is not true, however, as Vasari and other writers have frequently asserted, that art in forms other than illuminated books was not cultivated in Italy during the period from the fifth to the thirteenth century.¹

Without colored illustrations it is impossible to give a completely definite notion of the art of illumination; and half a dozen pages are small space in which to review the work of over a thousand years. A careful comparison of the many MSS. extant shows—as is natural from the fact that the art of illumination was practiced for fifteen hundred years or more, and by many nations, European, African, and Asiatic—wide-spread diversities in design and execution. The different nations naturally formed different schools of art. And an elaborate treatment of the subject (impossible in these pages) would require a consideration of the differ-

¹ See *Studi sui Monumenti dell' Italia Meridionale* dal iv. al xii. Secolo, by Demetrio Salazar, Inspector of the Pinacoteca in the National Museum

at Naples. The work is illustrated with excellent chromo-lithographs after fresco mural paintings, some of them executed as early as the fourth century.

ent styles of Byzantine, Greek, Latin, Frank, Gallic, Franco-Gallic, Keltic, Anglo-Keltic, Saxon, Persian, Arabic, Hindoo, Japanese, Chinese, and all the other varieties of European, Asiatic, and African art.

Miniature painting is the term originally applied to the practice of illuminating books with colored letters, previous to the invention of printing. The word miniature is an instance of the change always taking place in language. The primary meaning of the word *miniature* is *red-lead*, from the Latin *minium*. Now it signifies, of course, a portrait of small size, usually executed on ivory or vellum. In the Middle Ages it was the custom of the book-writers to distinguish the beginning of chapters and paragraphs by marking the initial letters in minium or red-lead. This practice was the humble beginning of what subsequently gave employment to some of the greatest artists of Europe and Asia. By degrees these red letters—at first used simply as a matter of practical convenience, to distinguish the beginnings of paragraphs—came to be adorned with many fanciful ornaments, the illuminator adding arabesque borders and scroll-work, and finally little pictures containing birds, animals, foliage, fruit, flowers, insects, human and imaginary grotesque figures, unicorns, griffins, chimeras, and other fantastic creatures, illustrative of the context. To this the general term miniature was applied. The name of the material in which they were done was thus transferred to the pictures themselves. At first, the initial letters were of the same size as the rest of the text; but by degrees it became the custom to make them larger than the other letters, so that in some MSS., especially the choral books of several of the Italian churches, they range from two inches to twenty-four inches in length.

To the historian as well as to the artist, the illuminated books of the Middle Ages are invaluable. For, besides exhibiting the development of art, they supply the most accurate illustrations of the social manners, the religious con-

ditions and customs, the utensils, arms, furniture, dress, and architecture peculiar to the times and countries in which they were produced. One of the first pictorial evidences of a knowledge of the existence of America is to be seen in a painting of the Adoration, belonging to the Chapter House at Viseu, Portugal. In this picture one of the Magi is represented in the dress of an American brave. From miniature illumination very valuable information on the subject of topography is to be obtained. For the illuminator followed the general practice of most of the early painters in similar cases. They painted what they saw. Rembrandt, when representing the Nativity, for example, gives us the view of a Dutch cow-house, and not that of a Jewish stable; Raphael pictures a Roman matron for the mother of Christ; a Burgundian, in painting the Fall of Adam, represents the fruit of the Tempter as a bunch of grapes, while a Norman makes it an apple, and a Provençal, an orange. So the mediæval limner, in illustrating the Bible, introduced scenes which were familiar to his own experience. Suppose, for example, he were a Frenchman illustrating the Crucifixion. Instead of attempting a view of Jerusalem, which he never has seen, he simply inserts for a background in his miniature a view in Paris or some other French town. And we thus obtain a correct idea of how Aix-la-Chapelle appeared when Charlemagne made it his residence, or how Notre Dame or the Louvre looked to the painter's contemporaries. What is called the Talbot Book, given to Margaret of Anjou by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, contains, among numerous tales of chivalry, the Life of Alexander the Great. There is a miniature in it of a view of Babylon, in the foreground of which is a very neat row of water-mills, such as the painter daily saw around Ghent or Bruges. In Queen Mary's Prayer Book, a MS. of the thirteenth century, is a drawing illustrating the death of Absalom. Absalom is represented hung to a tree, dressed in a coat of chain-mail, and surrounded with

knights and war-horses of the days of chivalry. Joab, likewise in armor, with his visor down, is busily at work, spearing Absalom with a long lance. Another MS., of the fourteenth century, represents King David playing, not upon the harp, but striking a row of silver bells after the manner of the Saxons; David is attended by four other figures, playing respectively on a harp, an organ, a violin, and the bag-pipes. In a medallion of Juvenal des Ursines, of the fifteenth century, which represents the shepherds receiving the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth, there is a landscape of the river Seine, with accurate drawings of the church of Saint-Jean-en-Griève, the Petit Châtelet, the Butte Montmartre, and the Tower of the Temple.

This kind of decoration, like tempera and fresco, existed before the Middle Ages and even before the Christian era. The ancient Egyptians illuminated their papyri with elaborately painted vignettes, similar to those of the Catholic missals. The Greeks and Romans had a like custom. In Europe, its early history is quite obscure. It seems to have been practiced by Byzantine artists about the third or fourth century. The earliest Greek illuminations are very simple, being not much more than a mere framework around the page, with a colored border. A few pictures are introduced in this early work, square in shape and likewise surrounded with a border and a dark margin. Among the oldest extant specimens of illuminated books are a copy of Terence in the library of the Vatican, supposed to be of the fourth century, and the Dioscorides of the Vienna Library, executed about 354 A. D. The Vatican Vergil is also one of the most ancient. It contains about fifty miniatures and was written in the fourth or fifth century. The oldest illuminated MS. in the British Museum is the Codex Genesios, probably of the third century; all but a few leaves was unfortunately destroyed by the great fire of 1731.

It was in the latter part of the Middle Ages—the period between the

ninth and the sixteenth century—that this art was brought to its perfection. Like the mural decoration of the Renaissance times, illumination owes its development to the Christian church. To the embellishment of missals and breviaries the mediæval monk resorted, for the purpose of recording his piety by painting his ideas of sacred subjects, or of whiling away the *ennui* of cloister life. There was also another incentive in the fact that a peculiar merit was attached to this kind of work. The following subscription is found on many mediæval MSS.: “This Book, copied by X—for the Benefit of his Soul, was finished in the Year—. May the Lord think upon him.” The persecutions of the early Christians repressed the growth of this art for the first two or three centuries. But with the accession to the Roman empire of its first Christian ruler, Constantine, in 306, the art received a vigorous impulse. In the year 305, St. Anthony first established convents in which were collected the devotees of religion, previously compelled to live in secret places. These convents were so many laboratories for copying and illustrating MSS.

Large numbers of illuminated books are preserved in the various libraries and private collections of Europe. It is not improbable that there are rich and unexplored mines in the Eastern convents, especially of Arabic and Persian work. For during more than one thousand years—that is, from the reign of Constantine in 306 A. D., till the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, and the growth of learning in western Europe—that city was the chief seat of scholars and of book-making. The business of transcription and embellishment was most assiduously carried on, not only in the city proper, but in the monasteries of its suburbs, and throughout Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean Sea. Cyprus, Eubœa, and Crete were especially prolific. No place was more productive than Mt. Athos, which stretches into the Ægean Sea from Macedonia. The promontory was literally honey-combed with monas-

teries, the occupants devoting most of their time to this work, which they have even handed down to their successors of the present day. For at the breaking out of the Greek revolution of 1828, there were more than twenty monasteries on Mt. Athos, containing over four thousand monks, most of whom were picture-makers. And in 1816, Papeti found them still illuminating books, guided by ancient models and by a receipt-book, the latter containing the most minute details in regard to the costume and even the facial expressions of all the saints in the Greek calendar.

It was only about a quarter of a century ago that one of the oldest known specimens of scriptural illumination — if not the oldest — was discovered at Jerusalem by Poujoulet, a French traveler. He describes it to be a Bible, probably of the fourth century, executed in a coarse style of Byzantine art, containing miniature paintings representing the chief scriptural personages from Adam to Christ. During the past four hundred years frequent visits have been made by European travelers and men of learning to the Egyptian monasteries, for the purpose of unearthing MSS. Among these visitors may be mentioned Robert Huntington, who in 1678 made the collection of Oriental MSS. now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England. In 1715, Asserman and Sicard gathered for the Vatican a number of Coptic, Syriac, and Arabic books. In 1730, Sieur Granger visited the Natron monasteries of North Africa. He says "the buildings at that time were falling into decay and the dust destroying the books and MSS., of which the monks made no use whatever. Their own patriarch had represented to them that the sum which the books would produce would be sufficient to enable them to restore their churches and rebuild their cells; but they declared they would rather be buried in the ruins" than part with their unused books. A hundred years later, Lord Prudhoe, in 1828, visited these same monasteries. He says that in one chamber he found a

trap-door, through which he descended, "candle in hand, to examine the MSS., where books and parts of books in Coptic, Ethiopic, Syriac, and Arabic were lying in a mass, on which," he says, "I stood. To appearance it seemed as if on some sudden emergency the whole library had been thrown for security down this trap-door, and that the books had remained undisturbed in their dust and neglect for some centuries." The British Museum has quite a large collection of MSS. made by Dr. Tattam, who twice went to Egypt solely for that purpose. In a vault of one of the monasteries he found the floor covered eight or ten inches deep with the fragments of books, which had apparently lain there many years. Over one thousand MSS. were collected from Egypt, Asia, and Mesopotamia, written in the Syriac, Aramaic, and Coptic dialects, and at different times between the fourth and the thirteenth century. Most of the MSS. above mentioned have been secured for European libraries. But these instances, and especially the late discoveries of Papeti, Poujoulet, and Dr. Tischendorf (an account of whose finding of the Mt. Sinai Bible is in the preface to the thousandth volume of Tauchnitz' publications), lead one to hope that, in spite of previous active search, there may yet be found still more additions to our treasures of mediæval limning.

Subsequent to the fifth century, the influence of Christian art is plainly visible. In the sixth century a stimulus was given to illumination by St. Benedict. The influence of this remarkable man over the monastic institutions of western Europe was felt for a period of three hundred years. It was in the year 500, that, coming from Asiatic Greece, he established numerous convents in the west of Europe. The rules of life which he originated were adopted universally by the different religious communities; and they were exclusively observed until the ninth century. St. Benedict's last dying injunction to his brethren was, "Read, copy, and preserve books." In the eighth century

many Eastern artists were dispersed over western Europe by the iconoclastic emperors of Byzantium. Charlemagne took advantage of the expulsion of ecclesiastics and artists from Byzantium, and afforded them a generous support and employment at his court and throughout his empire. The Byzantine style of art, which from the idiosyncrasies of its Eastern character is readily distinguished from all others, was thus gradually amalgamated with that of the Frankish and Teutonic schools, and a great improvement made over the coarse and rude productions of the Empire of the West. During the ninth century the ecclesiastical power was much extended, and with it the production of missal paintings. Byzantium was still the place where the greatest technical perfection was attained, but its influence extended throughout western Europe and even invaded Ireland. The art continued to advance for the next hundred years. The Menologium is the name of a celebrated calendar made about the year 1000 for Basilus II. Although nearly one half of this book is lost, only the months from September to February inclusive being left, there still remain about four hundred and thirty miniatures on grounds of gold, illustrating scenes from church history. Near the beginning of the eleventh century there was a marked decline in art, but it again received an impulse from the church. Gregory VII. issued his fiat announcing the universal dominion, temporal and spiritual, of the Roman Church, and the gorgeous cathedrals, especially those of southern Europe, began to glow with the productions of artists. The first crusaders, on their return from the Holy Land, likewise aided the movement by bringing with them a demand for Eastern luxury. This luxury is apparent in illumination in the increased practice of writing copies of the Bible in letters of gold or silver, on leaves of vellum stained with a beautiful purple.

Four circumstances in the twelfth century contributed as many impulses to the culture of the fine arts, namely:

the growth of the power and wealth of the trading classes; the establishment of universities; the rise of the Italian republics; and the adoption of miniature illumination by the Arabs, the Tartars, and the Persians. The peculiar decoration styled arabesque was, as its name imports, developed by the Arabs. The Arab artists were compelled by an article of their faith to resort to the depicting of the flowers, stalks, fruit, and leaves of plants, or to the imaginary productions of their fancy. As this people advanced in luxury, however, under the dominion of the caliphs, they gradually introduced the representations of insects, birds, and quadrupeds. In the thirteenth century, the art continued to improve. In the opinion of Ruskin the thirteenth century is the period of the climax. About the year 1200, illuminators began to use foliage in illustrations; and it was during this period that the peculiar species of illumination known to bibliographers as "bestiaries" flourished. It takes its name from the numbers of real and imaginary animals, fantastic and grotesque, with which the illustrations are filled. In the fourteenth century, Cimabue and Giotto, with their predecessors and immediate followers of the Greek school, were the precursors of the great era of the Renaissance. And the miniature art of the time gives token of their influence.

In Flanders the churchmen adopted a method of instructing the ignorant populace by miniature illumination precisely the same in principle as that for which fresco was used. Pictorial representations of the most important subjects in the Scriptures were issued under the name of the *Armen Bibel* (*Biblia Pauperum*) or "the poor man's Bible." The earliest specimens of this book contain a series of forty leaves, exhibiting illustrations of the Old and New Testaments. It was designed not only for laymen but for unlettered priests. Each page of this book contains three designs arranged in a row, the central picture illustrating some scene from the life of Christ, and those on either side scenes from the Old Testament, showing a par-

allel or collateral incident. For example, the Adoration of the Magi is flanked on one side by Abner visiting David, and on the other by the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. The illustrations are accompanied with an explanatory text. The leaves, put back to back, are gummed together in imitation of a book printed on both sides. This invention extended from Flanders to other countries.

Beside scriptural subjects, other classes of works received the attention of the illuminator. The songs of the troubadours, and metrical and prose romances, furnished many themes for the artist's fancy.

In the fifteenth century large quantities of MSS. were brought to western Europe from Constantinople by the Greeks, who fled from that city after its capture by the Turks in 1453. And in the Italian cities great numbers of scribes and illuminators flourished, there being over fifty in Milan alone. Some of the most renowned artists were engaged in this work. Limning in its earlier days was cultivated almost entirely by ecclesiastics; in its later days, laymen and professional artists shared the labors and the glory of the monk. In Italy are to be found Fra Angelico da Fiesole, Simone Memmi, Giotto, Franco Bolognese, Squarcione, Gherardo of Florence, Gentile da Fabriano, Girolamo, and Francesco dai Libri (contemporaries of da Vinci), da Vinci himself, Raphael, Titian, and, perhaps the greatest of all in this art, Giulio Clovio. In the Low Countries, the three Van Eycks, Roger de Bruges, Van der Goes, and Hans Memling rivaled, if not surpassed, their Italian brethren. The passion for illumination was so great in this century, that even medical diplomas and legal documents were adorned with it. The fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth century was the time of the climax of this art. It received a mortal blow, though one not immediately fatal, from the invention of printing. With this invention the demand for MSS. of course gradually ceased, although illumination was applied to *printed* books for full a

century afterward, blank spaces on the pages being left by the printer for the painter. For more than a hundred years after the invention of printing, official illuminators were retained by the Apostolic Chamber, the Popes of Rome, and the Doges of Venice. It was not till the reign of Louis XIV. of France (1643), that the art became practically extinct. The latest of the illuminated missals, according to Madden, is the immense folio in the Library of Rouen. It is almost three feet high, and employed its limner, a monk of St. Andoen, during thirty years of hard work. It was finished in 1682.

The two vast fields which water-color has already filled — fresco painting and miniature illumination — have shown its artistic capacity. In the small scale of treatment, it has existed in the form of miniature illumination for over one thousand five hundred years. In the large scale of treatment, it has existed in the form of tempera and fresco more than four thousand years at the very lowest estimate, and it is not improbable it may have flourished for more than double this period. In both forms it has shown a capacity and a permanence greater than almost any other of the creations of man. Still a third form, entirely distinct from either of the other two, is just coming into existence in water-color landscape. There is a magnificent opportunity for these earlier productions to be rivaled, if not surpassed, in the new and untrodden paths now lying open to the landscape water-color painters of America. The previous conditions requisite for a noble unfolding of art in this country have, in a great measure, already been fulfilled. The necessary political and social status is nearly ripe. Taine has truthfully expressed the conditions needful for a full artistic development. "In every country, a rich invention in the field of art is preceded by indomitable energy in the field of action. A father has fought, founded, and suffered, heroically and tragically; the son gathers, from the lips of the old, heroic and tragic traditions; and, protected by the efforts

of a previous generation, less menaced by danger, installed on paternal foundations, he imagines, expresses, narrates, sculptures, or paints the mighty deeds of which his heart, still throbbing, feels a last vibration." Taine brings forward in support of this assertion the productions of the French between 1820 and 1830, after the great Revolution and the wars of the empire; Dutch art, after the struggle of the Netherlands for independence from Spain; Gothic architecture and the poetry of the troubadours and minnesingers, after the consolidation of feudal society; the literature of the seventeenth century, after the establishment of a regular monarchy in France; Greek tragedy, architecture, and sculpture, after the defeat of the Persians. And to these examples he might have added the Elizabethan age of English literature.

In seeking to establish a national

school, while we lack the advantage of the hereditary transmission of skill, we have, on the other hand, no preconceived, traditional types, nor long-established, conventional styles to contend against. The same independence and energy of thought and action which characterize our politics, our literature, our commercial and domestic life, have equal opportunity in art. When we have acquired the *science* of art with the same thoroughness and vigor with which the foundations of the nation have been laid, then the higher artistic imagination will form the superstructure. "Always," says Taine again, "a new conception of divine and human things produces a new mode of comprehending beauty." If these two dicta of Taine are correct, — and unquestionably they are so, — no country ever had before it so glorious a future for its art, as the United States.

Henry S. Mackintosh.

ABOUT A BARREL OF LARD.

MY uncle, Ben Slaughter, was an extensive cattle-dealer, who every fall sent his drovers with herds of beeves to Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Along the way he sold them in lots to farmers, who stall-fed them through the winter, and in the spring and early summer supplied our markets with fat beef. In the fall of 1837, the year of a great commercial crisis, he visited me for the first time since I had married, and stopped with me during his stay in Philadelphia.

He was an early settler in Kentucky, and well acquainted with Boone, Kenton, and other old pioneers, who remained for a time after he went out. He was tall, well-proportioned, and, for a man of seventy, erect and of easy carriage. He was also a man of temperate habits and simple tastes. His chief hobby was "blooded stock." Of course he was an admirer of good horsemanship. So one

evening we went to the circus. When we returned, as I opened the street door with my latch-key and we walked in, he exclaimed, "Whe-e-ew! I smell oysters." Then a silvery voice from the stairway rang out, "Walk into the dining-room, Uncle Ben, you and Ajax. I'll be down presently. I hear the baby stirring; she has some new teeth coming through, but she will soon be quiet." We walked in and found a tureen of smoking oysters and a pitcher of foaming ale, with bread, butter, and pickles, on the table.

My wife soon joined us, and we sat down to supper. After it was over, and the table was cleared and set in its place against the wall, she drew her workstand before the grate of glowing coals and sat down to her sewing. I then asked the old man to repeat to Sue — that is, my wife — a story which he once told me in my boyhood. So he

finished the cigar he was smoking and began.

"You see I moved out to Kentucky a long time before railroads were thought of, or before the National Road across the Alleghanies was even contemplated. Emigrants from our part of Virginia then went through Winchester, crossed the mountains, and came to the Ohio opposite the place where the town of Marietta now stands. Here we made flat-boats, loaded them with our stuff, and floated down the river. People in those days sent back furs, bacon, lard, and whisky, all the way to Baltimore and Philadelphia by the same wagon-road we traveled.

"As you know, I was a childless widower at forty, when I married your Aunt Polly. According to our Virginia way of farming we merely managed to live comfortably. But, as my father used to say, 'The hogs ate all the corn, and the niggers, ate all the hogs.' I had not got ahead in worldly goods, and determined to emigrate. So with my new wife, five hundred dollars in gold, three teams filled with household stuff, a few negroes, and some choice horses and cattle, I joined Shackelford's train at Winchester one fine morning in September. We traveled along slowly, of course, but pretty comfortably, camping by the roadside at night, and buying horse-feed and provisions at the houses of the sparse settlers.

"We got to the Little Kanawha and I was driving the hindmost team, one afternoon, when my off wheel-horse cast a shoe. We soon passed a blacksmith's shop, and I stopped to get the shoe put on. The smith was a big, gruff, red-headed, pock-marked man, and eyed me very closely. It was some time before he could find a shoe to fit, and by the time I got off, the other wagons must have been more than a mile ahead. So I hurried my team somewhat, to catch up before they made camp for the night. When I got to the ford I heard a loud, shrill whistle, and turning and looking back I saw two men cross the road and go into the blacksmith shop.

I made no account of it at the time, but forded the river and drove up the long hill on the west side. It was tough pulling, and I had to chock my wheels every hundred yards or so, and let my horses blow. I had gone nearly a mile, and got on a level road, when I stopped at a fine spring which came out from under a rock as high as the top of my wagon-tent. As I was watering my horses, who should step from behind the rock but the ugly blacksmith. I wondered how he came there; he must have taken some near cut to get to the spring before I did. When this occurred to me, I did n't like it at all. Stepping up close to me as I set down the horse bucket by the spring, he asked the time of day. I would have pretended that I had no watch, but there was my father's big seal and watch-key dangling by the chain from my fob; so I told him it had stopped. He then pulled out a battered old silver watch about the size of a good-sized turnip, and bantered me for a trade. I did not care to show my old time-piece within his reach, and felt a good deal riled at his impudence. 'Trade with your grandmother,' said I; and throwing the bucket into the front of the wagon, I cracked my whip and chirruped to my leader.

"As I started, he ran ahead, and, crooking his finger and putting it into his mouth, gave the same devilish whistle I had heard at the ford. Then two men stepped into the road twenty yards before me. I recognized the shorter, by his red shirt, as one who walked across to the blacksmith shop when I looked back before crossing the river. I saw there was going to be trouble, so I put my hand under the wagon cover and drew out my rifle, and cocked it. As the blacksmith turned to come towards me, I said, 'Halt, or you're a dead man!' and with that I raised my gun, the barrel fell into the palm of my left hand, and I had a dead sight on him right between the eyes. One step more and I drew trigger. There was no report, but a dull sound—a kind of a 'cluck'—as the pan flew open. My eye fell on the cock, and in an instant

I understood it all. The flint had been removed and a piece of black walnut to resemble it had been put in its place. This had all been done by the blacksmith, when I went down the hill behind his shop to drink at his spring. The fellow had replaced the gun in the wagon just as I left it, to avoid creating suspicion. I would have given ten years of my life-time if I could have held in my hand one of your double-barreled percussion rifles. However, it was my life or my money, perhaps both; so clubbing my rifle, as the foremost advanced with a long horse-pistol, I determined to fight it out to the end. On he came, cocking and raising his pistol; but stumping his toe against a stone he stumbled towards me. Before he recovered, my old rifle, as it whirled, came in contact with his weapon and sent it spinning across the road. He dodged a second blow which I aimed at his head, and ran to recover his pistol. Here I was, for a moment, like a buck at bay. Two rascals, one armed with a bar of iron and the other with a big cudgel, were afraid to come within reach of my clubbed rifle. I had but a short respite. The red-shirted man soon recovered his shooting-iron and, advancing within five yards, fired. I jumped to one side, but there was a numb, dead feeling in my right arm, and it fell as useless against my side as the sleeve that encased it. I had now but one arm, and that my left, so of course there was a short scuffle. I saw one of them approaching, a large stone in both hands, raised above his head, as another was pulling me down. There was a heavy thud on my head, and I remembered no more.

"When I came to, — as I did, of course, or I would not be here to tell the story, — it seemed as if I was gradually awakening from a long, confused dream, a dream of years, in which I had lived over my whole life. But how I came where I was lying I could not tell. Then, as my faculties returned, I called to mind my starting from home, and the journey all along until I stopped to get my horse shod. Then I thought of the blacksmith and his villainous

face, and realized my situation. The villains had dragged me for a dead man away from the road, — I did not know how far, — and covered me with leaves. I could not move my right arm, but brushed away the leaves from my face with my left. In a short time I shoved them from the lower part of my body, and felt for my money-belt. It was dangling by one of the strings, which had become entangled in a button of my pantaloons. Of course it was empty; and the money I had in my pockets, and my watch, were also gone. I did not know how long I had lain there; it might have been for hours or days, for what I knew. As it was hazy, there was no sun visible to tell me whether it was morning, noon, or evening. I was quite numb, but presently felt my body all over to find if I was bleeding. Much to my relief I was not, but there was a great deal of clotted and dried blood on the back of my head and down the back of my neck. There was also a large gash on the top of my head, and the hair was matted over it. Then I felt all over my head, and the skull seemed to be sound. So I was convinced that the terrible blow I had received, although it had cut my head dreadfully, had only stunned me. The loss of blood had in all probability saved my life."

Here Sue laid down her sewing and drew a long sigh. Uncle Ben, putting a fresh quid of tobacco in his mouth, continued: —

"After a while I found that I could rise, though with difficulty, and my wounded arm, when I stood up, was not as bad as I had supposed. The ball had struck that part of the elbow known as the 'crazy bone,' and had glanced. Although bruised and sore, I had some use of it; I could raise and lower it, and could open and close my hand and work my fingers. Of course I lamented the loss of my money. It was all I had to pay Shackelford for the land I had agreed to buy of him. I also regretted deeply the anxiety and grief my absence would cause my wife. My immediate care, however, was to know where I was, and to find the road.

"There was a small greensward in front of me, probably an old wind-clearing. The cattle of the few neighboring settlers had likely grazed here, and kept down the bushes. Walking forty or fifty yards down hill to the edge of the sward, I came to a precipice of about ten feet, and below it heard the sound of running water. Peering through the trees I also saw a bright, sparkling brook. I was very thirsty, and clambering down with much difficulty, went to the brook, took a hearty drink, and after a while drank again, and then again.

"By this time I realized that it was evening, for it began to grow dark. I did not know on which side of the road I was, or how far from it, but felt certain that if I could even find the spring where I was robbed, it would still be three or four miles to the place where Shackelford intended to camp; I concluded, therefore, in my weak condition, to spend the night where I was, and to find the road and push on in the morning.

"I found on searching my waistcoat pocket that I still had flint and steel, which I generally carried. So gathering a handful of furze from a birch-tree, and peeling off some of the bark, I struck a light and kindled a fire. I had selected a spot for this purpose on a bare flat rock some yards in extent, immediately below the slight precipice I have just mentioned. On the flat rock there were several cavities, or shallow holes, I might call them, about the size of the top of a hogshead, and filled with dry leaves. One of these holes was on the left-hand side of a bed of dry moss, on which I made up my mind to sleep. I was very hungry, which I considered a good sign, and lay down, as a relief to the uneasiness it gave me. Here I bemoaned the loss of my money, instead of feeling grateful to God that my life had been spared. I turned from side to side a great many times, and at last fell asleep. I had many wild, wandering dreams, waking occasionally just long enough to find out that I had been dreaming. I remember the last one I had very distinctly. I imagined I fought with the robbers again;

that I killed one and drove another off, and followed him at a distance through the woods, and saw him go to a place very much like the flat rock where I was lying, and put money, which I supposed he had taken from travelers, into holes like those around me; that when he went away I groped in one of the holes and found the ill-gotten treasure.

"In my joy I woke up, and I was really clutching the leaves in the hole on my left. I withdrew my hand with a peevish exclamation, and found something entangled around my fingers. Was it a string? No, I could not break it. It was pliant, and, as I thought, was formed of small links. I drew it from the hole, feeling it. Then I put it to my tongue and then between my teeth, and sure enough it was a chain such as ladies and children wear around their necks. But what was my astonishment when something attached to it dangled against the back of my hand. I put this also to my tongue and between my teeth. It was circular, flat, and hard. I found it was a coin about the size of a doubloon.

"I was frightened at my dream thus becoming a reality; and then, again, doubted whether I was dreaming or really awake. Turning over on my wounded elbow I found I was truly awake and still held the chain and coin. I sprang to my feet, put the chain around my neck, and the coin in my waistcoat pocket. I raked the leaves from the holes and heaped them over the smoldering coals of my almost extinguished fire. The flames ascended and lighted up the woods around me. It occurred to me that if I set fire to the leaves in the holes, there might possibly be banknotes in them and they would be burned, so I thrust my hand deeper in the hole on the left of my bed of moss, and grasped hard money. I drew out a handful and jingled the pieces on the flat rock, and rubbed one and then another on my coat-sleeve until they were bright, and by the light of the blazing fire found them all yellow, true gold — guineas and half-eagles.

"Then came the thought of my imprudence, and the risk I had incurred in

building the fire. If this was a place where highwaymen hid their money, they could not be far off; and the bright light would certainly attract them to the spot. I pulled the burning leaves away with the limb of a tree that had fallen close by, and trampled out the fire. Then I removed the leaves from the hole, and in the dark put all the coin I could lay my hands on into my hat, and clambered up the precipice. There I covered my hat with leaves by the side of a big stone, and, hiding under a bush near by, waited to see the result of my folly in building such a fire. I thought that daylight would never come, but was apprehensive the robbers would. While I lay under the bush I had opportunity, however, of collecting my thoughts. I reasoned thus: It would be a poor place to conceal money for any length of time. Highwaymen are not such fools. Some poor fellow has been murdered, and the money has been concealed in the hole with the intention of removing it soon. While I was turning the matter over in my mind time slipped away, day broke at last, and the bright sun peeped over the river bottom-lands to the east, and still no one came.

"I clambered down the ledge once more, and carefully removing the leaves from the depressions in the rock, examined them. I found no bank-notes, but only thirty half-eagles more in the hole where I found the other gold. Feeling quite feeble, I picked up what I supposed was the splinter of a broken log, intending to use it as a cane, and to make a shapely stick of it and keep it as a memento of my good luck. I walked this time around the ledge, got my hat, counted my gold, and placed it carefully in my old money belt, which I still retained. The treasure I found amounted to fifteen hundred and eighteen dollars, Federal money. I tied my belt around my body under my shirt, and started to find the road.

"I retraced my steps to the place where the robbers had covered me with leaves, and walked around the bushy top of a tree which had fallen during the summer and still retained its withered

foliage. Judge of my astonishment to find I was just on the side of the road, and opposite the spring where I had the fight with the highwaymen. I thought I would survey the battle-field before I took the road westward. As I crossed, I heard the sound of horses' feet coming rapidly up the road. In a few moments Shackelford appeared in sight, rifle in hand. Then followed a dozen of my old neighbors. On they came, and such shouting and yelling, when they saw me, you never heard. They had given me up for murdered, and Polly Slaughter had made up her mind that she was a widow.

"The rascals had driven my team into a timber road a little distance ahead, cut the traces, and immediately left for parts unknown. Shackelford 'hunted them up with a sharp stick,' but to no purpose. The wagon and horses were found the day after I was missing. I had come to and had wandered away to the brook, while they were scouring the woods at some distance in the hollow on the other side of the road. I wondered that Driver, my old deer-hound, who was with them, had not scented me, but I suppose the fresher trail of the men and horses put him at fault. Some of the men forded the river in search of the blacksmith, for he had a bad name in the neighborhood, and threatened to burn his house; and they would have done so but for his wife and her little cotton-headed children.

"When we got to Kentucky and Shackelford found I had money to pay for the land, notwithstanding I had been robbed, I had to tell him the whole story about finding the gold, but bound him to secrecy, as I had a fear that I might be traced and waylaid by the robbers to recover their gold. It was at my own cabin I made the confession, and showed him the stick I had picked up by my money hole and used as a cane. He scanned it carefully for some time, and then laid it down, saying it was part of the stave of a barrel and looked as if it had been gnawed by bears.

"After paying Shackelford for my farm I bought government lands on

speculation, and was very successful, selling them in two or three years at four or five times as much as I gave. I was a good woodsman and a good judge of land, and I explored and afterwards located, and then got warrants for fine lands known in those days as the Barrens in the Green River country, which was not then appreciated. People thought that because of its growth, — pine, oak, and so forth, — it was poor land; but I soon found out the contrary, and profited by their mistake.

“As I was saying, I was exceedingly fortunate in my land speculations, and the money I found in the hole doubled and doubled itself every few years. When I let out the secret of being such a gainer by being robbed, few or none believed my story. It was generally thought a hoax got up by Shackelford in his mischief, — for he was a deuce of a fellow at practical jokes, — and that I indorsed it for the fun of the thing. I even advertised the money when I got well ahead in the world, for I was anxious to return it to the rightful owner. But I was only laughed at for publishing such an improbable story. Prentice often ridiculed it in the *Louisville Journal* after he started that paper. To this day the story — although I was the chief actor in the drama — goes by the name of ‘Shackelford’s yarn.’

“I have kept a regular account, principal and compound interest at ten per cent., that I may pay it some day to the rightful owner or his heirs, if they should ever turn up; for it was the foundation of my fortune. If they never appear, the amount at my death is to go to certain institutions mentioned in my will for the benefit of my fellow-men. For I have ever considered it a loan from the Giver of all good, and I intend to return it.”

When my uncle had finished his story I looked at my wife. The bloom on her cheek had faded. There was a singularly wild though serious expression in her face. She arose from her chair, and, approaching the old man, lifted her hands and laying one on each shoulder

looked with her large gray eyes full into his. “Uncle Ben,” she said, “I think you are sincere, that you are honest, that you are noble by nature, and that you will keep any promise you make to your fellow-man or your Maker. God help us, my dear uncle.” When she said this she kissed his wrinkled cheek, and bidding him good night went up-stairs.

After talking with Uncle Ben a short time and lighting him to bed, I found Sue in her chamber. She was sitting on the lounge by the side of the baby’s crib, wrapped in serious thought. Motioning to me to take a seat by her side, she said, —

“Ajax, that is a strange story that Uncle Ben has been telling us. If there was any reason for doubting it I think I could produce corroborative evidence to prove it.”

“Why, how you talk, Sue! and if you could, what of it?”

“Well — no matter about it now.” Then, suddenly changing the subject, “What amount did you tell me this house was mortgaged for?”

“Eight thousand dollars, my Sue. The bond is now overdue, and the holder is struggling to maintain himself and says he must go to protest if it is not paid within ten days. I have tried my best to have the mortgage renewed in other hands, but no one seems disposed to invest during this terrible crisis, so in a few days I fear we shall have the sheriff’s placard pasted against our front. You see those wild speculations in Mississippi and Texas lands in which my New Orleans partner ventured, and the worthless bills of exchange he has remitted me, have got us into all of this trouble.”

“What amount of Comly & Co.’s bills did you hold, and where are they now?”

“Thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars when we went to protest. They have been discounted by the Farmers’ and Mechanics’ Bank. But Mr. Patton, on whose influence with the president and directors I can depend, assures me he can make that all easy. A kinder heart for unfortunate debtor never

throbbled. He promises to have it so arranged that the bank will hold the protested bills as collateral, if I can only pay ten per cent. on them every ninety days. Although he blames us, as he says, for 'putting so many eggs into one basket,' he has no doubt that Comly's paper will eventually be worth fifty cents on the dollar."

"And about the rest of your creditors?"

"I exhibit a balance-sheet in which I show, in assets — available at farthest in twelve months — at least two to one, and all have agreed to a fair extension of time, except one obstinate French house. They have sued and obtained judgment for something over six thousand dollars. If I had funds to satisfy that claim and pay off the mortgage on our house, my creditors in addition to the extension of time would again give us liberal credits, and we could go on within a week."

My Sue was a devout Methodist, had unflinching faith in prayer, and, as I thought, queer notions about special providences. As I gave her this brief sketch of my financial difficulties, her eyes were brimming with tears. She kneeled down and fervently prayed with upturned face. Her words *to me* were inarticulate. When she arose, her face was less sad. A faint smile even lighted up her features.

The following morning, as we sat by the grate waiting for breakfast, the servant brought in the daily paper. My wife seized it eagerly, and to my astonishment turned to the column of public amusements. After reading a few moments she handed it to Uncle Ben, pointing with her finger to the place. Uncle Ben read aloud: "The whole to conclude with laughable Equestrian Burletta of The Hunted Tailor, or A Trip to Brentford. The part of Billy Button by Mr. John Cook.

"Ajax," said the old man, as he folded up his spectacles, "I must go and see that to-night. I have n't had a laugh at Billy Button for twenty years."

"Certainly, Uncle Ben," I replied. "I would like to go with you and have a good laugh also; and as you have in-

timated that you will be detained at the drove-yard all day, we will meet at tea-time."

In the early dusk of evening, as I entered the hall, I heard Sue at the piano. Approaching the door of the back parlor I found her singing, to an old-fashioned cross-hand accompaniment, a song, the name of which I need not repeat when I say the words she uttered just then were, —

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this."

I had not heard the old song for years; I used to laugh at its queer sentimentalism. But now there seemed to be a pathos in the words, and a depth of feeling in their expression, quite unusual in Sue's singing, notwithstanding my appreciation of its quaint drollery. Walking up softly behind her, and laying my hand gently on her shoulder, I said:—

"Whose angel will you be, Sue?"

"Why, yours of course, my dear unsophisticated," she replied, looking up; and her face flushed as if she had betrayed some closely kept secret. Recovering herself quickly, she continued:—

"But your better angel is in the other room, tending the baby."

Looking through the folding-doors, there sat Uncle Cook at the window, with Lulie on his knee. She had so completely daubed and smeared the window-panes with her little "patties," that I did not observe the happy pair as I walked up the front door steps.

I found that my wife had passed the day at Germantown with her uncle, and had prevailed on him to accompany her home. Uncle Cook was a short, stout, square-built old man, a little stoop-shouldered, in whose face mantled the same rich Dutch blood that usually shone in Sue's cheeks. I had scarcely time to shake hands with him before the street door bell rang. Sue flew to the door and ushered in Uncle Ben. Introducing them, she said:—

"Uncle Ben Slaughter, this is my Uncle John Cook. He is as fond of

going to the circus as you are, and intends to stay all night with us, and go with you and Ajax to see Billy Button."

The two old men shook hands, and our uncle on my wife's side said:—

"But I am not John Cook the clown. I don't look much like a circus-rider, do I?"

"No," said Uncle Ben, in his bluff way, looking down at Uncle Cook's portly figure. "I think you are built more for dodging than jumping fences."

They both laughed at this witticism, and we then sat down to tea. When it was over we went to see "the grand entrée;" the "still vaulting by the whole company;" the strange man who came staggering out of the pit into the ring and wanted to ride a certain vicious horse, and was allowed to do so, and after throwing off innumerable ragged garments as he rode, at last stood in a long white shirt, which he also eventually threw off, appearing in spangles, and then, "The Hunted Tailor, or a Trip to Brentford." I had a heavy heart on account of my business troubles, and it was a great relief to join with these two simple old men in the laugh at the mishaps of Billy Button.

The performance was over early, and as we entered the hall on our return, Uncle Ben exclaimed, as he did the night before, —

"Whe-e-ew! I smell oysters." It struck me as a strange coincidence; and then Sue, from the stairway, called out pretty much in the same words as she did the night before, "Walk into the dining-room, Uncle Ben, you and Uncle Cook and Ajax; I'll be down presently."

This evening, however, her voice was tremulous, and had not its usual silvery tone.

It appeared to me that Sue had an object in all this. There was the same set-out we had the previous evening: oysters, ale, bread, butter, and pickles, and some cigars in the baby's silver cup which Uncle Cook had given it, sitting on the mantel-piece.

After supper my wife took her sewing and sat down to her workstand as

on the night before. She was pale now, and evidently nervous, but still tried to look composed. I felt anxious about her, and suggested that she should go to bed. If we had been alone I would have insisted on it.

As soon as Uncle Cook had finished his cigar, she laid down her sewing and got up and came round the workstand, and sat on his knee, with her arm around his neck, and kissed him. Then she asked him to tell Uncle Ben and myself the story he used to tell her when she was a little girl and sat on his knee as she did then; to tell about his being a coppersmith, and how he received his money for the whisky stills he sold out to Kentucky — Uncle Ben was from Kentucky. The old man cleared his throat, and as Sue resumed her seat at the workstand he said:—

"Well, it's not much of a story, but when Sue was a little girl I frequently amused her by telling about my old boss, Samuel Lewis. When I had served out my apprenticeship with him, and set up for myself, we were neighbors in Front Street, and good friends for many years. We did not interfere with each other in trade. He sold his coppers mostly to Western Pennsylvania, and I sold mine in the main to Kentucky. He received his pay pretty much in silver, and I got mine, whenever I could, in gold, as it had to be brought farther. Sometimes it was queer coin, and it was hard to get at the exact value of it. A remittance was frequently composed of French, Spanish, English, and American coin, and occasionally a little cut silver; that is, Spanish dollars or half-dollars, divided into two or four equal parts, to make small change. There were no banks out there then, and no such things as bills of exchange, so we had to get our money of this sort, and in this way.

"I remember when the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank started. I forget whether Joe Taggart was president or not, but I know that Clay was cashier, and Billy Patton was teller. That was in the year 1807, and a queer, jolly fellow Patton was. Lewis and I were

amongst the first to open accounts with the new bank. He put his kegs of silver on a dray, and I put my gold in a copper pan on a wheelbarrow, and covered it with my leather apron, and walked alongside up Chestnut Street, while Tom Warner, my oldest apprentice, wheeled it. When we got to the bank, and were waiting to have our money counted, Patton handed us the signature book and we wrote our names down.

“ ‘Halloo!’ says Patton; ‘that won’t do.’

“ ‘What won’t do?’ says Lewis.

“ ‘Why, those names,’ said Patton.

“ ‘What’s the matter with the names?’

“ ‘Why, you must change them somehow. We have just had a Samuel Lewis and a John Cook to open accounts here. We shall get you all mixed up. You would n’t like the other Lewis and the other Cook to have your money placed to their credit, or to check against your accounts, would you?’

“ ‘Then Patton laughed until he got as red in the face as a turkey-cock, and called Clay, the cashier, and he laughed too, and we all laughed.

“ ‘I’ll tell you how to fix it,’ said Clay. ‘You, sir, sign your name Samuel Lewis, C; and you, sir, sign yours John Cook, C. That means Samuel Lewis, coppersmith, and John Cook, coppersmith; the other gentlemen of your names are both merchants.’

“ ‘So we appended ‘C’ to our names.

“ ‘Where’s your money, gentlemen?’ said Patton.

“ ‘Here it comes,’ said Lewis, as his man rolled in his kegs.

“ ‘Well, at last, with some help, Patton counted Samuel’s money. Then he counted mine, and laughed like fury when he was done. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘Cook, you had more in your copper pan than Mr. Lewis had on his dray.’

“ ‘When he counted my money I could n’t help smiling. He kept wiping his hands, for the pieces were slippery and bothered him a good deal. As I was going out of the bank he hallooed to me,

‘Cook, don’t bring any more greasy money here. Wash it, before you make a deposit.’

“ ‘The way it came to be greasy was this. You see, I frequently had my remittances come in a barrel of bacon or lard. Old Mr. Whittlesey, my agent in Kentucky, would send me, say, twenty barrels of either, and in one of the barrels he would pack my money, and advise me what was the number on the head of it. The barrels would be numbered from one to twenty, for instance, so as not to excite curiosity.’

Uncle Cook, perhaps thinking he had nothing further in the way of a story to tell, was about to stop here. My wife looked up from her sewing uneasily, then laying it down and folding her hands, asked him if he ever met with any loss by such manner of conveyance.

“ ‘Only once,’ he continued, “and a pretty round sum it was, too. I did not think it worth while repeating the story to Mr. Slaughter. I will do so, however, if it will interest him and Ajax. There was a deal of mystery about the matter, which I suppose will never be cleared up. Perhaps I did not follow it up as I ought to have done. It happened in this way.

“ ‘My old agent in Kentucky died having a smart sum of my money in hand. To conform to law I had to apply and make certain oaths in person, and therefore went out. After a delay of two or three weeks I got it from his executors. I bought ten barrels of lard and put them in the warehouse of Whittlesey’s successor. One day, alone, pretending to examine the quality of the lard, I took the head out of one of the barrels, put in my gold, and headed it up. I marked the numbers on them, and this one was number seven.

“ ‘I had promised Mr. Lewis that I would come home by way of Pittsburg and the Monongahela River, and collect some money due him from distillers there; so I sent my lard home by a trusty Lancaster County Dutch wagoner, who had come out from Philadelphia with a load of goods for the man who succeeded Whittlesey. I was a good while on the

way, and found when I got home the lard had arrived the day before. Glancing at the barrels, number seven did not look like the others. It was not my marking, and was of rather different shape. With much anxiety I opened it, and to my dismay found no money. I then examined them all with as little success.

"I immediately wrote out to the man in whose warehouse I had opened the barrel to put the money in. I waited a month for an answer, and then wrote to his brother, informing him of my loss. After some delay he answered that Whittlesey's successor had gone west of the Mississippi on a trading expedition. Six months later the news came that he was killed by a drunken Indian at one of the trading posts.

"In the mean time I questioned the Dutch wagoner frequently and closely. He declared that the barrels were the same that the store-keeper had helped him to put into his wagon. The Dutchman's character was above suspicion, and having no proof that I had put money into any barrel he brought from Kentucky, I had no legal claim against him even if I had been disposed to prosecute him. Three years after this he was taken sick and expected to die, so he sent for me and made this confession.

"He came home by the Winchester route. On the way his wagon broke down, and he was obliged to unload on the roadside and take it to a blacksmith shop, a few miles away, to have it repaired. When he returned next day the barrels of lard and bacon had been knocked about, and one of them was missing. To preserve his reputation as an honest and careful teamster he bought another barrel of lard in Winchester and put the same number on it. When he arrived in Philadelphia and found me in such an anxious state of mind about the missing barrel, he concluded it had money in it, for he had brought remittances in this way for me before. Fearing he would be accused of theft, he insisted, up to the time that he was taken so dangerously ill, that none of the barrels

had been exchanged or replaced on the way. Now he wished to die with a clear conscience, and acknowledged that he had lost a barrel, and had replaced it with another. To the surprise of himself and everybody else he recovered; but he always insisted that his last statement was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So in the end, all that I ever got from my old collector's estate by going out to Kentucky was a queer sort of a gold piece, which I carried in my pocket for a good many years, and when Sue, there, was a baby, I gave it to her to cut her teeth on. I think it must have been an old medal of some kind, but the inscription had somehow been obliterated. As it was about the size of a doubloon I took it for that in settlement. I always told Sue if I ever got the money back that I lost in that barrel of lard, it should belong to her. And don't you think the jade brought a paper out to Germantown this morning all formally drawn up by a lawyer, binding me to my promise. I think, Sue," turning to her, "you must have a soft place in your head. Why, bless you, child, I would have signed it twenty times, and in presence of ten witnesses instead of two, for all the good that will ever come of it."

I laughed at Uncle Cook's story; for my wife, although she was a portionless bride, had frequently told me in her merry moods that she had a fortune somewhere, if she could only find it. Uncle Ben did not join in my merriment; he appeared to be very serious.

Looking around at Sue, I saw what I had not noticed until then. There was a blue ribbon around her neck which belonged to the old medal that Lulie, our baby, had been mouthing, and cutting her little teeth against, just as Sue had done twenty years before—the same medal that Uncle Cook had given her.

"Uncle Cook," said Sue, "how much money did you say was in that barrel of lard?"

"Fifteen hundred and eighteen dollars," he replied.

Then coming round her workstand she laid her hand on the shoulder of the old Kentuckian, and said, "Uncle Ben, when I asked you to change me a dollar this morning, to pay the milkman, you had a singular-looking old pocket-piece amongst the loose change you held in your hand; will you allow me to look at it?"

Uncle Ben, apparently wrapped in deep thought, pulled out the old pocket-piece and placed it in her hand.

"Now, uncles," continued Sue, drawing the baby's medal from her bosom, and placing the two side by side on the workstand, "both of you put on your spectacles and look."

I saw at a glance that one was an exact duplicate of the other. There was the same big star in the centre of each, and on the reverse sides the same wreath inclosing what — until it had been filed or cut out — was a super-scription, or motto.

"Good God!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, as his eyes rested on the two medals, and clapping his hand to his forehead, he stood as one bewildered.

Uncle Cook also looked, and raising his left hand to his chin and feeling it with an abstracted air, was mute.

Sue then placed the tip of her forefinger on two small links fastened in a loop brazed to the edge of the baby's medal. Then her great gray eyes sought those of Uncle Ben. She did not speak, but gazed deep into them as she did the night before. The language of her eyes was plainer to the old man than words. Unbuttoning his waistcoat he pulled over his head a long gold guard-chain, and laid one end of it close to the two small links. He nodded his head three times affirmatively, and turning to Uncle Cook, said: —

"When you packed your money in that barrel of lard, you broke the chain that held those two medals together, and packed one and put the other into your pocket."

Uncle Cook was still speechless, but nodded his head in assent.

"Now tell me," continued Uncle Ben, "did you ever travel that road and

see the place where your barrel of lard was stolen?"

"I did," replied Uncle Cook, "ten years after it happened, and found a tavern standing on the identical spot. On the opposite side was an immense limestone rock, as high as this ceiling. It stood above a very fine spring. The landlord told me a queer story about the lost barrel of lard, which he said was generally believed at the time he settled there.

"The story was, that a Pennsylvania wagoner going east, once, broke down, and placed his load just where the house afterwards stood, while he went across the Little Kanawha to get his wagon mended. When he returned there was a barrel of lard missing. The following winter the hoops and staves of the barrel were found at the foot of the precipice.

"We walked to the bottom of his garden, and he showed me the precipice. He said that a blacksmith at the ford, when hunting, the next winter, found the staves sticking above the snow, and collected most of them to make a barrel. That all of them were greasy, and some of them gnawed. The conclusion that the people came to was that the bears, which were then numerous there, had found the barrels of lard during the wagoner's absence, and in trying to get at the inside of one of them had set it rolling down the hill, and it had gone over the ledge and lodged in one of the holes on the flat rock below. As it was partially broken in the fall, the bears pulled it to pieces and ate the lard. I was foolish enough to grope in the holes to see if I could find any of my lost gold.

"The landlord then told me that the same blacksmith robbed and murdered a man who was driving his wagon on his way to Kentucky the next autumn, and threw his body over the precipice and ran away with his money; of course he got my money out of the barrel that rolled over the precipice, and took that along also."

"No, sir," said Uncle Ben. "When the bears ate the lard, as they had no use for the money they left it in the

hole. The leaves of autumn and then the snows of winter covered it up snugly, and the blacksmith only got the staves and hoops. The man who, as they told you, was murdered, got your money and now stands before you. Your loss, Mr. Cook, has been my gain. The guineas and half-eagles that came out of that barrel of lard made my fortune. I have kept a strict account with you for twenty-nine years, and to-morrow I will give you a check on the Bank of Kentucky for principal and compound interest at ten per cent. I am your debtor for nearly thirty thousand dollars. I may add that the pleasure of returning it is doubled by knowing that Sue, there, and Ajax, are to be made happy by its possession."

The bloom, after fitful visits and flights, presently settled in Sue's cheeks. The tears dropped from her long eyelashes. She laughed and wept by turns. At last she laid a hand on each shoulder of the old Kentuckian, and looking once more into his eyes, said:—

"I knew it, Uncle Ben. I knew last night it was Uncle Cook's money you found. And all alone, by God's help, I have worked out this deliverance from our troubles. Blessed be his name!" Then she kissed the two old men and bade them good night.

As we sat silently gazing into the grate after Sue had gone, my mind reverted to her nervousness at the conclusion of Uncle Ben's story the previous evening, and her impressive act and words before bidding him good night; her allusion in our chamber to corroborative evidence of the truth of Uncle Ben's story; her suddenly avoiding the subject; and her earnest, supplicating

prayer. Then I thought of her seizing the newspaper before breakfast and drawing the old man's attention to the circus advertisement, the day spent at Germantown, and the two lines of that old song. This guileless girl, with a woman's intuition, had seized upon an incident in the narration of the old Kentuckian's adventures, and connecting it with a story heard in her childhood, had "worked out this deliverance from our troubles."

Why did she not confide her plans to her husband, and seek his counsel and cooperation?

Would she raise him to heights of hope for a few brief hours, perhaps only to plunge him deeper back into the slough of despair?

Such, no doubt, were her thoughts as she sat by the baby's crib the night before.

I placed the baby's silver cup, with some cigars in it, before my uncles, and bade them good night, as the old Kentuckian commenced telling Uncle Cook the story of his adventure with the robbers, and his finding the money.

As I entered our chamber Sue arose from her knees, and putting her arm around my neck, said:—

"You would n't believe me, Ajax, when I told you, after we were married, that I had a fortune somewhere, if I could only find it. Now you can pay those obstinate Frenchmen, and I will hold the mortgage on the house, and we will have sixteen thousand dollars left."

Then Lulie stirred in her crib and opened her large gray eyes, so like Sue's. Then we both kissed her, and kissed the dear old medal, and hung it around the baby's neck.

Ajax T. Lamon.

VISIT OF THE WRENS.

FLYING from out the gusty west,
 To seek the place where last year's nest,
 Ragged, and torn by many a rout
 Of winter winds, still rocks about
 The branches of the gnarled old tree
 Which sweep my cottage library, —
 Here on the genial southern side,
 In a late gleam of sunset's pride,
 Came back my tiny, spring-tide friends,
 The self-same pair of chattering wrens
 That with arch eyes and restless bill
 Used to frequent yon window-sill,
 Winged sprites, in April's showery glow.

'T is now twelve weary months ago
 Since first I saw them; here again
 They drop outside the glittering pane,
 Each bearing a dried twig or leaf,
 To build with labor hard, yet brief,
 This season's nest, where, blue and round,
 Their fairy eggs will soon be found.
 But sky and breeze and blithesome sun,
 Until that little home is done,
 Shall — wondering, maybe — hear and see
 Such chatter, bustle, industry,
 As well may stir to emulous strife
 Slow currents of a languid life,
 Whether in bird or man they run!

But when, in sooth, the nest complete
 Swings gently in its green retreat,
 And soft the mother-birdling's breast
 Doth in the cozy circlet rest,
 How, back from jovial journeying,
 Merry of heart, though worn of wing,
 Her brown mate, proudly perched above
 The limb that holds his brooding love,
 His head upturned, his aspect sly,
 Regards her with a cunning eye,
 As one who saith, "How well you bear
 The dullness of these duties, dear;
 To dwell so long on nest or tree
 Would be, I know, slow death to me;
 But then, you women-folk were made
 For patient waiting, in — the shade!"

So tame one little guest becomes, —
 'T is the male bird, — my scattered crumbs

He takes from window-sill and lawn,
Each morning in the early dawn;
And yesterday, he dared to stand
Serenely on my out-stretched hand,
While his wee wife, with puzzled glance,
Looked from her breezy seat askance!

My pretty pensioners! ye have flown
Twice from your winter nook unknown,
To build your humble homestead here,
In the first flush of spring-tide cheer;
But ah! I wonder if again,
Flitting outside the window-pane,
When next the shrewd March winds shall blow,
Or in mild April's showery glow,
New come from out the shimmering west,
You'll seek the place of this year's nest,
Ragged and torn, by then, no doubt,
And swinging in worn shreds about
The branches of the ancient tree.

Nay, who may tell? Yet verily,
Methinks when, spring and summer passed,
Adown the long, low autumn blast,
In some dim gloaming, chill and drear,
You, with your fledgelings, disappear,
That ne'er by porch or tree or pane
Mine eyes shall greet your forms again!

What then? At least the good ye brought,
The delicate charm for eye and thought,
Survives; though death should be your doom
Before another spring flower's bloom,
Or fairer climes should tempt your wings
To bide 'mid fragrant blossomings
On some far Southland's golden lea,
Still may fresh spring-morns light for me
Your tiny nest, their breezes bear
Your chirping, household joyance near,
And all your quirks and tricksome ways
Bring back through many smiling days
Of future Aprils; not the less
Your simple drama shall impress
Fancy and heart, thus acted o'er
Toward each small issue, as of yore,
With sun and wind and skies of blue
To witness, wondering, all you do,
Because your happy toil and mirth
May be of fine, ideal birth;
Because each quick, impulsive note
May thrill a visionary throat,
Each flash of glancing wing and eye
Be gleams of vivid fantasy:

Since whatsoe'er of form and tone
 A past reality hath known,
 Most charming unto soul and sense,
 But wins that subtler effluence,
 That spiritual air which softly clings
 About all sweet and vanished things,
 Causing a by-gone joy to be
 Vital as actuality,
 Yet with each earthlier tint or trace
 Lost in a pure, ethereal grace!

Paul H. Hayne.

SOME RESULTS FROM MY SPIRITUAL STUDIES.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
 Question us now from star and stone;
 Too little or too much we know,
 And sight is swift and faith is slow:
 The power is lost to self-deceive
 With shallow forms of make-believe."

WHITTIER.

A MODERN dynasty is assuming control in the region of mind. Throughout the civilized world the reign of the Miraculous is gradually losing power and prestige, superseded by the reign of Law.

It would be hazardous to say of any great principle which has had its day, that it has not had its use also. But though the romantic polytheism which makes brilliant the great epic of Homer may have suited well the epoch-in-progress of ancient Greece, yet, in our day, no one but an enthusiastic poet like Schiller will lament that the gods of Greckland have vanished in the dim distance of the past; that their king, with thunderbolt in hand, has been dethroned, to make way for lectures on electricity and kites drawing lightning from the clouds; that Phœbus is ousted from his chariot, his four-yoked steeds useless ever since Copernicus brought the sun to a standstill; that Neptune

has lost to the mariner's compass the sceptre of the sea, and Pluto to penal flames, that are dying out in their turn, the dominion of the Underworld; that in these days of cannon and breech-loaders and protocols, Mars no longer leads armies to the field, nor Minerva statesmen to the cabinet; that dryads and nymphs have deserted forest and fountain, as the bear and the buffalo disappear, before the sweep of civilization.

As monotheism, despite poetic regrets, befits a later stage of the world than polytheism, so the persistent uniformity of law is an advance, timely and welcome in our modern day, on that scheme of the arbitrary and the exceptional which is based on miracle-working—welcome to the thoughtful and dispassionate observer, but abhorrent to the mere dogmatic theologian: yet, welcome or unwelcome in certain quarters, a truth that has already made its way to respect, and is sure to prevail.

I use the word miracle, not in its etymological sense, as a something to be wondered at, nor, as Archbishop Tillotson and Bishop Butler have spoken of it,¹ as an occurrence which is not "like

¹ See Tillotson's 182d sermon; and Butler's Analogy of Religion, part ii. chap. 2.

It is remarkable that St. Augustine, more than fourteen centuries ago, regarded a miracle as a

thing occurring not against nature but against what we know of nature: "Portendum ergo fit, non contra naturam, sed contra quam est nota natura." De Civitate Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 8.

the known course of things," or which "exceeds any natural power that we know of to produce it;" but according to its popular, orthodox meaning, as a suspension, on a special emergency and for the time only, of a law of nature, by the direct intervention of the Deity; we may add (for that is the usual allegation) in attestation of some truth. And as to the miraculous in this sense, we find it rejected to-day as a superstition, not by the secularist or the skeptic alone, but by men of repute and position in the orthodox ranks. One or two examples, out of many, may suffice.

The Rev. Frederick Temple, D. D., in a sermon before the university of Oxford fourteen years ago, said: "One idea is now emerging into supremacy in science, . . . and that is the idea of law. All analogy points one way, none another. . . . How strikingly altered is our view from that of a few centuries ago is shown in the fact that the miracles recorded in the Bible, which once were looked on as the bulwarks of the faith, are now felt by very many to be difficulties in the way."¹

That so free an expression of opinion did not injure the reputation of the preacher may be judged from the fact that he has since become one of the chief dignitaries of the Anglican church; having been, a few years since, installed as Bishop of Exeter.

The Duke of Argyll is a Scottish Presbyterian. He has written a volume on the changeless rule of law, which has attracted great attention; reaching its fifth edition in fifteen months. The tenor and drift of its argument may be judged from this extract:—

"The idea of natural law, the universal reign of a fixed order of things, has been casting out the supernatural. This idea is a product of that immense

development of physical sciences which is characteristic of our times. We cannot read a periodical nor go into a lecture-room without hearing it expressed."²

Another name, eminent alike in physical science and in sacred learning, may be added. The late Baden Powell, in his contribution to *Essays and Reviews* has this passage: "The modern turn of reasoning adopts the belief that a revelation is then most credible when it appeals least to violations of natural causes. Thus, if miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief supports of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance."³

One can hardly overestimate the consequences of this radical change in public opinion. The most marvelous of the discoveries made by Galileo's telescope, the greatest of the principles enunciated by Newton, does not lead to effects so far-reaching — so intimately connected with man's well-being, physical, moral, spiritual — as the conviction that if the Deity permits man to acquire knowledge touching the existence and the character of a life to come, it is not after a partial and exceptional fashion, by an obtrusive suspension of his own laws, for the benefit of a few favored children of preference, but under the operation of the universal order of nature, to the common advantage of all his creatures, in silent impartiality and harmony, as he causes the morning sun to rise and the evening dews to fall.

That conviction, when generally diffused, will work a revolution in all the great religions of the world. For these are based on the belief that certain sacred books, authenticated by miracles, come from the source of unerring truth, and are therefore, word by word, infallible.⁴

1 This sermon was preached on Act Sunday, July 1, 1860, during the annual meeting (held that year at Oxford) of the British Association for the Promotion of Science. I was in England a few weeks later, and heard it generally spoken of in high terms of commendation.

2 *The Reign of Law*. Strahan & Co., London, 1866: New York reprint, 1869, p. 3.

3 *On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity*. See *Recent Inquiries in Theology*, p. 158.

4 This is quite as true in regard to the Mahometan and all the Oriental branches of orthodoxy — including the religions of nearly two thirds of mankind — as it is of Christian orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic.

"The idea of revelation, and I mean more particularly book-revelation, is not a modern idea, nor is it an idea peculiar to Christianity. . . . We find the literature of India saturated with this idea from beginning to end. . . . According to the orthodox

This idea upset, it may seem as if men were cast adrift on the spiritual ocean, without rudder or compass. But this is a mistake.

It is true that under the new order of things the sacred books of the world become part of its literature, and thus are legitimate objects of criticism. Under that aspect it is right that they should be passed in review by reason, as all important works on the physical sciences are; it is right that conscience should sit in judgment on the sentiments they contain, and sift the dross from the fine gold. And even if this were not right, there is no help for it; on no other condition can the fine gold itself be preserved. But there will come ultimate good, not harm, to religion from such a process, if only reason and conscience are educated up to the task.

Doubtless there is danger, as in all great revolutions there ever is; but there is also a way out of that danger to ultimate safety. The danger is, that in discarding the miraculous, which deforms and misleads, there may be discarded also, along with it, the wisest teachings and the highest spiritual truths. This applies to all great religions; for, *if we recur to them in their primitive purity*,¹ we shall find much worth admiring and saving in them all.

But let us take a single example, and bring the case home to ourselves, who, I think, have the most at stake in this matter.

If natural law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed by the evangelists to Jesus and his disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles.

If they were not performed, then Jesus, assuming to perform them, lent himself, as Renan and others have al-

views of Indian theologians, not a single line of the Veda was the work of human authors." (Max Müller: Chips from a German Workshop, vol. i. pp. 17, 18. Amer. Ed.)

¹ That sagacious and deeply-read student of comparative religion, Max Müller, gives us, as one of the most important results of his studies in that branch, this opinion:—

"If there is one thing which a comparative study of religions places in the clearest light, it is the inevitable decay to which every religion is exposed. . . . No religion can continue to be what it was

leged, to deception. This theory disparages his person and discredits his teachings.

But if they *were* performed, under natural law enduring from generation to generation, then, inasmuch as the same laws under which these marvelous occurrences took place have ever existed, and still exist, we may look for phenomena of similar character throughout past history, and may expect their appearance at the present day.

If none such appear among us, then cultivated minds will settle down to the belief that they never appeared at all. For the time is past when historical proof is held, by thoughtful and unprejudiced people, to be sufficient evidence for the existence, in ancient times, of the miraculous; even of the marvelous, when it is wholly unprecedented. If the electric telegraph had been invented and employed for a brief period two thousand years ago, and if telegraphy had then become one of the lost arts, the old records stating that men, thousands of miles distant from each other, once carried on daily conversation would be generally regarded as a mere fabulous legend.

In point of fact such is the judgment passed to-day upon the gospel biographies, when miraculously interpreted, by millions of skeptics in our own country, and by millions more in England² and in other European nations; the number of such unbelievers being constantly and rapidly on the increase.

This happens because the majority of the civilized world does not yet believe that spiritual phenomena similar to those which are reported to have occurred in the first century, being naturally possible, actually occur now, in the nineteenth.

during the life-time of its founder and its first apostles. . . . Every religion, even the most perfect (nay, the most perfect on account of its very perfection, more even than others), suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed." (Chips from a German Workshop, Preface, pp. xxii, xxiii. Amer. Ed.)

² For proof of this, drawn from official sources, see *Debatable Land between this World and the Next*, pp. 216, 217; foot-note.

But the main result from my eighteen years of spiritual study is an assured conviction that spiritual gifts, similar to those which the evangelists ascribe to Christ, and which Paul enumerates as enjoyed by certain Christians after the crucifixion, appear, and may be witnessed in their effects, at this very day among us. Having myself thus witnessed them in a hundred cases, and having found sufficient evidence of testimony in hundreds more, I can no longer withhold assent to the substantial truth of that portion of the gospel biography which narrates what its authors call the "signs and wonders" of their time. Making due allowance for incidental errors, I firmly believe that Jesus acted, in the main, as there represented, and that he claimed no powers which he did not actually possess. I believe in what orthodoxy regards as the crowning miracle of all, the bodily appearance of Christ, after death and on divers occasions, to his disciples. I believe that they saw him as naturally as one man sees another in daily life; that they touched him, heard him speak, and spoke to him in reply. I believe this, because I myself have day after day, for weeks, seen and touched and conversed with a materialized spirit; and, on one or two occasions, with several others. When I read that, "the doors being shut," Jesus suddenly appeared among his affrighted followers, or that, after talking with the two disciples at Emmaus, he "vanished out of their sight," I see no more reason for disbelieving this than for rejecting a thousand other historical incidents of as ancient date; seeing that, in a lighted room and with the doors so securely closed that entrance or exit was impossible, I have seen a materialized form, that had spoken to me a few minutes before, disappear under my very eyes, then reappear and walk about as before; and this, at a distance from me of seven or eight feet only, and not once, but on five or six different occasions. In each case I had taken such vigilant precautions beforehand against possible deception, that I had no alternative except to admit that these marvel-

ous phenomena were realities, or else to assume that the senses of sight, hearing, and touch are witnesses utterly unworthy to be trusted. In each case, also, others were present, — sometimes twenty persons or more, — from whom, on comparing notes, I learned that they too had seen and heard just what I myself had.

I cannot doubt that this extraordinary narrative will reach many who, without imputing to me insincerity, will conclude that in some way or other I must have been deceived. Such skepticism is natural, and if I had witnessed no more than they, I might probably have shared it. I remind such doubters, however, that very acute observers, English scientists of note, — to wit, Mr. Crookes and Mr. Varley, both Fellows of the Royal Society, Mr. Alfred Wallace, who shares with Darwin the honor of having first put forth the principle of Natural Selection, and others almost as well known, — have, under the most stringent test conditions, verified this seemingly incredible phenomenon of materialization; have seen and touched, and familiarly talked with, living forms, not of this world; and have risked a scientific reputation that must be dear to them, by testifying to these marvelous facts, as I now do.

Of course they regard them as phenomena occurring under law. The all-sufficient proof is that, like chemical results in the laboratory, they appear under certain conditions; and that if these conditions are violated, the phenomena are not obtained. This I have seen verified on a hundred occasions: very strikingly, for example, in Philadelphia a few months since. The condition then violated was one, important under all circumstances, but absolutely essential in a spiritual circle — the maintenance of harmony. Tennyson — are not true poets seers? — saw and set forth the imperative character of this condition before modern Spiritualism was spoken of: —

"How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!"

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

"They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

"But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates
And hear the household jar within."

The violation of the all-important condition above referred to happened about the 20th of last June. I had previously, at some fifteen circles, witnessed in the most satisfactory manner the various phases of materialization: but on this evening, ere the sitting began, some jealous feeling about preference in seats caused an excited discussion, in which charges of favoritism were somewhat bitterly made and earnestly disclaimed; the audience, numbering more than twenty, taking part, and one person indignantly leaving the room. When quiet was restored, we sat patiently for an hour and a half and obtained absolutely nothing — except a wholesome lesson. This was the only occasion, out of forty *séances* which I attended during June and July, on which the materialized forms failed to appear.¹

The lesson thus taught us is one which has its wide-spread application in daily life. I think there would be far fewer jarrings and heart-burnings in the domestic circle, if men and women but realized that, in admitting these, they shut the door on all helpful aid or guardian care that might otherwise reach them from the next world. It is not that benevolent spirits are unwilling to enter, and influence for good, a household thus distracted by dissensions; it is that, under a natural law, they are excluded, and so are deprived of power to help.

There are physical as well as moral conditions necessary to success in spiritual studies. In a general way I have abstained from attending dark circles; yet I have had conclusive proof that, in

certain cases, darkness is essential if we would obtain the most striking results.

In October, 1860, I paid a visit, along with Mrs. Underhill (Leah Fox), her husband, and Kate Fox, to Quaker friends of theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, then living in a large mansion near Dobbs' Ferry on the Hudson, in former days owned by Peter Livingston, and for a long term of years reputed to be haunted. After getting some remarkable manifestations in a bedroom, we adjourned, at my suggestion, to a spacious apartment, formerly Livingston's dining-hall, locked the doors, and were bidden, by the raps, to put out the lights. Before doing so I procured from our Quaker hosts a candle and match-box, with their assent to use them at any moment. In less than two minutes after the lamps were extinguished, such a clatter began that it was heard and commented on by visitors in a room separated by two doors and a long passage from that in which we sat. There was a sound as if heavy metallic bodies, such as ponderous dumb-bells or weights, were rolled over the floor; then some weighty substances — iron rods or the like — seemed to be dragged by a rope back and forth, as much as twenty feet each way; and occasionally there were poundings as if with a large blacksmith's hammer, causing the floor to vibrate. At times the racket was so overpowering that we could scarcely hear one another speak.

Several times, when the clatter was at its height, I struck a light, and watched the effect. In every case the noise instantly diminished, and in eight or ten seconds everything was perfectly still. The light seemed to extinguish the sounds. An immediate search throughout the room was quite unavailing: not a thing but table and chairs to be seen! The sudden transition, without apparent cause, from such a babel of noises to a profound silence was a passing strange experience; such as few have had in this world.

¹ It will not be suspected that the will of the mediums had anything to do in bringing about this result, when I state that, as they returned the

money taken at the door, their loss, by the disappointment, was twenty dollars.

Besides the necessity of conforming to certain conditions, mental and physical, there are other proofs that the phenomena usually classed as spiritual occur under law. Here is an example.

In the year 1853, a young gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. X., then salesman in a retail store in Second Street, Philadelphia (not a Spiritualist), dreamed that the next day at twelve o'clock he would sell to a customer a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of *drap d'été* (summer cloth).

Going down to the store next morning he related his dream to a fellow-clerk. "Nonsense!" was the reply; "the thing is impossible. You know very well we don't sell so large a lot of *drap d'été* to a customer once in ten years; and besides, you're not at that counter."

To this Mr. X. assented. But a little before midday, the salesman who usually attended at the counter where the article was for sale being casually called off, Mr. X., summoned to take his place, did so, he told me, under a feeling of strong nervous excitement. Almost exactly at twelve a customer approached the counter and asked for *drap d'été*. Mr. X. felt himself turn pale, and had hardly presence of mind enough to hand down the package. It turned out that the article was required for clothing in a public institution: and the bill was a hundred and forty-eight or a hundred and fifty-two dollars, Mr. X. did not recollect which.

The above was related to me, in July, 1859, by Mr. X., then in business for himself in Philadelphia; and I know enough of his character to warrant me in saying that the particulars here given may be confidently relied on, together with the assurance he gave me that there were no antecedent circumstances leading him, in any way, to expect such a sale.

Was it all chance coincidence—the unforeseen absence of the salesman, the exact hour of the sale, the specific article demanded, and the very unusual quantity, so closely approaching the amount actually sold? That is not credible.

Equally incredible is it that the prediction was miraculous. Would the Deity suspend a law of the universe for a purpose so utterly trivial as that! This particular sale was of no consequence to any human being, except only in so far as it indicated a great law; except only as proof that, when Paul enumerated, among the gifts common in the early Christian church, the gift of prophecy, he was speaking of a phenomenon which actually exists and which is not miraculous.

Thus a main result of my spiritual studies has been that they have disclosed to me certain phenomena, which, if they prove genuine, will ultimately be accepted by men of science and other skeptics as occurrences under law, and will disabuse their minds of a mischievous prejudice; mischievous in that it causes them to reject the histories of religions in general, and the biographies of Jesus in particular, as utterly incredible narrations. If these phenomena stand the test of inquiry, scientific materialists will gradually discover that, as part of the cosmical plan, there are intermundane, as well as mundane, phenomena; and thus, in the end, their sphere of experiment and observation will be immensely enlarged.

These broad views of the subject did not come to me distinctly at first. More than a decade had been spent in this branch of study ere I clearly perceived that phenomenal evidence touching a life to come is the one special want of the present time; the want for lack of which civilization halts and scruples. It may be that two thousand years ago the reign of Law was one of those premature ideas of which Jesus said to his followers: "Ye cannot bear them now." But our age is ripe for its reception. We no longer need belief in the Infallible. We have outgrown it.

If, as one of old said, "To everything there is a season," there may have been a time, in the past, when such a belief was in place. Obedience is fitting in childhood. We cannot always give a young child the reasons for our bid-

ding; he must learn to obey, to a certain extent, without reasons: and the fiction of parental infallibility comes in, appropriately enough, to our aid. So it may have been in the childhood of the world. But when we become men we put away childish things.

Thus, to influence the superstitious ignorance of the first century, and to compel its attention to the teachings of a system the innate beauty and moral grandeur of which were insufficient then to recommend it, it may have needed works which that ignorance should imagine to be miraculous; but to act upon the spiritual apathy of our more scientific day, it needs phenomena, acknowledged to be genuine, yet of an intermundane character.

This need is not timely only, but urgent. It is far short of the truth to say that the material progress of the world in the last hundred years has exceeded that obtained in any ten previous centuries. But the advance in morality has not kept pace with that in all physical arts and sciences. Especially in this new country of ours, liable to the excesses and shortcomings of youth, improvement in human conduct and affections, as compared with improvement in mechanical agencies, lags lamentably behind. Public morality is at a lower ebb than it was twenty or thirty years ago; our legislative bodies are less pure, our public service generally more stained with venality. But public morality reacts on private morals. The vice diseases which originate in politics cannot, by any sanitary cordon, be confined to politics: they are sure to infect, first our business marts, then the home circle itself. Never has there been a time when a great reformatory agency was more pressingly needed among us than now.

But, aside from modern Spiritualism, what great reformatory influences have we, that are fitted to arrest this wide-spreading growth of selfish and mercenary vices? On the one hand Orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic, based on infallibility and backed by wealth and powerful organizations. On the other, Sec-

ularism, based on the assumption that we ought to restrict all our thoughts and cares to this world; seeing that we know, and can know, nothing of any other; and this assumption is backed by the daily increasing influence of science.

Is there any reasonable hope that either of the above agencies will so foster and advance the moral and the intellectual in man, as to bring these humanizing influences of our nature abreast with the material and the intellectual, that have so far outstripped them?

What has Orthodoxy, Catholic or Protestant, done — say in the last three hundred years — to justify the faith that she is the civilizing agent we need? Both of her branches have increased enormously in riches and in number of churches and ecclesiastical foundations. Thus strengthened, the two have been carrying on an intestine war of creeds; and in the main, probably, the advantage has, so far, rested with the Catholic.¹ But has either branch, with all its vast resources and far-reaching appliances, stemmed the current of selfishness and venality, public or private? If this current has set in for the last quarter of a century in spite of all that a wealthy and popular Orthodoxy has done, what warrant have we for reasonable belief that the evil current of the past will be arrested and turned back by the same Orthodoxy, in the future?

Or shall we look to Secularism, subverter of religious faith, for relief and reform? She has not, during the last twenty-five years, been in the ascendant, and therefore cannot be charged, as justly as Orthodoxy, with inability to arrest the modern decadence of morality among us. But shall we elevate and ennoble man by ignoring the spiritual element within him? Will human beings be less venal, less selfish, — less disposed to eat, drink, and be merry, regardless of higher aims, — if we tell

¹ As to this, see Address to the Protestant Clergy, prefixed to *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next*; §§ 1, 2, and 3.

them, and if they believe, that this is the only world we shall ever know; and that we may enjoy ourselves here free of all thought or care for others, without regard to consequences in any world to come?

It is further to be taken into account that, if the reign of Law prevail, the days of Orthodoxy (in the usual sense of the term) are numbered; her foundation fails. With the discarding of the Miraculous dies out also faith in infallibility, whether of man or book. But infallibility is the basis of all Orthodoxy's dogmatic beliefs; and, that undermined, the whole superstructure of dogmatism falls. What survives will survive in the shape of reason-acknowledged truth, not of imposed dogma.

The acceptance of universal law as ruling principle tends to sustain, not to imperil, Secularism. And if, under law, no trustworthy evidence of the spiritual be found, then, under the reign of law, Secularism will flourish: and the peril will be to religion itself; including, among others, the ethical system of Christ, intimately allied, as in the secularist's view it is, with exploded fables.

But I see no fair prospect in the future of any harmonious progress in true civilization without the aid of religion, and — more specifically stated — of the ethical and spiritual system put forth by Jesus; I speak here, however, of Christianity in its primitive aspect, divested of alien scholasticisms which its author never taught.

If this general statement — the result of special inquiries, earnestly prosecuted through two decades — be accepted as correctly indicating the present state of the religious world, then, though it does not prove the truth of modern Spiritualism, seeing that a belief may be timely and desirable, yet unsustained by evidence, it *does* enable us to reach a just conception of the position to which this new phase of faith will, if it stand the

test, be entitled, in its connection with civilization and soul-progress.

It will be conceded that if Spiritualism's phenomena prove real, these will establish, past possible denial or doubt, the fact that this is not the end-all of our being; and thus it will cut up Secularism, root and branch, by adducing what *must* win the credence of mankind at last, the evidence of our senses.¹ This is the evidence by which Jesus won the belief of his disciples. His appearance after death to a number of witnesses was, to the early Christians, the rock-foundation of their faith; failing which, they admitted that the entire structure must fall. "If the dead rise not," was their argument, "then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain."² Thus primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism rest, for evidence, on the same basis.

But the question will remain, how far the teachings of this modern faith tend to ethical and spiritual culture. The inquiry will suggest itself also whether these conform to, or diverge from, the moral and spiritual precepts of Christianity. The answer mainly depends on the manner of defining an important word.

It is to be conceded that long-continued and exclusive devotion to (alleged) messages from the next world has often given birth, in Spiritualism as in Theology, to a vague and heavy literature, in which common-sense has small part. Nevertheless, slurs against the current effusions of Spiritualism come with a bad grace from those, standing afar off, who have never lifted a finger to sift profitable from worthless, or done aught, in any way, to elevate or correct what they condemn.

Of the hundreds of volumes, English, French, and German, filled with such effusions, I deemed it a duty to look through what seemed the most promising; a task tedious and bootless in one sense, but very satisfactory in another; evidence of sense."³ (Sermons, 8th Ed., London. Sermon xxvi.)

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 16, 17. But see also Acts ii. 32, iv. 33, x. 40, 41, xiii. 30, 31, etc.

² Archbishop Tillotson, arguing against the *real presence*, says: "Infidelity were hardly possible to men, if all men had the same evidences for the Christian religion which they have against transubstantiation; that is, the clear and irresistible

tedious and of small result in so far as they contained thousands of non-essential details and ill-considered speculations, varying as widely from each other as do the sentiments expressed by mundane authors; but satisfactory and instructive in this, that, with exceptions too rare to invalidate the rule, they persistently agree in asserting, or assenting to, certain all-essential statements and great vital principles; and also — this is no less important — they agree in discarding, or ignoring, certain orthodox dogmas, including the common popular conceptions in regard to the life to come. And this concurrence of ideas happens no matter who, or where, the mediums or psychics or sensitives (call them what we will) may be; it happens alike whether these are persons cultivated or uncultivated, inhabitants of Europe or America, of India or Australia or New Zealand; it happens whether, in their normal condition, they are, or were, Catholics or Protestants or Jews, Presbyterians or Universalists, Methodists or Deists, believers or unbelievers in another world.

This happens, also, no matter what may have been the former creed of the (alleged) communicating spirits. No Catholic ever sends back word that he has seen purgatorial flames, or met the patron saint of his earthly idolatry. No Protestant has anything to report about angels round the throne, whose sole end and aim — whose one source of bliss — is to “glorify God and enjoy him forever.” No Calvinist who has reached the other world ever alludes to that hell where he once believed that all his fellow-creatures, save only an elect few, were to be eternally tormented. None of Milton’s angels, loyal or rebellious, are to be heard of; their only representatives being certain spirits of the departed, — now messengers of peace, — who return to earth to cheer mourning friends, to speak of a better world, to aid those who are weary and heavy-laden, and to exercise guardian care over the orphan and the desolate.

Spiritualism, in every country to which its influences extend, has worked a

thorough revolution in the popular opinions touching the conditions and pursuits of the next life. The dreams of the past flit away. There opens up to us a world (to use Swedenborg’s phrase) of uses; a world with occupations and duties and enjoyments as numerous and varied as we find them here; a world, however, — so uniformly runs the record, — better, higher, far nobler in aim and purpose, than ours; yet, in effect, a world wherein the life which now is is supplemented by that which is to come.

Is this an unworthy conception of heaven? Is it a conception less salutary, less elevating, than that which speaks to us of joining the angelic hosts and sharing their changeless avocation? Nay, truly, it is far *more* worthy both of God and man. What is Christ’s idea of the service to be rendered by the creature to the Creator? Adulation, long prayers? (What prayer so short as his?) According to him, God’s judgment touching service is: “Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.”

How numerous and distinct are the virtuous emotions that now move the heart of man! The promptings to acts of benevolence and deeds of mercy, the stirrings of magnanimity, the efforts of self-denial; fortitude, courage, energy, perseverance, resignation; the devotion of love and the yearnings of compassion, — what a varied list is here! And in that man who confesses the practical shortcomings of his life, who feels how far better has been his nature than its manifestations, who knows how often in this world noble impulse has been repressed, how many generous aspirings have here scarcely been called into action, — in the heart of such a man must not the hope be strong that the present life may have a sequel and a complement in another? He who has labored long and patiently to control and discipline a wayward nature, may he not properly desire, and rationally expect, that he will be allowed to prosecute the task, here so imperfectly commenced, there, where there is no flesh to be weak if the spirit be willing? Shall the phi-

lanthropist, whose life has been one long series of benefactions to his race, be blamed if he cannot surrender at death, without regret, the godlike impulse that bids him succor the afflicted and heal the broken heart? Even he whose days have been spent in exploring the secrets of nature, can he be expected, unmoved, to relinquish, with his earthly body, the study of that science to which his heart was wedded? And, far more, shall a loving and compassionate nature anticipate with complacency the period when the soul, all consecrated to worship or filled with its own supreme felicity, shall no longer select, among its fellow-creatures, its objects either of pity or of love?

But shall man be blamed if he look with coldness on a prospective state that shuts him out from almost all the qualities he has been wont to admire, and all the sympathies that have hitherto bound him to his kind? Is it strange that an upright and energetic being finds little attraction in a future where one virtue, one duty, is instantly to supersede, in his character and career, the thousand virtues, the thousand duties which, here below, his Creator has required at his hands?

It is true that the messages of Spiritualism, so far, have presented to us only outlines of our future home, without any distinct filling up of the picture. We see as through a glass, darkly. Perhaps it is best so. Perhaps some law of intermundane communion forbids more. Too vivid an introvision might render us impatient of earthly sufferings, even of earthly duties. And that might be dangerous; for earthly life and its tasks are an indispensable preparation for our next phase of being. Each world, like each age of man, has its own sphere with its appropriate avocations; to be worked out with reference the one to the other, but not to be interchanged.

Yet enough has been disclosed to cheer the darkest days of our pilgrimage here, by the assurance that not an as-

piration after good that fades, nor a dream of the beautiful that vanishes, but will find noble field and fair realization by and by, in a better land.

Meanwhile, what motive to exertion in self-culture more powerful than the assurance that not an effort to train our hearts or store our minds made here, but has its result and its reward in the hereafter? We are the architects of our destiny; inflicting our own punishments, selecting our own rewards. Our righteousness is a meed to be patiently earned, not miraculously bestowed nor mysteriously imputed. When Death comes, he neither deprives us of the virtues nor relieves us of the vices of which he finds us possessed. Our moral, social, and intellectual qualities pass with us to the next world; there constituting our identity and determining our state. So also the evil. That dark vestment of sin with which, in a vicious life, a man may have become endued, clings to him, close as the tunic of Nessus, through the death-change. He retains his evil identity; he decides his degraded rank. Is there, in the prospect of a hell begirt with flames, stronger influence to deter from vice than in the looming up of a fate like that? ¹

In proportion as the public mind is trained to be dispassionate and logical, will it reach the conviction that such a conception of the next world, if it once obtain firm hold on society, will work a revolution in morals and in soul-culture which it is hopeless to expect either of Orthodoxy or of Secularism.

As regards another all-important ethical question, I have never, in any spiritual communication of authentic stamp, found variance from the opinion that monogamy, in this world as in the next, is the only fitting and happy social condition; and that polygamy, whether openly carried out, as by the Turks and Mormons, or secretly practiced, as the great sin of great cities, brings individual infirmity, moral and spiritual, and

¹ The ideas here very briefly sketched, touching our state and avocations in the next phase of life, will be found set forth at large in Footfalls on the

Boundary of Another World (published by me in 1890); book vi. chap. 1, on the Change at Death.

ultimately national decadence, in its train.

I can afford space here for but a very few brief specimens of communications obtained by me on the above subjects.

March 8, 1857, I had this:—

Question (mental).—What are the chief occupations in heaven?

Answer (purporting to come from Violet).—Seconding God's great designs.

April 18, 1857, came these replies:—

Question (mental).—Are you allowed to answer inquiries regarding the world in which you are?

Answer (by Violet).—Every good person may satisfy himself regarding heaven.

Question.—Can you tell us anything about it?

Answer.—According as one behaves, own heaven or hell.

And on June 6, 1857:—

Question (mental).—Can you inform us as to what is usually called hell?

Answer (by Violet).—A state of mind produced by the groveling nature of man.

And, on another occasion, in reply to a similar question:—

“If enmity to living being had led God, he would have included his castaway in close fetters.”¹

On February 19, 1857, I had these remarkable answers:—

Question (mental).—Is there, in the spirit world, anything corresponding to marriage?

Answer (by Violet).—A corresponding feeling, but different.

Question (mental).—Wherein differ-ent?

¹ Some of these answers, quaint and terse, are a little obscure. This last evidently means: “We must suppose God to be actuated by enmity toward man, if we imagine that he condemns reprobates to a hopeless hell.”

And in a previous reply we have to supply the words, “one decides one's;” so that it shall read: “According as one behaves, one decides one's own heaven or hell.”

As explanation of this occasional obscurity I here add an answer which I obtained from Violet, April 24, 1857:—

Question (mental).—Do we usually get communications from you worded just as you intended to word them?

Answer.—I seldom succeed in saying clearly what I wish.

Answer (after a pause).—Greatly firmer, for being cemented by more cogent, deep, and pure emotion.

Question (mental).—Is it eternal?

Answer (again after a pause).—Can give holy love no limit.

Question (mental).—Are all spirits connected by such ties?

Answer (promptly).—Yes.²

Spiritualism disavows (or, more usually, ignores) all such dogmas as the following:—

1. That all men and women are originally depraved, therefore objects of God's anger, and that they can be justified before him only by the blood of one of the Persons of the Godhead, to wit, Jesus Christ; who was made to bear and doomed to suffer for the sins of the human race.

2. That God has elected a certain number of his creatures to enjoy eternal happiness in heaven, not on account of their merits or works, but because of righteousness imputed to them in virtue of their faith in the vicarious atonement and of their belief in their own election;³ and that he has condemned all the rest of mankind to everlasting torment in hell.

3. That God permits a personal devil to roam the earth, seeking whom he may deceive and bring to ruin, body and soul.

4. That God, more than eighteen centuries since, miraculously suspended his laws, in proof of the divinity of Christ, and in attestation of certain great moral and spiritual truths.

5. That eight human beings, living during the first century (to wit, the four

² I am certain that this was no reflection of my own ideas (and the questions being mental, the minds of the assistants could not influence). I remember well that, as the words “for being come—” and again “by more cog—” were coming slowly out, I thought it was spelling nonsense.

³ From the official declaration of the early Protestant faith I quote: “Men cannot be justified before God by their own strength, merits, or works; but are justified freely, for Christ's sake, through faith, when they believe that they are received into favor, and that sins are remitted on account of Christ, who, by his death, made satisfaction for our sins. This faith God imputes for righteousness.” (Augsburg Confession, part i. art. 4.)

Evangelists and St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, and St. Jude), were endowed by God with the gift of plenary inspiration so long as they were writing the biographies of Christ, the Epistles, and the book of Revelation. Therefore, that every verse and word therein contained is infallibly true.

6. That Death, coming into the world by sin, is to be taken as a punishment; being the expression of God's wrath to man.¹

If belief in these tenets is essential to constitute a Christian, then is Spiritualism opposed to Christianity; but I have elsewhere² given at length my reasons for the conviction that they were never taught by Christ; and that, withal, they are untrue in fact, and grievously demoralizing in tendency. I know of no doctrine more thoroughly vicious in practice than this, that character and conduct in the present world do not determine our state in the next.

Yet Spiritualism does not teach that we *earn* heaven by our merits or works. She teaches that, in the next world, we gravitate to the position for which, by life on earth, we have fitted ourselves; and that we occupy that position *because* we are fitted for it.

The notion that, despite vices and crimes, we win heaven by faith in certain dogmas belongs to a rude past age of public wrong and private outrage, in which men, deeply conscious of their sins, sought to avert the consequences of these while continuing to indulge in them. Three thousand years ago sins were treated, among the Hebrews, as if they were tangible and movable objects that could be detached from the sinner by a high priest, and sent away, as cumbrous rubbish might be, on a beast of burden.³ But we cannot *scape* sins by a shifting of them from ourselves to another living being, mundane or divine; any more than we can evade the fever that consumes us or the plague that threatens life, by transfer of either to friend or foe. God's immutable law

is against it. He has made it impossible to detach effect from cause. A sinful life may be amended. A man, sorrowing over the evil he has done, may learn to do well. Then only, with the cessation of the cause, can cease the effect of sin.

As Spiritualism regards it, there is but one door by which the sinner can enter heaven; and over it is written — REPENTANCE.

Surely it is time that the world should be rid of dogmatic illusions. Assumed as Christian doctrine, they so load down Christianity that her grandest truths come to be doubted, and her most benign influences lose their hold upon mankind.

Condensed into briefest terms, what are the characteristics of Christ's teachings?

Hunger and thirst after the right; not for the profit of it, but because it is the right. Truth, at all hazards; not from fear of the consequences that follow a breach of it, but from hatred of falsehood. Beneficence, especially to the fatherless and widows in their affliction. Helping the poor. Ministering to the stranger, the hungry, the naked, the sick, and those in bonds. That which we do unto them we do unto God.

The element of forgiveness, in a degree unknown among us yet, is another marked feature. An erring brother pardoned even to seventy times seven. One who "was a sinner" absolved because of her love and her repentance. A frail offender, excommunicated by society, set free, uncondemned, and bidden to sin no more.

There are warnings against the danger of riches, against overmuch thought for the morrow, against eager seeking of place or power. The treasures which moth and rust corrupt, the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in synagogues, are declared to be objects unworthy to engross the heart of man.

All are encouraged to have faith and hope; engaging in secret prayer indeed,

¹ "It were a light and easy thing for a Christian to suffer and overcome death, if he knew not that it were God's wrath." (Luther's Table Talk.)

² Debatable Land; Address to Protestant Clergy, §§ 10 and 11.

³ Leviticus xvi. 10-21.

yet with the assurance that the Father knows human needs, and will provide, before we ask him; but, above all and beyond all, as stamp and witness of Christian discipleship, as the very fulfillment of God's behests, we are incited to something greater than faith, greater than hope, uplifting as their influence is, even to the supreme law of all — LOVE.

If these principles, all indorsed and enforced by Spiritualism when its researches are prosecuted in an enlightened manner, are the very essence of Christ's system of ethics and theology; if they include, also, the best sentiments contained in all the great religions of the world; then is Spiritualism essentially, preëminently, a great religious element; then is Spiritualism a most efficient ally of Christianity.

As to the aspect of the Great Future according to Spiritualism, presenting it, not as a life engrossed either by ceaseless adoration or else by endless penal suffering, but as a life of activity and of progress, if that be not a Christian, neither is it an anti-Christian view of the matter. With the exception of a few words in accordance with Spiritualism's views, to wit, the passage about "many mansions," and the promise to the repentant thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," Jesus gives us no details: perhaps these are some of the many things which he thought the world of his day unfit to bear. A learned (and certainly not heterodox) authority on the subject tells us: "Respecting the condition of the dead, whether before or after the resurrection, we know very little indeed. . . . Dogmatism on this topic appears to be peculiarly misplaced."¹

But, in conclusion, it is in regard to one great subject, interdicted by the worldling, put aside by the money-getter, dreaded as the evil of evils by mankind, that the influence of Spiritualism is triumphant. No wrath of God kindled by Adam's sin; no King of Terrors, the Avenger; no valley of the

shadow of death to darken the close of man's sojourn here; but an Emancipating Angel kindly summoning erring and suffering creatures to a better world and a higher life — such are its teachings, enforced not by creed-articles but by natural phenomena; not by the dim subtleties of schoolmen, but by the clear, irresistible evidence of sense.

It is true that by a brave and upright man, if he be alone in this world, death may be viewed with passionless equanimity: a few hours or days or weeks of pain, perhaps — soon over — that is all. It is when he strikes at us through others, that Death thrusts home his dart. He is victor, not when he takes us hence, but when he wrests from us the life of our life, and leaves us here exanimate save only in the faculty of suffering.

In that most melodious and most passionate of wails for the dead, from which I have already quoted, well has its author earned the title to be spoken of as one

"Who came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world."²

How few men have ever written soul-searching lines like these: —

"I blame not Death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, other where.

"For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

"Oh, therefore from the sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
Oh, from the distance of the abyss
Of ten-fold complicated change,

"Descend and touch and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near."²

To such a yearning appeal as that Spiritualism alone has the consoling reply: "Take comfort, mourning heart! You are permitted to receive messages of love and consolation from the lost ones; you may even see their faces — ere you yourself depart for the beautiful land where they dwell."

Robert Dale Owen.

¹ Smith's Dictionary of the Bible; Art. "Hell."

² In Memoriam, §§ 81, 92.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

OF those who travel, by far the larger part are driven about the world by a hunger for the curious. The evil demon that pursues them hides the beauty of things near at hand with a veil of commonplace, and sets on the horizon beacons that seem to point to fresher fields beyond. It is worth while to journey, to learn how deceptive is that mirage which forms itself out of distance and nothingness; how good is the land about us, and the life that requires no translation to be understood. Our social edifice may be newer than some others, but it is made of old timber which grew in all the old forests between India and Indiana; most of its antique-fashioned furniture was ancient before the keel of the ark was made, or the mainmast of the Mayflower was in the seed; and the people who are its tenants — why, the youngest of them is older than the wall of China. Every line of their faces has been chiseled by Father Time himself, and shaped by the working of ages innumerable. Even the "cakilate" of our thinnest and most to-dayish of Yankees carries the record of a time to which the historic period is a momentary accident. If we look upon our country and its people in this way, we shall find that every nook and cranny will pay for ransacking, for it will give to those who search it in this spirit a mass of curious things, quite as rich as those we could bring to light out of the darkest corner of Europe, and far more comprehensible.

Martha's Vineyard, it may be well to say, is not a place where a Biblical character undertook vine culture, but a considerable island on the southern coast of Massachusetts, which came by its name in a curious fashion. With our unhappy American geographical names, it is the wit and taste, or want of these estimable qualities, in the Smiths and Browns among the first settlers which determines what sounds shall denote the rivers, hills, and islands for all time to come.

It has been the good fortune of all this shore to escape almost unscathed from the dangers of the vagarious nomenclature which has vulgarized, as far as names can, the face of so much of our land. From the time the steamboat leaves New Bedford, along our route of thirty miles or more, all the names have a reason for their being; the sonorous Indian names prevail. The two long tongues of the neighboring *fjords* bear the titles Scon-ticut and Mattapoiset. Buzzard's Bay, across which our route lies, has a certain warrant for its name: to the sailor some winged creature is often the only companion, and the harbinger of the land; naturally enough he makes the creature the tutelary deity of the place, and gives it possession in the name. The south shore of the bay, towards which our vessel points, seems in the distance like a continuous strip of land; but as we approach it nearer it breaks into a string of islands which lead in *diminuendo* of many steps from the continent for thirty miles to the seaward. The archipelago bears the name of Elizabeth, but the separate islands have Indian names: Naushon, Pasque, Nashawena, Penikese, Cuttyhunk, all picturesque names and well suited to the savage front the islands present to us. Culture has taken no hold on them. They lie the same rude moraines the ancient glacier left them. Their heaps of massive stones, only half concealed by the mantle of vegetation, look like the ruins of Cyclopean architecture. Between the northernmost of these islands and the mainland is a narrow and tortuous channel called Wood's Hole. In the rude naming of the sailors hereabouts, a "hole" signifies any deep-cut indentation or passage between two masses of land. Through this channel the tide runs in a torrent, making a little Hell Gate of the place. We sweep through it with the rapidity of a canoe shooting a rapid, and are on the broader surface of Vineyard

Sound. These almost Mediterranean waters give the pleasantest contact with the sea that the summer-worn landsman can find. Although sheltered from the ocean by a fringe of islands and reefs, so that the sickening sweep of the broad water is kept away, they have the fresh air and untainted purity of the limitless sea. The view is full of life; there is always a cloud of sails along the horizon, marking the course of the shipping from Europe to all our ports south of Boston, and in the nearer distance shoals of fishermen and yachts vie with the gulls in their effort to vary the sober beauty of the sunlit water. As we cross the sound, some five miles wide, which divides the Elizabeth Archipelago from Martha's Vineyard, the island lies full before us, its length partly hidden from us, however, by our nearness to it. Along the western shore are a range of hills rising to the height of about three hundred feet above the sea; they are round-topped and want nobility; but as a hill is always at its best along-side of the water, they give a great deal to the landscape. To the eastward the shore sinks down into a line of plain almost as level as the sea, and rising only half a hundred feet above it. All the plain is wrapped in a dense mantle of forest and grass, for, unlike most land that faces the sea, Martha's Vineyard retains its foliage, despite the ruthless fashion in which man has repeatedly swept the forests away.

A break in the land brings into view the deeply embayed haven of Holmes's Hole, one of the famous refuge harbors of our coast. We thread our way through a fleet of vessels which have found some excuse in the threat of storm for seeking shelter here. Huddled together so close that abuse and badinage can be plentifully exchanged by the crews, lie the motley throng: lumber ships from Maine, their decks piled high above the bulwarks with the yellow, fragrant spoils of the pine woods; colliers from Nova Scotia with voluble Frenchmen for crew, Frenchmen still in every word and feature though their ancestry is as long on our soil as the Yankee; coal

ships from Philadelphia, manned with the typical tobacco-stained, taciturn American sailor. Along with these, a herd of vessels engaged in interminable and seemingly objectless wandering up and down the seas in search of hard-earned gains. Here and there trim, dandified yachts bring their white paint and polished brass into glaring contrast with the grime of utilitarian trade.

The village of Holmes's Hole, or Vineyard Haven, as it has been renamed in deference to modern euphuism, is charmingly placed at the foot of the green slopes on the west side of the haven. It is one of those accidental villages of our shore with none of the premeditation belonging to the towns which have straight streets and well aligned houses. Each house-builder has set his home to please himself; there is in almost all of them an evident desire to face the sea; almost every house has some one window so placed that its owner can watch the varying scene of the harbor. This effort to face the sea has resulted in giving a look of size and density to the place, as we approach it, quite unsupported by the straggling town. He to whom the shore is familiar will see at a glance that he is in one of those natural asylums where old sea-captains come to end their days. The little houses are simple, with the frequent attempts at rather gingerbread decorations so common with sailors. They are always neat, for the successful sailor is a man of method, and brings a ship-shapeness into all his work, on sea or land. Often some great India shell or mass of coral, among the flowers in the door-yard, shows that the owner has been to the antipodes in search of the humble fortune which will carry him in peace to his end. Almost every face we meet on the broad shoulders of the seafaring people shows marks of character the sea alone can give. Most of them have something of the leonine look which comes from long habit of command; many are bronzed, with the deep, ingrained hue got only within the tropics, which never fades again in our darker skies, but seems as fixed as tattoo marks.

He who would know the manner of men who laid in the deep sea the firm foundations of our Anglo-Saxon or Gothic civilization must look where the old blood of the sea-kings has not been washed out, or diluted by the thinner fluid which pales in the house life of the land. He will find the old stock here, in these heavy fellows with quadrangular forms, and chests which remind one of the anthropoid ape. The ancestor of man was a big-breasted fellow; he would not have won the race with a poor breathing organ. These old sea-dogs are also long-trunked, long-armed, and short-legged, with a big place for the digestive machinery and a good record of its sound work in their vigorous limbs. They come in lineal descent from centuries of ancestors whose habits have been as much like their own as the sea and storms of to-day are like those of a thousand years ago. It is not uncommon to find men who began their career as seamen with their father for mate and grandfather for captain. The vessel, as in good Norse days, was a floating household. It is not wonderful, then, that the legs should cease to have the shape they require for walking and the arms become the stronger limbs. In a ship's rigging a man's work is most like that of the apes: his legs do the least of the work. We will leave it to the dextrous splitters of hairs in anatomical metaphysics to say whether natural selection or mere reversion has done the work of giving Jack Tar his peculiar ancient shape. However it may be with his body, our sailor has the better of the landsman in the brain. The old salt is the best specimen of the retired man of small means the world can show. A man gets a liberal education of a rude sort before he becomes a successful ship-master. The sea is a searching examiner, ruthlessly plucking all who do not deserve success. Not the least of its lessons is content with small things and a reasonable interest and satisfaction in the moment. After his forty years of wrestle with unruly conditions, in which he learned to be happy in the brief comforts and endur-

ing in the long miseries of the sea, he comes again to the securer life of the land well trained in the great art of living, able to make the most of each day.

Very many of the old salts have been whaling captains, and have been brought up in the best school of courage the world has ever known. The man who has been able to show the collected energy required to lance a whale has nothing to learn in the way of courage from the warfare of man with man. It would be hard to overestimate the effect of this training in developing the best qualities of the English and American sailor. There has probably never been a naval action fought in which the flag of either nation was flown, where a large part of the combatants had not learned their best lessons of coolness and subordination in this struggle with the living ships of the sea.

The trim little boxes of the sea-faring class will soon be overshadowed and blighted by the ambitious houses of the summer visitors, who have just begun to find out the attractions of this shore. So far the new-comers have displayed the admirable lack of discrimination so characteristic of those who haunt the shore in summer; there are two or three great resorts for summer visitors growing up on the low shore of the eastern end of the island, whose interminable sand — its barrenness scarcely veiled by a thin copse of scrubby oaks — is engaged in a give-and-take struggle with the sea. Oak Bluffs, where oaks and bluffs are both on the average less than ten feet high, has grown to be a pasteboard summer town capable of giving bad food and uneasy rest to twenty thousand people. We want the good reader to have the best opinion of Martha's Vineyard, so we will turn ourselves away from the huddled roofs of the new-made town which looks out of the bushes, the afore-said "oaks" of the name, and journey towards the central part of the island. As we rise from the village we pass through no intermediate zone of cultivated land, but come at once into the forest which covers the great level region of the western half of the island. This

woodland is the growth which has sprung up since the pine forests which originally covered nearly the whole island were swept away by the ax. Now a pine is a rare object; we may ride ten miles without seeing a specimen. But in the mysterious succession of the forest, there has come an amazing variety of oaks. The trees are all young; in most cases, from the saddle or carriage seat the eye ranges above their tops for miles over a billowy sea of the deepest green. The shape of the leaves varies in a confounding fashion, it being easy to make twenty species from their forms, and easier to believe that they are only exuberant variations of one. They are all of a deep, rich hue, with a wonderful gloss, surpassing in brilliancy anything we get on the main-land. The extent and unbroken character of the forest is amazing; in one direction we may journey through the woods for ten miles without a trace of habitation or culture. Through it runs a maze of old paths made before the rich foliage could bar the way. The oak seems to disdain to grow wherever a wheel has run, so the disused wood-roads remain unencumbered, though for years without a track upon them. There is an indescribable charm in the monotony of these woods; an acre would be tiresome, but the whole has the charm which comes from the limitless.

This ten miles of growing forest is, for us fortunately, a waste in the eyes of the good city who crowd its eastern border, and, as such, shunned. It has no stage effects to tickle their dulled perceptions; besides, they get lost in it. One wight told me a doleful tale of his having driven six hours at high speed to get through it, to find himself back at his starting-point at the end. Land-lubbers can get to sea even in the woods, so they keep to their plank and asphalt walks, and leave the woods to us. In our drive of half a day through deep, cool, overarched lanes or open, new-felled woods where the fresh growth of trees only brushed their tops against our wheels, we did not meet man or woman, and passed but one house, and

that was a deserted ruin. Finally we emerged from the enveloping woods into the central valley of the island, where lie the villages of North and West Tisbury. It is a beautiful valley, of broad grass and grain fields, with overgrown hedge-rows, and fences covered with vines. On the east is the interminable forest; on the west and north a range of hills rugged with the vast piles of huge, gray bowlders, and dotted with pastures and forests. At times the moraine heaps they bear look like the utter ruin of some ancient building that once had covered them. To the south the valley sinks in widening fields that merge in a vast open wold. The beautiful brook which gathers its pure waters in the hills to the westward, and becomes in a few miles a little river, expands into a great pond with irregular shores and a narrow channel, through which it escapes into the sea. Beyond the long reaches of land and inland water lies the sea, fenced from us by the great wall it has built against itself, and over which it dashes from time to time. The air here is of liquid purity, though lucent from the great store of moisture it receives.

The soft air, the broad, smooth fields, the rounded domes of foliage, and the universal green, together with the drowse in which all is steeped, carries us irresistibly to our "old home." It needs the glaring white of yon church tower, which comes as a tower should from the leafy tents of some noble trees, to tell us that it is in the kingdom of white-painted New England that this scene belongs. From all points this island is more like the Isle of Wight than things are often like each other in this world. In its place with reference to the main, its size, form, and surface, this island is a singular reproduction of the lovely garden isle of England. It only wants the rich culture which time will surely bring, to give it an equal beauty. The likeness of the two islands is singularly extended to the details. Every one who has been to the Isle of Wight knows the gay-colored cliffs of yellow, red, and white sands at Alum

Bay. In the corresponding place on Martha's Vineyard we have the similarly painted cliffs of Gay Head, so like to the English scene that from some points of view one picture might have served for either.

The village of West Tisbury is much like that of Holmes's Hole in all its important features, if a hamlet of thirty houses can be said to have important features. There are the old sea-captains, looking like the animated figure-heads of old-fashioned ships, some trim cottages of their building, and a few stores looking only half alive. A little mill sits astride the dancing brook with a business-like air, but the grass and bushes of many years' growth gathered around its doors suggest anything but work. The little houses are old-fashioned, and in a certain way picturesque, or at least quaint. They are generally shingled on the sides in the same fashion as on the roof, and thus escape the excess of horizontal lines which comes with the weather-boarding. The seasons sometimes lend a lovely coat of grayish and yellowish lichen to soften the color of the unpainted wood; the whole place blends very well with the masses of foliage which wrap it round. The people get a comfortable subsistence from the broad pastures, well stocked with cows and sheep, and the rich meadows beside the stream. The land is of an excellent quality, quick to answer any legitimate demands upon it, and not readily worn out. Some of the fields of maize and wheat are as good as one finds in the Connecticut Valley. I have never seen better ground for the gardener. Strawberries grow as in southern France; roses have a glory unattainable anywhere else in New England. Yet agriculture here, as everywhere else in Massachusetts, is in decay. One never sees a field newly won from the forest, while on every side are signs of the gain of the woods on the fields. There are many deserted houses, and every little while there is a little pile of crumbling brick, or an old well, to mark where once stood some house which has been pulled down for other uses. Along the south shore there

is a number of great ponds, with vast reaches of upland plain by their side; these were once cleared and cultivated, but now the fences are falling away, and a few sheep that browse on them are all there is to mark the presence of man. At first sight it is hard to explain this neglect of the industry of the land, but the observer can easily see that there are few children, and very few of the men of the active time of life. The youth born on this island have enough of the old Viking blood in them to make them natural wanderers. While they went out for fortune on the sea, they came back here to rear their children and leave their bones in their native soil. But the paths of the land do not all lead home again, so the old people are left to live and die alone. The old, old houses, once strong, now worn thin by the beat of the weather, the crazy out-buildings and fences, with two old, weather-worn people, form the sad homes on many of the little farms. Passing one of these as a storm was coming, we saw a painful scene. On a little grassy hill-side sloping up from the door, was a tiny harvest of hay, a few hundred pounds at most. Up the slope, dragging a little sled, toiled a bent old man. His once powerful limbs were huddled together by contracting tendons until he rose scarce half his height. On that sled he was to carry the hay to the house before the storm. Age without its rightful support of youth is the common result of the insane wandering spirit of our time.

On the main-land this goes on just as it does here, but the tide of immigration recruits the ranks so that there is no great lack of population, except in some country villages. But here, where Irish and Canadian-French have not found their way, the old folk die and leave empty houses. The few of sturdy age here look to the sea for their gain. There are occasional prizes to be won in fishing, and people who are constantly drawing chances in the great lottery, as these folk do with their seines, are sure not to make the steady workers required in the prosy toil of the farmer. So between the inefficiency of the old, and the

lack of interest in the few youth who remain, an admirable soil continues to be entirely neglected. There are here at least fifty thousand acres of soil of a good quick quality, able to take place with the sandy loams of Belgium or the garden region of New Jersey, which have never been turned by the plow. This land, when in the rare cases of sales it has had a value set upon it, has brought of late years less than the price of government lands in Utah or Arizona.

Besides this, the island is an oasis of salubrity in our New England bad climate. Its average warmth is at least two degrees above Boston and all the region north of the Cape; and all this gain is on the winter half of the year. The thermometer in the summer heat of the redoubtable hot term of July, 1872, when we had six days in succession above ninety, never came above eighty-four degrees in Tisbury. The winter average is probably at least ten degrees above the mean of Massachusetts Bay. There is good reason for this: Cape Cod with its sickle form, with the edge to the north, catches the icy Arctic current and bars its southward course. There is at this moment a difference of twenty degrees or more between the water which bathes Nahant and that which sweeps round this island. This difference is maintained for a good part of the year, and has a necessary effect on the climate. The Gulf Stream runs only something like a hundred miles away, and a strong south-east wind brings the warm air from its surface, and probably at times its warm waters, over to this shore. Blow from what quarter the wind may, it still comes over the water and is profoundly modified by its action. From the west-by-north to north it comes over Massachusetts and Buzzard's bays and Vineyard Sound, range enough to give it the necessary freshness; from all other directions it blows over the limitless sea. The east wind is not the atmospheric file which the people are compelled to gnaw on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. It does not come from that nat-

ural refrigerator, but from the warmer water to the south, — water which has been warmed on the shores of Florida. The summer climate, at least, is the freest from exasperation, the most calming I have ever felt, without producing lassitude. It brings a physical repose which it is impossible to get in our mountains or northern sea-shores. If the reader will glance at a map, he will perceive that there is no other point on our coast where these insular conditions are possible to the same extent as upon this great salient angle of the continent. The difficulty with our climate arises from the unbroken mass of land, which becomes the storehouse of heat during the summer and of cold during the winter season. Those who seek a change from its conditions should get as far from its influence as they may be able. To do this without perching one's self on some inhospitable rock, like the Isles of Shoals, or getting into the remote summer climate of Florida, is impossible except on either Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard. Of these, the latter is very much the better, as it gives a rich soil, beautiful drives, brooks, and woods, features denied to its bleaker sister to the east.

Water in all its phases is at its best on Martha's Vineyard. The Vineyard Sound on the north shore gives the perfection of quiet-water bathing. It is warm enough to tempt and hold the lover of sea-bathing; warm enough to require more courage to leave than to enter it. The faint swing it has, for it is not altogether still, is as soothing as a cradle's rocking. If this be too tame for the sturdy bather, he has only to cross the island to the south shore to find another face on the sea. The long shore, straight as if drawn by a rule for fifteen miles or more — stand in the middle and it runs to the horizon as straight as a prairie railway — is beaten by the surges which can roll directly down upon it from six thousand miles of water. Those who see the waves on the inland beaches, such as those at Newport, where the sea finds its way through a devious course, chafing over shoals and about

islands, have no idea of their force when they give their full impulse with one blow upon the land. This sand shore slopes pretty steeply, though evenly, into the deep. The great waves roll with solemn regularity on the shore; they are never still. In a calm they are stately waves; in the usual summer weather they sweep up and down the slope like the swinging of some mighty pendulum. When the storm drives them they dash like wild beasts up the rampart of the beach, and clutch over it at the land. Wherever we are on the island, their ceaseless tramp will at times each day, and through the whole night, master all the lesser sounds, and fill us with the sombre monotone. One never catches the spirit of the sea so well as upon an island. The main-land is too secure, a boat is too familiar, for the happiest contact with the great creator and destroyer, the Brahm and Vishnu of the world; but on an island, with the enemy at every gate, and striving to overwhelm, we feel truly its night. Nowhere is the calm so great as in this half-imprisonment by the sea. Occupations which seemed all the world, away from it, come to be of the smallest moment when forced into measurement with its boundlessness. Close contact with it brings energy, for that is here the price of existence; but restlessness, the irritating super-activity and bustle which are the destruction of the best part of our modern life, is no child of the sea.

The kindly air, the calm, the narrow round of life belonging to this happy island, have marked themselves upon the people as such things always do. A good town history, or any equivalent record, is wanting here, though there is no field would repay such work with better results. That key to a people's history, the surnames, tells us that the settlement was from the south of England, and principally by families which are not represented on the main. Curious and unfamiliar names, such as Look, Luce, Athern, Lumbart, Vincent, Jernigan, abound. The first settlers were on the way from England to Virginia,

tradition says, and made Edgartown harbor in distress in the autumn of the year. Many, sick of the sea,—as they may well have been in that day of slow, comfortless voyaging,—and attracted by the plenty of fish and fowl of this region of land-locked waters, resolved to go no farther. They burrowed in the sand bluffs and so made a miserable shelter against the winter. They probably were reasonably well fed, for enough survived to found the colony. Soon after there came a certain Athern, whom we may reasonably suspect to have been of gentle blood, with a patent for the island. He came from Bristol, and with him some of the families still living on the island. One of his seven sons seems to have been a remarkable character, though I have been able to get only the most shadowy outlines of his life here. A man of education and a clergyman of fervor, he seems to have won a strong hold upon the Indians of the island and gathered a large congregation about him. At length, after the custom of the time, he resolved to go to England to gather funds for a church, and new colonists for the island; his savage flock went with him from the western part of the island to near Edgartown, where they parted, the Indians building a pile of stones in memory of the separation. The good pastor was lost on the ship, which never was heard from after sailing. His father took up his work, and to the end of a long life preached the gospel as effectively as the son had done, keeping native and stranger bound in the fellowship of Christ. There is the framework of a simple epic in the outlines of this story. There was surely some strong humanizing element shaping the relation of white and native on this island; for not only was there always peace during the lapse of time when the colonists were gradually displacing the Indians, driving away their game, and diminishing the fish; but to this day there are remnants of the tribes living on the soil. The Indian blood has been almost washed away by mixture of the negro and white races; the former stock has shown its prepotency in a singular fash-

ion. Though most of the so-called Indians live upon their reservations, they are to be seen all over the island mingling in the simpler avocations of life with the other people. They would be taken generally for negroes; their color is that of our dark mulattoes, and the hair usually has something of a kink. They are a kindly, fairly industrious, simple-minded folk, with good habits, rather religious, giving nothing to the criminal list. The State has carefully warded them from most dangers, making their land inalienable, and helping them to do the best for themselves; but they are slowly fading away despite these kindly influences.

The physical condition of the white people on this island is much better than that of the people of the mainland. The men have excellent physiques, and are sturdy and calm. The women are overworked, with the drawn look belonging, it would seem, to the American woman after thirty, and only to be avoided by a care unknown in our country districts. The local health, as shown by statistics, despite the bad food, and much worse lodging than on the main, is surprisingly good. The houses are badly ventilated, the living-rooms too near the ground, yet the expectancy of life is about double what it is in Boston. It is always to be remembered, in measuring the physical conditions of this as of all parts of the New England people, that for near a century the principal export has been men, and that the amount of the better material sent out to make the great West has been large. What remains shows that the mother has not worn out in child-bearing.

From Tisbury westward we have a range of hills, monuments to the old glacial sheet which once bridged the gap between the island and the main shore. Over it were carried the enormous boulders of pudding-stone and syenite from the neighborhood of Boston and other parts of the continent to the northward. The journey over these hills would be tolerably monotonous except for the views of the sea; these vary

at every step: now, as we climb some great hill, the water widens to a vast expanse broad enough to uphold the heavens; then, when we descend to the shore line, it changes to the blue strip along the sky. The forests disappear and the land narrows as we go, until, when we reach the Indian reservation, which is the outermost point, we come upon a region which wastes each year so fast that it seems as if the waves to the north and south would soon join hands over their finished work. There is an indescribable loneliness in this rugged land, with its sullen, helpless struggle against the sea. It is indeed a fitting home for the remnant of an Indian tribe. They, too, have waged a losing fight against the fates, and have nothing but extinction before them. The substantial houses of this people gave some promise of comfort within; there is not much farming, however; the little money they get is mostly from fishing and raising a few cattle and sheep. There are some children: about the thirty houses or so we saw at least as many little ones; they are bright-looking and appear reasonably healthy and well fed. The adults seem in excellent physical condition, and some of them carry this to an old age.

The outer point of the island is provided with a light-house of a peculiar pattern, making it one of the most curious structures of that class in the country. Outside of the lamp, itself a mechanical contrivance of much ingenuity, there is a cage of glass prisms so arranged that all the light is gathered into a few horizontal beams, which, as the cage revolves, are thrown far out upon the sea; flashing in succession upon the whole path of water from the shore to the horizon. Beneath the light lie a series of great cliffs leading down to the sea; these are of sands and clays having an amazing variety of colors, giving to the whole a brilliancy unexampled except at Alum Bay. Black, red, yellow, green, and white, with many intermediate tints, are blended in bands which stand nearly vertical on the cliff. Some of the sands abound in sharks' teeth and the bones

of whales, and in other monuments of another time. Far out to sea we may perceive by the lines of breakers where lie the remnants of the cliffs which have been eaten back for miles. The sands and clays melt in the ravenous waves; the bowlders are harder to grind, and remain after the rest has gone. We turn willingly from this sad region of wasting land and people, back to the verdant central region, where the freshness of the sea and the land are so well united.

It is worth another ride over the eighteen miles of road along the south shore to see the pretty village of Edgartown, at the easternmost end of the island. In a commercial sense it is a place far advanced in decay: of all its whale-ships, which got from the sea the hard-earned fortunes of its people, there is but one left. This lies upon the ways, stripped of its rigging, looking like a mere effigy of a living craft. But the thrift and cleanliness of the sailor is marked in every paving-stone and shingle of the village. As soon as a mariner comes to fortune his first effort is to get a comfortable home, a big, square, roomy house, which shall always be

ship-shape and well painted. I never thought so well of white paint before I saw these handsome houses, actually resplendent with a hue which is so often merely garish in such uses. If there be a trace of an instinct of cleanliness, white paint is an excellent stimulant to its activity, for it makes dirt hateful by making it apparent. These comfortable homes, like those of New Bedford, mark a period of prosperity which has passed never to return. Little by little the population is drifting away; some houses stand empty, and the quick agents of decay which make havoc with our frail New England houses will soon be at work at them, and even Yankee thrift cannot keep it away.

In the new life which our growing fashion of summering by the sea is bringing to Martha's Vineyard, it is to be hoped that the pleasant traces of the old may be well preserved. But lest it be all swept away, we advise our tourists who would see the best of their own land to see it for themselves. Certainly no part of our long shore line has as much to attract and hold the reasonable traveler.

N. S. Shaler.

LAND AND SEA.

THE green land sings her song of praise
And drinks the wine of summer days;
From noon to noon, from dark to bright,
She blossoms over with delight;
Her daisies, that are dead to you,
To me are full of golden dew.

The blue sea lacks not anything,
That men can say or maiden sing;
But what it says itself, or sings,
Is but the thought the hearer brings, —
The maiden hears a wedding-glee,
The sailor what the wind will be.

Hiram Rich.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

MISS NORA PERRY, like Miss Lucy Larcom, has a name so gracefully like the musical pseudonyms which ladies affect in literature, that when, a great many years ago, one of the first numbers of this magazine made her known as the author of *After the Ball*, most people said, "Nora Perry? Yes, yes. But what's her *real* name?" Since that time she has tried much to make her real name remembered; and if she is still chiefly known as the author of that poem, it is not because her other pieces are not very well, or for the most part less than good. She cheerfully and wisely honors *After the Ball* as the public favorite, and calls her new book — which we believe is also her first book — after it; and indeed it is her most characteristic effort. It is not easy, we find on reading it over, to say in just what its charm lies; but it is perhaps in its skillful suggestion of a very sweet, natural situation. Two young girls sit down before the fire in their night-gowns, and comb out their hair and talk over the delights of the ball from which they have just come, till the fire dies out, and then they go prettily to bed, and dream of the dances and the favored partners. We are sorry to say that one of them dies before the year is out; this seems a very unnecessary bereavement of the reader, which Miss Perry would have spared him if she had had the artistic courage to stop when her poem was really done. But this courage belongs only to the highest artists, and it must be owned in her behalf that she does not make such a mere morgue of her book as ladies are apt to do. Very few of her young girls die; not many come off with broken hearts from their love-affairs; not above two, we think, are of doubtful character; all which is vastly comforting to such old-fashioned people as believe that no woman is so fascinating as a pure, happy, and reasonably *well* one. We do not mind that such a girl should like waltzing and

flirtation, or should be a little deadly with her gloves or her rings or her eyes, and mortal at short range with her fan; she may even sip pink champagne in moderation without serious blame from us, though we prefer perhaps another brand ourselves. It is of these innocent wickednesses that Miss Perry's heroines are guilty, and the best of them are not even so bad as that. For example, one of the best is not: —

JANE.

She came along the little lane,
Where all the bushes dripped with rain,
And robins sung and sung again,

As if with sudden, sheer delight,
For such a world so fresh and bright,
To swing and sing in day and night.

But, coming down the little lane,
She did not heed the robin's strain,
Nor feel the sunshine after rain.

A little face with two brown eyes,
A little form of slender size,
A little head not very wise;

A little heart to match the head,
A foolish little heart, that bled
At every foolish word was said.

So, coming down the little lane, —
I see her now, my little Jane, —
Her foolish heart with foolish pain

Was aching, aching in her breast,
And all her pretty golden crest
Was drooping as if sore oppress.

And something, too, of anger's trace
Was on the flushed and frowning face,
And in the footsteps' quickened pace.

So swift she stept, so low she leant,
Her pretty head on thought intent,
She scarcely saw the way she went,

Nor saw the long, slim shadow fall
Across the little, low stone-wall,
As some one rose up slim and tall, —

Rose up, and came to meet her there;
A youth, with something in his air
That, at a glance, revealed his share

WORTH LONGFELLOW. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Idolatry. A Romance. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Opening a Chestnut Barr. By the Rev. E. P. ROE. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1874.

Toinette. By HENRY CHURTON. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1874.

Anthony Brade. By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

¹ *After the Ball, and other Poems.* By NORA PERRY. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Songs of Two Worlds. (Second Series.) By A New Writer. Second Edition. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

The Prophet: A Tragedy. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Poems. By CELIA TUXTER. New and Enlarged Edition. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

The Hanging of the Crane. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

In all this foolish, girlish pain,
This grief and anger and disdain,
That rent the heart of little Jane.

With hastier steps than hers he came,
And in a moment called her name;
And in a moment, red as flame

She blushed, and blushed, and in her eyes
A sudden, soft, and shy surprise
Did suddenly and softly rise.

"What, you?" she cried; "I thought — they
said" —

Then stopped, and blushed a deeper red,
And lifted up her drooping head,

Shook back her lovely falling hair,
And arched her neck, and strove to wear
A nonchalant and scornful air.

A moment thus they held apart,
With lovers' love and lovers' art:
Then swift he caught her to his heart.

What pleasure then was born of pain,
What sunshinè after cloud and rain,
As they forgave and kissed again!

'T was April then; he talked of May,
And planned therein a wedding-day:
She blushed, but scarcely said him nay.

What pleasure now is mixed with pain,
As, looking down the little lane,
A graybeard grown, I see again,

Through twenty Aprils' rain and mist,
The little sweetheart that I kissed,
The little bride my folly missed!

Here, very delicately suggested character is added to the charmingly suggested situation, and the poem is really an advance upon *After the Ball*, in this. It is mighty pretty also, as Master Pepys would say, to observe with what playful tenderness Miss Perry touches in the likeness of her heroine, and as it were caresses her into a bewitching reality. We notice that women very commonly have this fashion with their literary inventions, and seem to fall in love with the pretty girls of their fancy, just as women in life have pets of their own sex and must be kissing them; whereas men do but seldom embrace the creatures of their brains. On the whole, we like this way of most authoresses; it is at any rate better than George Eliot's, who seems often to hate her handsome women as far as she can see them, and is apt to bring them to some bad end or other. Tying her Bonnet under her Chin is another of the poems in which Miss Perry notably has this way with her heroine; and there are but few in which she has it not. That little ballad is very famous, and is probably in as many scrap-books, and destined to as much undying immortality

of newspaper republication, as any other poem of the sort. It merits the favor it enjoys, for it is one of the most winning of those pictures, or situations, for which Miss Perry has shown such a singular gift, and in which her amiable volume abounds. Here is another of them, which our readers will be the better for seeing a second time in *The Atlantic*: —

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Out of the window she leaped, and laughed,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet, —
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,
And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there, —
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the streets,
At every window in passing by,
He looked a moment, and seemed to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

This we think sweet and musical and finished, without being more than finished — as, by the way, *The Romance of a Rose* has been since it appeared in these pages. The two new stanzas added to the poem rub in a not necessary inference with a very heavy hand. However, they do not spoil the ballad, which the reader may read, omitting them.

In fine, we cannot help openly wishing good fortune to this little book. Its mood is so good, and its art on the whole so blameless, that we do not care if it is not very lofty or profound. The pieces often seem to us written in the atmosphere of a young lady's first year in society, and we mean that they are the more pleasing for this reason. They are full of faith in the importance of glances and of gloves, of attitudes and of tones — and doubtless these things are important. They certainly are so to all the youth of the world, and were so once to all its middle-age; and who would not breathe again that lamp-lit or moon-lit air, and go about to a golden gittern's tune? Not that we know what a golden gittern is, but at twenty one does not stop to measure phrases; and as we

turn over Miss Perry's pages, we seem distinctly to have recovered that epoch.

— We sometimes fancy that the peremptory mood of criticism is not the best for valuing certain gentle, negative kinds of poetry, and that the true estimate of a book like *Songs of Two Worlds* would be made by the leisure that reads books without the latent intention of reviewing them. To us these *Songs* appear in great part rather slow and pale and thin, but we have come upon passages here and there that make us think an ampler patience would find them better. They seldom move outside of a pretty definite circle of quiet meditation upon various earthly conditions, with a gentle, somewhat mystical rise toward faith in better things after death; and when they do leave this circle, it is hardly to their advantage, or ours. Yet in one poem, *The Organ Boy*, there is a glimmer of humor, which makes us doubt whether the author might not have enlarged his range in the direction of a light, pensive satire. He is looking at a Roman organ-boy, as the final result of Roman supremacy in arts, wars, and politics, and he wonders what shall be the outcome of English supremacy after as long a time.

" Shall they sail to new continents,
English no more,
Or turn — strange reverse —
To the old classic shore ?
.

' Not English, but angels ' —
Shall this tale be told
Of Romans to be
As of Romans of old ?
Shall they too have monkeys
And music ? Will any
Try their luck with an engine
Or toy spinning-jenny ? "

We are bound to say, however, that in such more deliberate satires as we find in his book, the author's touch is anything but light or skillful. In most of his work are a tenderness and a sweetness that to be sure do not greatly move, but which nevertheless appeal to kindred feelings in the reader, and if his sentiment is never keen, it is always delicate. The last poem in the book is so much better than the rest that in quoting it we feel obliged to guard the reader against inferring too much.

A REMONSTRANCE.

If ever, for a passing day,
My careless rhymes shall gain to please,
I would that those who read may say,
" Left he no more than these ? "

For sure it is a piteous thing
That those blest souls to whom is given
The instinct and the power to sing,
The choicest gift of Heaven,

Not from high peak to peak alone
Our faithful footsteps care to guide,
But oft by plains of sand and stone,
Dull wastes, and nought beside :

Who the low, crawling verse prolong,
Careless alike of fame and time ;
The form, but not the soul of song —
A dreary hum of rhyme :

A straight road, by a stagnant stream,
Where the winged steel, which late would soar
From the white summits like a dream,
Creeps slowly evermore :

A babble of sound, like that flat noise
Which, when the harmonies grow dumb,
Between the symphony's awful joys,
Too oft is heard to come.

Grave error ; since not all of life
Is rhythmic : oft by level ways
We walk ; the sweet creative strife,
The inspired heroic days,

Are rare for all, — no food for song
Are common hours ; and those who hold
The gift, the inspiration strong,
More precious far than gold,

Only when heart is fired and brain,
And the soul spreads its soaring wing,
Only when nobler themes constrain,
Should ever dare to sing.

— In Mr. Taylor's tragedy of *The Prophet* (wherein he follows many lines of the familiar *Mormon history*), every one must perceive the clearness and fineness with which the character of David Starr, the prophet, is presented. He is the only son of a hard-headed farmer, who never believes in his son's vocation, and of a wife long barren, who, when David came, looked on him as peculiarly from the Lord, yet who, while she gave him all the pride and tenderness of her heart, never gave his gift implicit belief. It was for a younger woman, the girl who became his wife, to do this, and it is her loving faith, and the simple, inspiring credulity of his neighbors, that work upon David till he feels himself a prophet indeed. How do the religious impostures arise ? Mr. Taylor, without answering this question, has dealt with it wisely and suggestively. David to the very last never perhaps wholly believes in himself, but he accepts the self-delusion of his followers as proof of his prophetic mission, while they wait in patience for proof from him ; he is simple, devout, anxious, and earnest throughout. Even Nimrod Kraft, the designing high-priest, who act-

ively promotes the imposture, we do not feel to be wholly false. These characters are treated by the poet as we believe the historian must finally treat the founders of Mormonism, with large allowance for the tricks that fervent hope, religious enthusiasm, and sacerdotal ambition play upon human nature. When the prophet and his followers quit their native region for their city of refuge in the West, a beautiful and willful woman of the world joins them, having fallen in love with David; and through her desire and the cunning of the high-priest, a revelation sanctioning polygamy is juggled out of the prophet. This alarms some of the believers, who plot with the Gentiles of the backwoods against the hierarchy: one of the believing conspirators is murdered by order of Nimrod Kraft; the Gentiles attack the city, and David is killed, upon whom dying a self-knowledge falls too late for him to utter it. He can only recognize the supremacy of love in the face of his first wife, the faithful and devoted bride of his youth.

Here, the reader sees, is material for mighty effects; but it is a curious trait of this drama that there is so little drama in it. The situation is there again and again; the points are clearly made; but there is no passion, no exalted feeling to avail of them. So it seems to us. There is suggestion of the great tragedy that might be where a woman like Livia loves so much that she is willing to see her sex thrust back into patriarchal barbarism, if so she may share the heart of another's husband, and where Rhoda suffers a bereavement a thousand fold worse than widowhood, but the tragedy is somehow absent. By some mischance the poet's performance falls short of his thoroughly good intention; he amplifies and expatiates where he should have been brief and sharp, and he labors out his suggestion. On the whole, it affects us like work begun, dropped, and then returned to after a long interval, and finished in haste too great for condensation. The art declines after the first act, which we think good, solid work, well felt, if not fervently felt, and remarkable for the subtly managed conversion of David to full self-belief through the half-feigned faith of Nimrod Kraft in him. The characters of David's father and mother are here extremely well sketched. When Mr. Taylor makes the hard old man say such a thing as—

"I always counted less than likely seemed;
Tried to surprise myself, as it might be,
And so increase my luck,"

he shows an uncommon insight into the naturally superstitions working of the common mind; and that is a very fortunate stroke by which he makes David's mother, who has been blaming her son for flightiness at the outset of his career, turn and take his part at the first word of blame from his father. The camp-meeting exhorter's strain is fairly caught, but Peter's vernacular does not seem quite frankly dealt with, nor quite assimilated.

In fine, the drama strikes us as embodying the materials of a poem, a tragedy, and not as being a poem. But after his *Lars*, Mr. Taylor can afford for once to make a failure.

—A new and enlarged edition of Mrs. Thaxter's poems is something to be glad of, though we are not sure but it would have been better to print separately a new volume of verse than to add the fresh pieces to those already collected. The additions do not affect the general character of the volume. The strings of this shell are few, and the tones are not many: sometimes the instrument seems not different from the shell that one picks up on the shore, and putting to his ear hears in it forever the hollow murmur, the remote, faint sobbing of the sea. What gives such poetry its charm is its un-failing truthfulness within its narrow range. Never a false note is struck; neither ship nor ocean is painted, but an air fresh and pure and wholesome breathes from the very sea as you read. It is true that Mrs. Thaxter before her song is done is very likely to tell you the moral of it outright; but this is the fault of nearly all American poets, from the greatest to the least. Among the newly collected poems here, we like especially *In Kittery Churchyard*, which our readers have seen, and *May Morning*, which they have not seen. In the latter poem the very spirit of the weather seems to be caught, and expressed:—

MAY MORNING.

Warm, wild, rainy wind, blowing fitfully,
Stirring dreamy breakers on the slumberous May
 sea,
What shall fail to answer thee? What thing shall
 withstand
The spell of thine enchantment, flowing over sea
 and land?

All along the swamp-edge in the rain I go;
All about my head thou the loosened locks do blow;
Like the German goose-girl in the fairy tale,
I watch across the shining pool my flock of ducks
 that sail.

Redly gleam the rose-haws, dripping with the wet,
Fruit of sober autumn, glowing crimson yet;

Slender swords of iris leaves cut the water clear,
And light green creeps the tender grass, thick
spreading far and near.

Every last year's stalk is set with brown or golden
studs;
All the boughs of bayberry are thick with scented
buds;
Islanded in turfy velvet where the ferns uncurl,
Lo! the large white duck's egg glimmers like a
pearl!

Softly sing the billows, rushing, whispering low;
Freshly, oh! deliciously, the warm, wild wind doth
blow!
Plaintive bleat of new-washed lambs comes faint
from far away;
And clearly cry the little birds, alert and blithe and
gay.

O happy, happy morning! O dear, familiar place!
O warm, sweet tears of heaven, fast falling on my
face!
O well-remembered, rainy wind, blow all my care
away,
That I may be a child again, this blissful morn of
May.

This is almost pure song, and it shows the
poet at her best, in full sympathy with nature,
and with nerves keenly responsive to the
mood of wind, rain, sea, blossom, and
leaf.

— Few poems that Mr. Longfellow has
made seem to us of so perfect a strain as
the last he has given us. He calls it *The
Hanging of the Crane*, in allusion to the old
French custom of placing that now obsolete
contrivance in the kitchen chimney of a
young couple at their house-warming; but
it is really a pensive imagination of the life
that expands with the family table as the
children come one after another, to demand
its enlargement, and that contracts as they
grow up and pass one by one out of the
old home, till the father and mother sit at
last as they sat at first, and face each other
across the table alone. It is one of those
very simple and easy fancies that the reader
thinks to have been always in his own mind,
but of which he may be trusted to feel the
originality, presently. We do not know
why we have been reminded in reading it of
Xavier de Maistre's exquisite *Journey round
my Room*; but perhaps because the poem
is like that pretty essay of the Frenchman's
in its simplicity of motive, and in the wisdom
with which it is treated: in the spared color
and story, the clear melody, the delicious
style, the truly classic repose and reserve.
There is no further likeness, and the poem
moves sympathies infinitely beyond the
reach of the essay; the likeness is strictly
in the pleasure given by the common per-
fection of literary form. There is a per-
fume of humor pervading the poem so faint

and fine, so very faint and fine, that it is
like a waft of fragrance from a bank of
violets, which, having passingly caught,
you must go back and breathe again to
make sure of, and there is the light of a
vanishing or recurring smile on all its pa-
thos. How delicate is the playfulness of
this little picture, one of the best in the
whole poem:—

"Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, thrust upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.
Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoever he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof, for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute."

The poem is not long, and it is not at all
our purpose to reduce the reader's interest
in the whole, by offering it him piecemeal;
as is its playfulness, so is its sadness; a
light, a shadow, a solitary note presently
blent into one charm of sweet and tender
resignation.

What will add to the reader's pleasure in
the book are the illustrations of Miss Mary
A. Hallock and Mr. Thomas Moran; really,
those whom a sad experience has taught to
shudder at the thought of having any favor-
ite author illustrated may approach this
book without fear. It is in the conception
as well as the execution of her work that
Miss Hallock will delight the appreciative
reader. She has exactly expressed in her
pictures the general and impersonal sense
of the poem; any definiteness of character
in the people would be a mistake; they are
to be a handsome, happy young couple,
pretty children, lovely girls and comely
youths, and fine-looking elders—all beau-
tiful with the beauty that is of types rather
than persons; and they are to be richly
costumed and adequately circumstanced.

These ideas Miss Hallock has realized with a delicacy and perfection worthy of the poem, into which she has entered not only with intelligence but with divination. It is charming to see how she remembers and records the changing fashions, as the family grows up and the years pass; but perhaps we ought not to praise her for sparing us the kind of pain that the carelessness or stupidity of illustrators so commonly gives in such matters of fine instinct. Where there is a poignant touch in the poem, as

"I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote," etc.,

she can draw a face in which all the pathos is subtly reflected, and which is nevertheless not in the least overcharged with it. Every picture indeed is suffused with the light of a quick and refined sympathy; and this is reinforced by a skillful pencil which has, so far as we can observe, no unpleasant tricks or mannerisms. Miss Hallock's gentlemen are perhaps sometimes a little too lady-like; but her women are always fascinatingly feminine, and her children very children.

In their way the landscape bits of Mr. Moran are as good as Miss Hallock's pictures. They interpret and supplement the poem with the same poetical feeling, and make us glad of another touch as sweet and tender as Mr. Harry Fenn's without that danger of conventionality which seems to hover about Mr. Harry Fenn's work. We find Mr. Harley's little caprices and conceits in the vignettes very good indeed; and it would be doing the book scant justice not to speak of the excellence of the engravings, in which Mr. Anthony and Mr. Linton are, thanks to the admirable printing, seen at their best.

— It has been more than once remarked that, on the whole, the penalties attached to bearing an eminent name are equal to the privileges. To be the son of a man of genius is at the best to be born to a heritage of invidious comparisons, and the case is not bettered if one attempts to follow directly in the paternal footsteps. One's name gets one an easy hearing, but it by no means guarantees one a genial verdict; indeed, the kinder the general sentiment has been toward the parent, the more disposed it seems to deal out rigid justice to the son. The standard by which one is measured is uncomfortably obtrusive; one is expected *ex officio* to do well, and one finally wonders

whether there is not a certain felicity in having so indirect a tenure of the public ear that the report of one's experiments may, if need be, pass unnoticed. These familiar reflections are suggested by the novel lately published by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, a writer whose involuntary responsibilities are perhaps of an exceptionally trying kind. The author of *The Scarlet Letter* and *Twice-Told Tales* was a genius of an almost morbid delicacy, and the rough presumption would be that the old wine would hardly bear transfusion into new bottles; that, the original mold being broken, this fine spirit had better be left to evaporate. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is already known (in England, we believe, very favorably) as author of a tale called *Bressant*. In his own country his novel drew forth few compliments, but in truth it seemed to us to deserve neither such very explicit praise nor such unsparing reprobation. It was an odd book, and it is difficult to speak either well or ill of it without seeming to say more than one intends. Few books of the kind, perhaps, that have been so valueless in performance have been so suggestive by the way; few have contrived to impart an air of promise to such an extraordinary tissue of incongruities. The sum of Bressant's crimes was, perhaps, that it was ludicrously young, but there were several good things in it in spite of this grave error. There was force and spirit, and the suggestion of a perhaps obtrusively individual temper, and various signs of a robust faculty of expression, and, in especial, an idea. The idea—an attempted apprehension, namely, of the conflict between the love in which the spirit, and the love in which sense is uppermost—was an interesting one, and gave the tale, with all its crudities, a rather striking appearance of gravity. Its gravity was not agreeable, however, and the general impression of the book, apart from its faults of taste and execution, was decidedly sinister. Judged simply as an attempt, nevertheless, it did no dishonor to hereditary tradition; it was a glance toward those dusky psychological realms from which the author of *The Scarlet Letter* evoked his fantastic shadows.

After a due interval, Mr. Hawthorne has made another experiment, and here it is, rather than as applied to Bressant, that our remarks on the perils of transmitted talent are in place. Idolatry, oddly enough, reminds the perspicacious reader of the late

Mr. Hawthorne's manner more forcibly than its predecessor, and the author seems less to be working off his likeness to his father than working into it. Mr. Julian Hawthorne is very far from having his father's perfection of style, but even in style the analogy is observable. "Suppose two sinners of our daylight world," he writes, "to meet for the first time, mutually unknown, on a night like this. Invisible, only audible, how might they plunge profound into most naked intimacy, read aloud to each other the secrets of their deepest hearts! Would the confession lighten their souls, or make them twice as heavy as before? Then, the next morning, they might meet and pass, unrecognizing and unrecognized. But would the knot binding them to each other be any the less real, because neither knew to whom he was tied? Some day, in the midst of friends, in the brightest glare of the sunshine, the tone of a voice would strike them pale and cold." And elsewhere: "He had been accustomed to look at himself as at a third person, in whose faults or successes he was alike interested; but although his present mental attitude might have moved him to smile, he, in fact, felt no such impulse. The hue of his deed had permeated all possible forms of himself, thus barring him from any stand-point whence to see its humorous aspect. The sun would not shine on it!" Both the two ideas, here, and the expression, will seem to the reader like old friends; they are of the family of those arabesques and grotesques of thought, as we may call them, with which the fancy that produced the *Twice-Told Tales* loved so well to play. Further in the story the author shows us his hero walking forth from the passionate commission of a great crime (he has just thrown a man overboard from the Boston and New York steamer), and beginning to tingle with the consciousness of guilt. He is addressed caressingly by a young girl who is leaning into the street from a window, and it immediately occurs to him that (never having had the same fortune before) her invitation has some mysterious relation to his own lapse from virtue. This is, generically, just such an incident as plays up into every page of the late Mr. Hawthorne's romances, although it must be added that in the case of particular identity the touch of the author of *The House of the Seven Gables* would have had a fineness which is wanting here. We have no desire to push the analogy too far, and many readers will

perhaps feel that to allude to it at all is to give Mr. Julian Hawthorne the benefit of one's good-will on too easy terms. He resembles his father in having a great deal of imagination and in exerting it in ingenious and capricious forms: but, in fact, the mold, as might have been feared, is so loose and rough that it often seems to offer us but a broad burlesque of Mr. Hawthorne's exquisite fantasies. To relate in a few words the substance of *Idolatry* would require a good deal of ingenuity; it would require a good deal on our own part, in especial, to glaze over our imperfect comprehension of the mysteries of the plot. It is a purely fantastic tale, and deals with a hero, Balder Helwyse by name, whose walking costume, in the streets of Boston, consists of a black velvet jacket and tights, high boots, a telescope, and a satchel; and of a heroine, by name Gudemah, the fashion of whose garments is yet more singular, and who has spent her twenty years in the precincts of an Egyptian temple on the Hudson River. This is a singular couple, but there are stranger things still in the volume, and we mean no irony whatsoever when we say they must be read at first-hand to be appreciated. Mr. Hawthorne has proposed to himself to write a prodigiously strange story, and he has thoroughly succeeded. He is probably perfectly aware that it is a very easy story to give a comical account of, and serenely prepared to be assured on all sides that such people, such places, and such doings are preposterously impossible. This, in fact, is no criticism of his book, which, save at a certain number of points, where he deals rather too profusely in local color, pursues its mysterious aim on a line quite distinct from reality. It is indiscreet, artistically, in a work in which enchanted rings and Egyptian temples and avenging thunderbolts play so prominent a part, to bring us face to face with the Tremont House, the Beacon Hill Bank in School Street, the Empire State steamboat, and the "sumptuous residence in Brooklyn" — fatal combination! — of Mrs. Glyptic's second husband. We do not in the least object, for amusement's sake, to Dr. Glyptic's miniature Egypt on the North River; but we should prefer to approach it through the air, as it were, and not by a conveyance which literally figures in a time-table. Mr. Hawthorne's story is purely imaginative, and this fact, which by some readers may be made its reproach, is, to our sense, its chief recommendation. An author, if he

feels it in him, has a perfect right to write a fairy-tale. Of course he is bound to make it entertaining, and if he can also make it mean something more than it seems to mean on the surface, he doubly justifies himself. It must be confessed that when one is confronted with a fairy-tale as bulky as the volume before us, one puts forward in self-defense a few vague reflections. Such a production may seem on occasion a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the exaggerated modern fashion of romancing. One wonders whether pure fiction is not running away with the human mind, and operating as a kind of leakage in the evolution of thought. If one decides, as we, for our part, have decided, that though there is certainly a terrible number too many novels written, yet the novel itself is an excellent thing, and a possible vehicle of an infinite amount of wisdom, one will find no fault with a romance for being frankly romantic, and only demand of it, as one does of any other book, that it be good of its kind. In fact, as matters stand just now, the presumption seems to us to be rather in favor of something finely audacious in the line of fiction. Let a novelist of the proper temperament shoot high by all means, we should say, and see what he brings down. Mr. Hawthorne shoots very high indeed, and bags some strangely feathered game; but, to be perfectly frank, we have been more impressed with his length of range than with his good luck. Idolatry, we take it, is an allegory, and the fantastic fable but the gayly figured vestment of a poised and rounded moral. We are haunted as we read by an uncomfortable sense of allegorical intention; episodes and details are so many exact correspondences to the complexities of a moral theme, and the author, as he goes, is constantly drawing an incidental lesson in a light, fantastic way, and tracing capricious symbolisms and analogies. If the value of these, it must be said, is a measure of the value of the central idea, those who, like ourselves, have failed to read between the lines have not suffered an irreparable loss. We have not, really, the smallest idea of what Idolatry is about. Who is the idol and who is the idolizer? What is the enchanted ring and what the fiddle of Manetho? What is the latent propriety of Mr. MacGentle's singular attributes, and what is shadowed forth in the blindness of Gnulemah? What does Salome stand for, and what does the hoopoe symbolize? We give it up, after due reflection; but we give it

up with a certain kindness for the author, disappointing as he is. He is disappointing because his second novel is on the whole more juvenile than his first, and he makes us wonder whether he has condemned himself to perpetual immaturity. But he has a talent which it would be a great pity to see come to nothing. On the side of the imagination he is distinctly the son of his illustrious father. He has a vast amount of fancy; though we must add that it is more considerable in quantity than in quality, and finer, as we may say, than any use he makes of it. He has a commendable tendency to large imaginative conceptions, of which there are several noticeable specimens in the present volume. The whole figure of Balder Helwyse, in spite of its crudities of execution, is a handsome piece of fantasy, and there is something finely audacious in his interview with Manetho in the perfect darkness, in its catastrophe, and in the general circumstances of his meeting with Gnulemah. Gnulemah's antecedents and mental attitude are a matter which it required much ingenuity to conceive and much courage to attempt to render. Mr. Hawthorne writes, moreover, with a conscience of his own, and his tale has evidently been, from his own point of view, elaborately and carefully worked out. Above all, he writes, even when he writes ill, with remarkable vigor and energy; he has what is vulgarly called "go," and his book is pervaded by a grateful suggestion of high animal spirits. He is that excellent thing, a story-teller with a temperament. A temperament, however, if it is a good basis, is not much more, and Mr. Hawthorne has a hundred faults of taste to unlearn. Our advice to him would be not to mistrust his active imagination, but religiously to respect it, and, using the term properly, to cultivate it. He has vigor and resolution; let him now supply himself with culture — a great deal of it.

—There is not the least harm in the novel called *Opening a Chestnut Burr*, and probably there are those who will find much good in it. The writer kindly tells us, in his preface, that this is his fourth volume; and one can readily believe that the other three were animated by just as sincere and palpable a moral purpose as the present. It is a serious tale without plot. The most romantic incident in the volume has a note appended in which the conscientious author assures us that the circumstances are not wholly imaginary;

and when he makes use of the novel quotation,

"A creature not too bright and good," etc.,

he is careful to cite Wordsworth as his authority. But the character of the selfish, morbid, cynical hero, and his gradual transformation under the influence of the sweet and high-spirited heroine, are portrayed with a masculine firmness which is near akin to power, and some of the conversations are animated and admirable. The hero seems in the beginning not very well-bred, and trespasses upon the hospitality of the man who bought his father's estate, with remarkable coolness. But his manners improve as the story advances, while the heroine, although actively pious and somewhat didactic, is *not* namby-pamby. The most original and amusing character in the book is Thomas Luggar, the "well-meanin' man." Mr. Roe's style is unequal, at times rough and obscure, but usually nervous, and never verbose. It is defaced by a few innocent vulgarisms like "stay home," and by a great confusion of the auxiliary verbs, inasmuch that when Walter, being about to drop from the limb of a tall tree upon Annie, who *will* extend her arms to save him, exclaims, "If I fall, I will kill you," his state of mind is really considerate and not vindictive. The author has also an entirely original use of connectives, particularly of the words *though* and *although*, which confuses the logic strangely. For example: "*Though* tall, he was thin;" and "Even the nonchalant Mr. Godfrey could not ignore her in his customary polite manner, *though* a quiet refinement and peculiar unobtrusiveness seemed her characteristics." And what does he mean by saying that a "Concord grape is the type, *in nature*, of a juicy steak"? And what is a "votress of nature"?

— A novel of a very different, and certainly a higher order is *Toinette*. There is plot enough here, and, one might say, to spare; but that is a matter of taste. The story is far more than commonly interesting, and the *dénouement* remains doubtful up to within a very few pages of the end. These final pages, are, from a literary point of view, the least praiseworthy in the volume. They are somewhat gratuitously sensational. There is a sort of hesitation about them, and a repetition of calamities, very unlike the simplicity and rapidity of action which characterize the greater part of the story; and we must enter our protest

against the cruel old custom of putting out the hero's eyes. It is sanctioned by high and abundant authority, but it is barbarous all the same.

It is, however, as a picture of the last years of negro-slavery, and of the inevitable attitude of the *irreconcilable* Southerner after his overthrow, that *Toinette* is chiefly significant and valuable. We have not met before so sincere and successful an endeavor to portray the "peculiar institution" from the artist's point of view, and in no spirit of partisanship; and we are impressed anew by the exhaustless material which it affords for unhackneyed tragedy. *Toinette* also furnishes a fresh illustration of that curious law whereby incidental effects surpass those which are intended. Plainly, as we have said, the author's chief aim was not a moral one; but no novel with an antislavery purpose, or burning tract for the times, ever showed slavery under more revolting aspects than are revealed by the side-lights of this unbiased narrative. The two most important characters in the book, Manuel Hunter and his son Geoffrey, have been very carefully studied, perhaps from life itself. They are as unlike as possible to the typical Southerner of old romance, with his aristocratic features, cambric ruffles, and "arrogant old plantation strain," but they are very real men. Both the coarser father and the more polished son show that strange blending of generosity and brutality, self-devotion and greed, with which the experiences and annals of the war have made us tolerably familiar. The women of the story, including the heroine whose name it bears, are all of the lower orders, and somewhat less clearly individualized than the men. They are less interesting as characters than through their sad and intricate fate.

— As a book *about* boys, whether or no as a book *for* them, Anthony Brade ranks very near the inimitable Tom Brown, and closely resembles that memorable book in its hearty sympathy with boyish fun and folly, in the high standard of honor which it sets up, and most of all in the chivalrous and manly type of piety which it inculcates. In school-forms and in religious tenets also, the American school of St. Bartholomew's resembles Rugby. Is this inevitable? And must we concede to the church of England a degree of tact in shaping a high style of boyish character and bearing, which even the noblest and most intellectual forms of dissent have never at-

tained? The chapter entitled *A Young Reprobate*, and the story of the life and death of Peters, the solitary "Rosicrucian," whose physical timidity and awkwardness were in the end surmounted by so sublime a moral courage, are powerful and affecting. But if the boy readers of the book fail to appreciate these finer passages, they cannot help reveling in the tales of adventure and the absolutely life-like and boy-like conversations. Mr. Lowell makes quick work with the rather vexed question whether the boys and girls in books ought to be made to talk dictionary English, for the sins in that line of their youthful readers. He knows that they never do talk so, and that young people of wit will at once, under such circumstances, recognize good English as bad art, whether they call it by that name or no, and condemn accordingly the book which contains it. We make room for an extract illustrating the singular simplicity and beauty of Mr. Lowell's narrative style. It is a description of the boys' dormitory.

"Generally the faces are lying most restfully, with hand under cheek, and in many cases looking strangely younger than when awake, and often very infantile, as if some trick of older expression which they had been taught to wear by day had been dropped the moment the young, ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently and evenly fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside it, are the day's clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry; bulging with balls, or, in the lesser fellows', marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where woodchucks have been trapped, or, perhaps, torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels' holes have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes or the oozy banks of streams where muskrats have been tracked. Under the bed's foot, after a hard share in all the play and toil of the day, lie the shoes,—one on its side,—with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; a cross is at the head, some illuminated text at the side; and there in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the earth whirls them away or how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the to-morrow."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:—

DEAR SIR,—I find in a criticism of my *Universe*, in your pages, some matters which need correction; and I ask of your justice and courtesy brief space for the purpose.

Your critic describes my *Saturn* as a success which led me "to attempt to earn a large sum by writing similar works." *Saturn* had cost me up to May, 1865 (when it was published), a year and a half of work and £310 in money; up to May, 1874, I had received back £235, or thereabouts. There have been yearly expenses since 1865, and interest on arrears would mount up to another considerable item. But you see that, apart from these matters, *Saturn* has brought me a loss of £75 at the end of nine years, or ten and a half years since I began it. I submit that this can hardly be considered a very tempting success.

The *Moon*, which your critic is good enough to like, was not quite so unfortunate; but Rutherford's photographs made the work very costly to me, and it has not yet (or had not when I last heard from Longmans) even cleared its expenses.

(As your critic pleasingly compares me to a highway robber, and may therefore reasonably consider me a liar also, I would refer him as respects what I have said about *Saturn* to Messrs. Longmans. The expenses, etc., of *The Moon* cannot be so easily verified, as the work was not placed in Messrs. Longmans' hands until all bills had been paid. But *Saturn* is the more marked case.)

My chart of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars has thus far brought back about one fifth the cost of publishing; and I expect it to repay me for the four hundred hours of labor it cost me by about the time when critics—but no, two wrongs will not make one right.

It has been a matter of duty with me for more than eight years to devote a certain proportion of my time to writing popular works; and so far is it from being the case that the public buy my popular works because I have written more solid treatises, that on the contrary it was only when people found I was the author of light essays which had interested them, that they began to buy my more solid books.

It is not true that "the Astronomer Royal made it a fundamental principle not to consider stations" on the Antarctic Continent. On the contrary, he repeatedly advocated the use of such stations, and in

December, 1868, he brought half the admiralty chiefs to a meeting of the Astronomical Society to support his schemes for occupying Antarctic stations. That this thoroughly misled me, I readily admit.

Your critic may be right in condemning *Other Worlds than Ours*, but scarcely in extending his condemnation to *Other Suns than Ours*, and adding that "its contents confirm the evil prognostic of its title;" for though I announced three years ago my intention of writing such a work, I have not yet had leisure to complete it. Cannot your critic wait even till a work is written, before denouncing it?

In reply to the question how often I have quoted Richter's dream, I may reply that I have twice done so (in books), and this only because I could not conveniently do so thrice or oftener.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WORTHING, August 31, 1874.

In some respects Mr. Proctor has not done the review to which he takes exception full justice: for example, we did not state that his book on Saturn was a "success" on our own responsibility, but referred to "the too candid biographer" as authority. In several of the sketches of Mr. Proctor's life which appeared during his brief stay with us, the statement was made that the success of his early books induced him to earn a large sum of money to pay certain debts, etc., by writing similar works. All of Mr. Proctor's friends will regret to learn that the too candid biographer was mistaken; and we regret this still more as he himself tells us that the success of his bad books created a sale for his "more solid" ones, thus demonstrating the existence of a vicious public taste.

With regard to the Astronomer Royal's views as to the selection of stations for observing the Transit of Venus, we quote from a report of an address made by him to the Royal Astronomical Society on this subject (see *Monthly Notices R. A. S.*, Feb. 1874, p. 176): "The general principle in the selection of these stations has been that no party of astronomers should be sent to a station where there were no human beings, and where a boat could not land once in a month."

We will not refer to Mr. Proctor's idea of our views of his veracity further than to suggest that it lends no weight to his objections.

His chart of three hundred and twenty-four thousand stars we have never included among his popular works.

The mentioning of *Other Suns than Ours* as a published book and as a bad book was an undoubted slip, for which Mr. Proctor has our apology. But in extenuation, we submit that since 1868 Mr. Proctor has published at least *twenty* different volumes, and that a striking peculiarity of many of these is that their titles are like the parts of a Waltham watch, "warranted mutually interchangeable;" and however unsatisfactory this may be to Mr. Proctor, we confess that we take great comfort in the contemplation of the fact.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *A Floating City and the Blockade Runners. From the French of Jules Verne. Illustrated.* — *Mannual of Mythology: Greek and Roman, Norse and old German, Hindoo and Egyptian Mythology.* By Alex. S. Murray. Second Edition, rewritten and considerably enlarged. With forty-five Plates. — *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.* By James Anthony Froude. Vols. II., III. — *The Mistress of the Manse.* By J. G. Holland.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: *Life and Labors of Mr. Brassey. 1805-1870.* By Sir Arthur Helps. With a Preface to the American Edition by the Author. — *Quiet Hours. A Collection of Poems.* — *My Sister Jeannie. A Novel.* By George Saud. Translated by S. R. Crocker. — *The French Humorists from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century.* By Walter Besant, M. A.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *The Building of a Brain.* By Edward H. Clarke, M. D. — *Songs of Many Seasons. 1862-1874.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. — *Hazel Blossoms.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. — *Fast Friends.* By J. T. Trowbridge. With Illustrations. — *The Schoolmaster's Trunk, containing Papers on Home-Life in Twenit.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated.

Harper and Brothers, New York: *A System of Logic, Ratiocination, and Induction.* By John Stuart Mill. — *A History of Germany from the Earliest Times.* Founded on Dr. David Müller's History of the German People. By Charlton T. Lewis. — *Prairie and Forest: A Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit.* By Parker

Gilmore, "Ubique."—Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistles of Paul. By Albert Barnes.—Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear Admiral U. S. Navy. By Prof. James Mason Hoppin.—Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore.—Sylvia's Choice. By Georgiana M. Craik.—Squire Arden. By Mrs. Oliphant.—My Mother and I. By the Author of John Halifax.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: First Book in German for Young Pupils. By Dr. Emil Otto.—Democracy and Monarchy in France. By Prof. Chas. Kendall Adams.—A Winter in Russia. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By M. M. Ripley.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The Science of Law. By Sheldon Ames, M. A.—Science Primer. Physiology. By M. Foster, M. A. Illustrated.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: The Frozen Deep. By Wilkie Collins.—The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. By Amanda M. Douglas.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: Yale Lectures on Preaching. By Henry Ward Beecher. Third Series.—American Wild-Fowl Shooting. By Joseph W. Long.—Field, Cover, and Trap Shooting. By Adam H. Bogardus, Champion Wing-Shot of America. Edited by Chas. J. Foster.

Little, Brown, & Co., Boston: History of the United States. By George Bancroft. Vol. X.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Manual of Universal Church History. By Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated with Additions from the last German Edition. By Dr. F. J. Pabisch, and Rev. Thos. S. Byrne, of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary. In Three Vols. Vol. I.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Architecture for General Students. By Caroline W. Horton. With Descriptive Illustrations.

Robert Carter and Brothers, New York: The Scottish Philosophy, Biographical, Expository, Critical, from Hutcheson to Hamilton. By Dr. James McCosh.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: Bec's Bedtime. Being Stories from The Christian Union. By Mrs. Joshua L. Hallowell.

G. W. Carleton & Co., New York: The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. By Eugene Crowell, M. D. Vol. I.

Dodd and Mead, New York: What might have been Expected. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated.—Captain William Kidd, and other Pirates. By John S. C. Abbott.

Rural Home Publishing Company, Rochester, New York: His Prison Bars; and the Way of Escape. By A. A. Hopkins.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Thuriid, and other Poems. By G. E. O.—The Lily and the Cross. A Tale of Acadia. By James DeMille.

Noyes, Holmes, & Co., Boston: Sermons and Songs of the Christian Life. By Edmund H. Sears.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Among recent German publications the first number of a review which aims at being the leading literary organ of the new empire certainly claims our attention. The number of periodicals, each of which confines itself pretty closely to its own line of investigation, is as great in Germany as one would expect from the thoroughness of the investigators who contribute to them, and the vast variety of the subjects to which their attention is given. There are two or three papers or magazines reporting the latest discoveries, and discussing the latest books in every branch of study. Literary criticism has by no means gone begging, but there has been no organ which could stand as the vehicle of communication between the best writers and those readers who demanded the latest results of study, without an ardent curiosity about the methods of investigation. This vacant place it is intended that the *Deutsche Rundschau* shall fill. It is modeled after the admirable *Revue des Deux Mondes*, being intended to contain short stories, literary and scientific essays, notices of new books, theatrical and musical news from both Berlin and Vienna, and a retrospect of the political news of the month.

The first number contains a good list of articles from well-known writers. Auerbach and Theodor Storm contribute short stories. Anastasius Grün has a poem; Heinrich von Sybel an historical article on the First Partition of Poland; Professor Cohn, of Breslau, an article called Botanical Problems; Friedrich Kreyssig reviews

Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von JULIUS RODENBERG. Erster Jahrgang. Heft I. October, 1874. Berlin. Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

a few books, and the other parts of the Rundschau are well filled.

Auerbach's story, *Auf Wache* (On Guard), has the place of honor as the first article. It opens as if it were the beginning of a long novel, and it is with considerable disappointment that the reader finds the threatening complications of the poverty, the almost certain imprisonment, and the probable death of the hero upon the gallows wiped away by a few strokes of the pen. It is like a play in which the green curtain falls as soon as the actors have come forward and told who they are and what their past lives have been. It may be considered by some readers to be a sign of the new "departure" in German literature that the whole story is taken up with people of the highest social position. Counts, officers, and their congenial companions fill the places of the familiar peasants, and then, too, the opening scene is laid in a ball-room. Do we detect here the corrupting influences of an empire? The story is worth reading. Theodor Storm's story is also entertaining, although in some ways unattractive. It treats of the familiar story of the old man falling in love with the young woman who runs off with a youth of her own age. The poorest part of the story is that about the love-making, and the best, the description of the lonely spot in which the scene is laid. This, it will be seen, is a very respectable amount of light literature for a solid review. Spielhagen and Paul Heyse are announced for the next numbers.

Anastasius Grün's poem is an extract from a longer work. Its title is *Zum Concil, 1414*, and it has, doubtless, considerable historical value. Von Sybel's article on the Partition of Poland begins with showing how the common version of the story of the wrongs inflicted on that unhappy country received a color from the fact that it has always been told by Poles or their sympathizing friends. Then, too, what Frederick the Great in his memoirs said about it, that the division was made for the purpose of preventing a general European war, has never been doubted, and great efforts have been made by the Russians to throw the whole blame on the Prussian king. At the present time, Von Sybel says, there is less prejudice in favor of Poland, and, what is more important, we have more definite historical information by means of which to form an accurate opinion. Starting in this way, he proceeds to give an exact account of the way it happened. He is not an

advocate undertaking to free his country from any taint of blame; he acknowledges that the conduct of the German rulers was of a sort that would be exceedingly repugnant at the present day; but, he asks, what other course was possible? He shows that the division was not the result of a deliberately laid plan, but, as Frederick says, a hasty determination to prevent the outbreak of a European war. "For the general policy of Europe that act signified the preservation of Turkey, a check both to the advance of Russia on the Danube and to the undivided authority of that country in Poland, and the beginning of an understanding between German powers. For the provinces annexed to Russia and Prussia, it brought the restoration of national feeling and religious freedom; for the others it secured a settled government, even if it was despotic and incomplete, in the place of the anarchy which was destroying the whole of society, for, long before the proposals of 1770, the Poles had already undermined their own government. . . . The only point in which they had agreed was in the persecution of Greeks and Protestants. For a hundred and fifty years, under the guidance of the Jesuits, they had given themselves up to the wildest religious fanaticism, to the neglect of what they owed their country and their government. Of the nations of Europe which have lost their might through the influence of the Roman hierarchy, the Poles have the first place."

In other words, an odious deed was done, and these excuses are found for it. Still, the article deserves to be read; it is itself so concise an abridgment of facts that it is capable of no further compression.

For what concerns the recent war, we have some interesting extracts from the diary of an officer who, apparently, was upon General von Moltke's staff. The article is called *Der Zug nach Sedan* (The March to Sedan). The writer had good opportunity to see much that was interesting, and he describes well what he saw. He gives the particulars of the surrender of Napoleon III., but there is nothing new in his report. One sentence, however, may be quoted: "General von Moltke gave me a place in his wagon; we drove back in silence to Douchery, where new work awaited me." This was immediately after the surrender, whence we may judge that the popular statement is true that that great general is averse to prattle.

Some letters of Kaulbach's to a friend of

his make up another article. The famous painter was as inactive with his pen as he was active with his brush, and eight letters alone formed his part of a correspondence of eleven years. They have but little interest except as they show their writer to have been a man full of his work, of a calm nature, industrious, and very well satisfied with all that he did. In one or two of the letters he refers to his Era of the Reformation, now on exhibition in this city.

In the musical part is to be found a criticism of the performances of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* at Weimar, in the month of June of this year. This writer's verdict concerning Wagner's poetry will command cordial assent. He says—and, as it will be seen, he is no idle scoffer, but rather an ardent admirer of the new light—that the words of the opera cannot be read by any one without laughter, in which respect it resembles some better known rivals. As for the element of Schopenhauer's philosophy which the more earnest disciples detect in the music, the critic laughs at it. When he gets to the music, however, his tone changes. He is willing to allow that a musician cannot necessarily be judged accurately by his poetry, and he is lavish in praise of the music. He throws off all critical reserve, and, after speaking of the *Divine Comedy*, *Lear*, the tomb of the *Medicis*, and some of the last quartettes of *Beethoven*, he goes on to say that “they resemble immortal problems, in contemplating which a delicious awe fills the soul, and the shades of the abnormal and the monstrous dim the pure reflection of contempla-

tion, so that all our admiration is mingled with astonishment, our enjoyment is disturbed by terror and by that stormy awe which has its root in our consciousness of a mighty force of nature, which rules us without our fully comprehending it. Wagner's *Tristan* is a work of this sort. In regarding the score it is impossible to keep possession of one's five senses. . . . The *Tristan* must be pronounced a great, or, certainly, a grand work, because, apart from its musical significance, it is the most complete embodiment of Wagner's theory, namely, the placing drama and music in immediate contact. . . . The *Tristan* is Wagner *tout crû*.” After this outburst he gives the reader a carefully detailed account of the opera, and of the performance, having for both nothing but enthusiastic praise.

The political retrospect contains nothing especially noteworthy.

The review promises well; there are certainly enough writers in Germany who are capable of making it a very valuable publication, and it will doubtless be the means of educating a great many more. It is to be hoped that in time the softer grace of civilization, which consists in stitching together the sheets of an unbound book, may be cultivated in Germany. The usual excuse for omitting it has been that the book being speedily bound, no harm was done, but it is impossible to bind separately the different numbers of the review.

The first number is that for October of this year, and it is to appear once a month. Readers of German will find it a useful and agreeable companion.

THE DRAMA.

To offer a few reflections on current theatrical matters in a department devoted to the fine arts may seem to indicate a rather startling measure of audacity, and we confess that if under this title we proposed to take a general view of the field, we should be open to the charge of making, as the French idiom says, an arrow of any wood. The drama at large in America, just now, is certainly neither artistic nor fine; but this is a reason for caring with some tenderness for what it may be in particular cases. And indeed we are by no

means sure that its usual vulgarity is not in itself a signal occasion for criticism. If tawdry plays, and acting to match, were things that began and ended with themselves, we could certainly very well afford to let them alone; for one of the least comfortable signs of the times, to our sense, is the extension, the resonance, as it were, given by voluminous criticism to poor performances. But a thousand theatres full of people contemplating every night in the year spectacles artistically, at least, more or less pernicious, suggest a number of accessory

ideas. The pertinence of these reflections depends very much of course upon one's measure of the strict importance to people in general of the artistic quality of their diversions. When a play is barbarous both in form and in rendering, and ignoble in sentiment, there is little doubt but that it can do no one any good. Often, however, one is struck with the high — the oppressively high — moral tone of dramas replete with æsthetic depravity; and we are thinking just now of pieces in which sentiment is maintained at a reasonable level, but machinery, using the term broadly, comes out with especial strength. Does it really much matter, one sometimes wonders, whether such machinery is made to produce vulgar effects or charming ones? Is there any very tangible relation between the working consciousness and the play-going consciousness of people in general? American audiences are not demonstrative, and it has often seemed to us that, for good or for evil, impressions at the theatre are not penetrating. People go thither to be amused, and tacitly assume that amusement is one thing and workaday life another, and that the world exhibited in plays is a purely fictive and artificial world, with a logic quite distinct from that of the dusky world of umbrellas and street-cars, into which they hustle back when the play is over. If plays are artificial, so, in a minor degree, are pictures and novels; part of the machinery of that pleasure which is indeed in some degree tributary, as rest and relief, to the business of life, but not harmoniously interfused with it and animated by the same energies. We are inclined to think, in spite of the evidence, that this view of the case is exaggerated, and that it does seriously matter whether even uncultivated minds are entertained in good taste or in bad. Our point would be simply that it matters rather less than many of the people interested in the moral mission of art are inclined to admit. We are by no means sure that art is very intimately connected with a moral mission; and a picture that one dislikes, or a novel that one cannot read, or a play that one cannot sit out, is therefore to our sense a less melancholy phenomenon than to that of more rigid philosophers. We see no reason to believe that the mass of mankind will ever be more "artistic" than is strikingly convenient, and suspect that acute pleasure and pain, on this line, will remain the privilege of an initiated minority. A great many poor plays and pictures and

novels will continue to be produced, in order that a few good ones may be floated to the front; and the few good ones, after all, will have but a limited influence. A brilliant work of art will always seem artificial — a fact, it seems to us, not on the whole to be deplored.

It is because our plays are trivial and our acting crude, and because, even if of necessity they awaken no echoes in the daylight world, they usurp for the evening the place of better things, and because, lastly, any marked exception to a vulgar fashion is agreeable, that the discriminating play-goer should make a note of the excellent performance of the *School for Scandal* given during the past month at the Boston Museum. The *School for Scandal* leads off the rather dreary list of the so-called old English comedies, but it stands a head and shoulders higher than its companions. Like most of the better pieces in the English repertory, it is more than a trifle threadbare, and has seen, in its day, no small amount of service. One should speak of it with respect, for, with all its faults, it has played a very useful part. It has often kept a worse play from being acted, and, odd as the fact may appear, it has been almost solely charged, for upwards of a century, with representing intellectual brilliancy on the English stage. There is Shakespeare, of course, but Shakespeare stands apart, and it never occurs to the critic to call him brilliant. We commend him in less familiar phrase. There are the old English comedies just mentioned, which, from Mrs. Inchbald down to London Assurance, are universally acknowledged to be very knowing affairs, and to contain a vast amount of talent, and of that superior sparkle and movement which is independent of the gas-man and the machinery. But for real intellectual effort, the literary atmosphere and the tone of society, there has long been nothing like the *School for Scandal*. It has been played in every English-speaking quarter of the globe, and has helped English wit and taste to make a figure where they would otherwise, perhaps, have failed to excite observation. It has therefore, by this time, a certain venerable air; it is an historical relic, an ethnological monument. One might have fancied that it had earned its rest and passed into the province of the archaeologists, but we find it summoned once more to the front and bearing the brunt of the battle. It was revived a year ago in London under circumstances which gave it

a new lease of life. These circumstances, it must be confessed, were for the most part chairs and tables, melancholy tokens that, for a skeptical age, even the School for Scandal cannot maintain itself on its intellectual merits alone. The spectacle in London was brilliant and the furniture very clever, being made up for the most part of genuine antiques of the Teazle period, in which the strongest opera-glass was challenged to detect a flaw. But if the chairs and tables in London were very natural, the actors were rather stiff, and the thing, on the whole, is better done at the Boston Museum. It is perhaps because here the acting is commendably natural, that the comedy, in spite of the traditional glamour that surrounds it, seemed to us so strangely lifeless and ghostly. For so lively an affair, the performance was almost funereal. The play must have been in its day prodigiously clever, and we are not at all surprised that with its first representation it should have taken its ticket for an apparently endless journey through the ages. We are far from saying too that its cleverness has altogether evaporated. When, on Lady Teazle's saying that her friends at Lady Sneerwell's are "people of fortune and remarkably tenacious of reputation," Sir Peter replies that, egad! they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance, for they don't choose anybody shall have a character but themselves, one smiles as frankly as ever at the honest retort. When Mrs. Candour pretends to defend her near relation by marriage, Miss Sallow, by saying that great allowances should be made for her, and that a woman labors under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl of six and thirty, we are still struck not perhaps with the delicacy, but at least with the alertness, of the humor. But on the whole, to compare the School for Scandal with the part it has played seemed to us the other evening to tell a rather dismal tale of the poverty of the English stage. Here was the great comedy, the comedy *par excellence*, and yet, in sentiment, what a singularly meagre affair it seemed! Its ideas, in so far as it has any, are coarse and prosaic, and its moral atmosphere uncomfortably thin. The main idea is that gossips and backbiters are brought to confusion, that hypocrisy is a nasty vice, and that a fine young fellow who lives freely and sociably and has a kindly word for great and small is likely to turn out better, in the long run, than his elder brother, who is an economist

and a "man of sentiment." The types are coarsely depicted, and the morality is all vulgar morality. The play is of course positively none the worse for this latter fact; it is only less imaginative. It has hardly a ray of fancy, of the graceful or the ideal, and even its merit — its smartness and smoothness and rapidity — has something hard and metallic. Sir Peter Teazle rather forfeits our commiseration by his cross-grained temper, and his wife our charity by her cynicism. An ever very flighty young wife, who tells her husband that she wishes he was dead, goes rather too far to recover lost ground within the five acts. Sir Oliver Surface is the regular old *oncle de comédie*, Joseph is a mere walking gentleman who stands for hypocrisy and is labeled in very large letters, and Charles, who is better, is rather a low fellow, even if he would not sell his uncle's portrait. He is made at the Museum, indeed, a much lower fellow than he need be. The gentleman who should deliver himself in the leering, hic-coughing manner adopted by Mr. Barron, as he makes his exit after having overturned Lady Teazle's screen, would have no allowable claim to the hand of the exemplary — the too exemplary — Maria. Mr. Barron's acting at this point is the one distinctly bad thing in the play, and it is the more regrettable as the scene can ill afford to be made coarse. Sheridan's sense of the delicate, we think, was not a very fine one, but it told him that the situation should not be treated as broadly comical. The speech he has put into Charles Surface's mouth is therefore one that may be uttered with a sort of ceremonious irony, much more effective than the uproarious laughter and the incoherent shouts with which Mr. Barron goes reeling away. The distinctively amusing scenes in the School for Scandal are those in which Lady Sneerwell's guests assemble to pull their acquaintance to pieces. They are brilliantly clever, but they perhaps best illustrate our charge of coarseness and harshness. Crabtree and Mrs. Candour are absolutely brutal, and the whole circle settles down to its work with the ferocity of vultures and wolves. To measure the difference between small art and great, one should compare the talk of Sheridan's scandal-mongers with that scene in Molière's *Misanthrope* in which the circle at Célimène's house hit off the portraits of their absent friends. In the one case one feels almost ashamed to be listening; in the other it is good society still,

even though it be good society in a heartless mood.

And yet there are numerous good reasons why the School for Scandal should have had a great popularity. The very fact that its wit is such as all the world can understand, at the same time that it has point enough to make the spectator, who seizes it as it flies, think himself a rather clever fellow; the fact, too, that it hits the average sense of fair play, and does not attempt too fine a discrimination of character; its robustness and smoothness of structure, and its extreme felicity and finish of style, — these things sufficiently account for its continued vitality. On its recent revival in London the play was remodeled in accordance with modern notions of symmetry, and to this version the Museum has apparently conformed. It is a very good one, and the only liberty it takes with the text is to transpose certain scenes and run others together. We have a great deal of tolerance for all audacities based on a desire to resolve an act into a single picture. Visible change of scene is rapidly becoming a barbarism, and we strongly suspect that this circumstance will end by giving a death-blow to Shakespeare as an *acting* dramatist. The Museum has blown its trumpet rather too loudly over its upholstery and costumes, on this occasion. Things at the Museum are not exactly shabby, but a manager, nowadays, has no right to boast of his scenery who fails to close in his rooms with a ceiling and spare us the horrible little fringed curtains, like the valances of old-fashioned bedsteads, which hang down from the roof. This is rudimentary. It is to be observed also that the ladies walk through the play without a change of toilet; but on the other hand, Mr. Le Moyne wears a most beautiful embroidered coat, and Miss Clarke, indeed, looks so handsome from the first, that one feels sure she could not change her dress for the better. The play, as a whole, is acted with extreme finish and skill; the first act, in especial, is really artistic. The two scenes at Lady Sneerwell's have been compressed into one, and the manner in which they are rendered at the Museum touches the maximum of so-called genteel comedy on the American

stage. Every one here is good, and Miss Clarke, and Mr. Le Moyne as Crabtree, prove themselves artists. Mrs. Vincent's Mrs. Candour is extremely amusing; the actress has a capital sense of humor. The fine lady is rather missed; but morality gains, perhaps, by so pernicious a personage not having even that claim to our esteem. Miss Clarke has rarely done better than in Lady Teazle; we prefer her comic manner to her sentimental. The two disputatious scenes with Sir Peter are charming, and the serious side of the character is very discreetly lighted. Lady Teazle has a serious side, and she seems to us the only figure in the play who is anything of a creation. Both in her folly and in her penitence she has a certain natural air, which loses nothing in Miss Clarke's hands. We have seen Mr. Warren do better than in Sir Peter; but it is not weakly good-natured to remember, apropos of Mr. Warren, that even Homer sometimes nods.

A noticeable feature in the performance at the Museum is the minuet danced at the end of the first act. It is thrust in by the shoulders, but if we suppose Lady Sneerwell to be giving a party, it may pass for picturesqueness' sake. It is very prettily done, and it justifies itself by reminding us of a statelier age than ours. People were coarse, in a thousand ways, a hundred years ago, and if you wish to know the books Lady Teazle read, you may turn and see what Lydia Languish, in the sister comedy of *The Rivals*, hides under her sofa-cushion when her aunt comes up-stairs. But it is nevertheless obvious that the men and women who found a pleasure in dancing a minuet had a certain gravity and dignity which has passed out of the habits of the heroes and heroines of the "German." A straw may show how the wind blows, and a minuet may testify to a civilization. We watched the dance the other evening with an almost foolish pleasure; by way of a change, it was *not* realistic! The play-goer in search of realism will have gone to see Belle Lamar, by Mr. Boucicault, at the Boston Theatre, and have discovered into what swamps of vulgarity that *ignis fatuus*, in its duskier moods, may lead him.

MUSIC.

AMERICAN composers, it would seem, are bestirring themselves. Mr. John K. Paine, if report is to be believed, is again at work, having hardly given himself breathing-time after his *Saint Peter*, while Mr. Dudley Buck comes before us again with a full-fledged cantata for solos, chorus, and orchestra, following close upon the heels of the performance of his *Forty-sixth Psalm*. The *Legend of Don Munio*¹ calls itself a dramatic cantata. Excepting that it is a succession of disconnected scenes, it might well aspire to the title of an opera or operetta. The story is taken from Washington Irving's *Spanish Papers*. Don Munio de Hinojosa, a Spanish nobleman, in the time of the Spanish and Moorish wars, while hunting one morning with a large retinue, meets a Moorish cavalcade, the escort of Abadil, a Moorish prince, and Constanza, his betrothed, on their way to their wedding. The Spaniards immediately surround and capture the Moors, no doubt with an eye to a comfortable ransom. Abadil, seeing no chance of escape, throws himself upon Don Munio's generosity, offering all his gold and jewels, but begging that he and his betrothed may not be separated. Don Munio, being struck by Constanza's beauty and the unhappy plight of both her and her lover, invites them to spend a fortnight at his castle, and to celebrate their nuptials there; after which they shall have full liberty to depart. The lovers gratefully accept the invitation, and are married in due time. Just after their departure Don Munio receives a summons from the king to join in a crusade to Palestine. In this crusade he is killed, by Abadil's hand, it would seem, who did not recognize him in the *mêlée* with his visor down. While Don Munio's friends who remained in Spain are lamenting his death, Roderigo, a messenger, arrives from Palestine, saying that one evening, while walking near the Holy Sepulchre, he saw a ghostly procession of seventy Christian knights, headed by Don Munio, approach the sepulchre and then vanish. This is accepted as a proof that the Don's soul rests in peace. These incidents are interspersed with scenes which,

although they have no direct reference to the plot, give the composer some situations that are favorable to musical treatment, such as Donna Maria's (Don Munio's wife's) soliloquy in her chamber, and several scenes in the castle chapel, where divine service is conducted by Escobedo, the chaplain. The cantata is preluded by a well and concisely written overture, which we have already had occasion to notice on its first performance last season in the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association. The opening number is a chorus of huntsmen and retainers, for male voices. The stage-direction is: "Early morning. The courtyard of Don Munio's castle." It is spiritedly written, containing the customary exhortations to the chase, together with some hints of a more blood-thirsty nature, in case the hunting party should happen to flush a Moor as well as a stag. No. 2 introduces us to "The castle of Don Munio. Sunset. Donna Maria alone in her chamber." A few bars of accompanied recitative lead up to an andante in E minor, in which the Donna rather moodily descants on her husband's absence and the woes of solitude. The movement is exceedingly pleasing and refined in melody, and shows in its harmony the influence of good models. It is followed after a short bit of recitative by a quite brilliant though rather commonplace rondo in E major. No. 3: "Evening. Close of vesper service in the chapel of the castle. Escobedo, the chaplain, with the women, and such retainers as have not followed Don Munio on his expedition." A short, solemn prelude, beginning with a unison phrase on the G string and closing with full orchestra and organ, leads to the intonation of the responses to the eighth Gregorian tone, Escobedo's baritone alternating with the chorus in full harmony. This is followed by a few bars recitative and a short cantilena in E flat by Escobedo, in which he exhorts the congregation to evening prayer. No. 4 is an Ave Maria for full chorus, a melodious bit of four-part writing, abounding in rich, full harmony and effective modulations, rather of the sensuous, sentimental, Abtian sort. No. 5 takes us to Don Munio in the forest. A short recitative interspersed with horn-calls leads up to a very spirited hunting-song, with a brilliant ac-

¹ *The Legend of Don Munio. A Dramatic Cantata. Words and Music by DUDLEY BUCK. Op. 62. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.*

companionment. No. 6 describes the approach of the Moors, little hints of the Moorish march-theme cropping up every now and then in the orchestra. No. 7 is an exceedingly pretty and taking three-part chorus by the "Females of the Moorish cavalcade, singing as they journey." In No. 8 "Don Munio's retainers make their appearance from all sides, surrounding the Moors." This chorus in E minor is, to our thinking, far the strongest bit in the cantata, the strongest in fact that we have yet seen from Mr. Buck's pen. The furious theme of the Spaniards, "Down with the Moslem," is finely contrasted with the despairing "Woe, woe, utter woe" of the Moorish women. Both themes are afterwards worked up together with great ingenuity and effect. The chorus ends with a raging stretto accompanied by a perfect whirlwind on the violins and piccolo. No. 9 is a recitative and tenor aria in which Abadil makes his entreaty to Don Munio. Although well written and melodious enough, the number strikes us as weak at best, and not worthy of the rest of the work. No. 10 is a recitative followed by a short arioso, in which the Don names his terms of ransom and invites the Moorish lovers to his castle. No. 11, the closing number of the first part, is a very spirited chorus in praise of Don Munio's generosity.

Part second opens with a short, solemn orchestral prelude and recitative for Abadil, followed by a tenor aria, "O thou, my star," with a broad, pleasing, sentimental melody of rather Italian flavor, in which the lover pours forth his devotion to his mistress. No. 13, "The chapel choir singing the evening hymn," is a choral, "Jesu, dulcis memoria," though of quite different character from what we usually call chorals. It is indeed to us the most questionable piece of writing in the work. It is full of crude mediæval triad progressions and cross relations which would indeed have a certain *raison d'être* as a bit of local color, had not the composer every now and then strayed into some more sensuous, modern chromatic harmonies. As it is, these harsh progressions have at best the air of a rather affected preraphaelitism, wholly at variance with that ingenuous spontaneity which is one of the prime characteristics of Mr. Buck's usual style. No. 14 is a love-duet, sung on the castle terrace by the two lovers. In general form and treatment it is not unlike the favorite *Notte gentile*, in Gounod's *Roméo*. It

is well written, and will be probably one of the most effective numbers when the work is performed. In spite of a certain tendency to the commonplace, it is yet full of real beauties, and is generally what singers call a "repaying" number. No. 15, a joyful bridal chorus, and No. 16, a quite piquant and graceful bolero for orchestra, form the festival music incidental to the marriage of the lovers. These are followed by No. 17, a quartette without accompaniment, "It is the lot of friends to part," in which Don Munio and Donna Maria take leave of Abadil and Constanza—a sonorous and quite pleasing bit of four-part writing, fully up to the better class of four-part songs. No. 18 is a spirited duet between Don Munio and his wife, in which he announces to her his departure for Palestine, ending with a vivace movement a *due* rather of the "O sole, piu rapido" order, which is followed by No. 19, a march-like battle-hymn for male chorus, full of life and vigor. No. 20, "The chapel of the castle. Choir chanting the dirge for the dead," is an extremely beautiful requiem in the calm, solemn key of G minor. This number is the purest, as well as in every way the finest piece of sacred music that we know of Mr. Buck's. It is without the slightest trace of mawkish sentimentality or sham mediæval asceticism, and is strong, earnest, and full of real, healthy sentiment. In No. 21 Escobedo tells the assembled crowd how Don Munio came to his death, and in No. 22 Roderigo, the messenger, describes his vision at the sepulchre, in an air which, in spite of its general sentimental-ballad cut, has yet some fine points, especially the short passage in B minor at the words "All deadly pale, with visor raised, in silence moved their steady march." No. 23, the final chorus, "In thankful hymns ascending," begins with the beautiful theme with which the overture opens, followed by a very brilliant, though, it seems to us as yet, a rather trivial stretto, with quite an effective todo on the violins.

We can give no opinion of any value upon the work as a whole, until we actually hear it performed. That the work is musically written throughout is plain enough. Of marked originality we see little if any in it. It is not to be denied that many passages border dangerously on the commonplace. It seems at times almost as if Mr. Buck had nothing higher in view than to write good musical commonplaces, such as appeal directly to the generality of

hearers. His writing always evinces sound musical culture, and no mediocre degree of musical science and technical aptitude. None of his compositions, least of all this very Legend of Don Munio, smell of the lamp. They bear the mark of spontaneity upon their very surface. This does not mean by any means that the workmanship is not carefully finished. The workmanship is on the contrary often only too good, and we sometimes feel a touch of wondering ill-humor that he should often do insignificant things so well, when he has done so much that is by no means insignificant. Don Munio is as yet upon the whole rather a mystery to us. We wait for a performance to help clear it up.

—Francis Boott's *O Domine Deus*,¹ to the Latin words attributed to Mary Stuart, is, all things considered, the most sterling of the composer's songs that we know. Here we have the purely religious element, tinged with, but not obscured by one knows not what fascinating atmosphere of romanticism and poetry. Musically considered, the song has no little intrinsic beauty.

George L. Osgood's *Guide in the Art of Singing*² is a valuable addition to a class of literature in which there exists little that is really trustworthy, and very much that is bad. It is one of the most exhaustive treatises on the art of singing that we know. Basing his system upon the true old Italian method, Mr. Osgood has yet had the sense to appreciate the effect that the modern German school of vocal writing, the songs of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Franz, and the declamatory lyric drama of Wagner and others, must necessarily have upon singing and singers. Many vocal theorists, disgusted with the German method, or rather absence of method in singing, have been too prone in their Italian enthusiasm to ignore German vocal music as foreign to the proper ends of song. That this large class of vocal music has an intrinsic musical importance, which in no way justifies this neglect, is self-evident. Mr. Osgood has wisely distinguished between the Italian vocal method and the Italian style of singing, and has seen that the two are by no means inseparable, but that the Italian method, as the true one, can be applied as well to German as to Italian sing-

ing. One point of peculiar merit in Mr. Osgood's book is the very careful and elaborate exposition he has made of the means of articulating the various vowels and consonants, a point which rarely receives enough attention.

—Carl Prüfer's reprint of the complete German edition of Plaïdy's *Technical Studies for the Piano-Forte*³ is most valuable. It may be regarded as the standard work on fingering. The immense progress that has been made in the art of fingering, since Liszt, Thalberg, Tausig, Von Bulow, and others have made what at first sight appears to be a complete revolution in the art, is not to be lost sight of. But it must be remembered that whatever innovations these men have made in fingering (with perhaps the single exception of Thalberg's peculiar use of the thumb in cantilena accompanied with arpeggios) are only applicable to particular cases. The fundamental general rules for fingering are not one whit affected by them, and are as indispensable to the pianist to-day as they ever were. Plaïdy's book is not, neither does it pretend to be, a manual of "piano-forte-playing without a master." It is a complete and exhaustive compendium of all important finger-exercises, and as such cannot be too highly estimated.

—All those who are not already intensely interested in the subject will probably find Reissmann's *Geschichte des deutschen Liedes*⁴ extremely dry reading. The book indeed hardly deserves the name of a history, being little more than a most matter-of-fact chronological list of songs and song-writers, catalogued with great pains, and compared with each other with sometimes no small amount of critical acumen. But the true investigating spirit of history is almost wholly wanting. After reading the book we do not feel that we really know much more on the subject than before. None of the composers are brought before us with that graphic, vital power of delineation that makes them living realities to us, and makes us feel as if we really knew them. The book abounds in facts of the Gradgrind sort, and we can find in it, for instance, that Johann Abraham Peter Schultz lived between the years 1747 and 1800, that he wrote songs in a certain style to words

¹ *O Domine Deus*. Prayer ascribed to Mary, Queen of Scots. Music by F. BOOTT. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

² *Guide in the Art of Singing*. By GEORGE L. OSGOOD. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

³ *Technical Studies for the Piano-Forte*. By LOUIS PLAÏDY. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

⁴ *Geschichte des deutschen Liedes*. Von AUGUST REISSMANN. Berlin: Verlag von J. Guttentag (D. Colln). 1874.

written by such and such poets, and that he was a man of more importance in the history of art than Friedrich Silcher and others. The book is admirably adapted for a text-book on the old class-recitation system, and will not interfere with the stupidest scholar's rank by overburdening his brain with ideas. Nevertheless it is not without its value as a catalogue of conscientiously collected facts.

—In strong contrast to the foregoing is Ludovic Celler's *Les Origines de l'Opéra*,¹ which is by far one of the most readable and diverting books we have met with. It is a little odd that the author should have used a plural in his title, as the greater part of the book is taken up with describing the performance of Baltazarini's *Circé*, otherwise called *Le Ballet de la Reine*, at the court of Henri III., to celebrate the nuptials of the Duc de Joyeuse and Marguerite de Vaudémont de Lorraine. According to the author, this *Circé* was the first spectacular performance in which dancing, music, and *mise en scène* were united in a manner to deserve the name of opera. According to Celler, *Circé* was really the first opera.

Not only the work itself, but the circumstances connected with its composition and performance, together with the manners and morals of Henri's court, are described in that inimitable French familiar style, which is the more fascinating that it conceals so much real learning and sound knowledge. The author's grasp of his subject is evidently perfect. One feels that in every line. But he handles his materials so lightly and deftly that all his dry details become irresistibly amusing. Even his account of the instruments of which the orchestra was made up, and the notation of the score, is made diverting by a skillful use of language and a not-to-be-silenced wit. In reading the book, we feel that we are personally acquainted with the king, composer, lovers, queen, and all the court. The author makes the whole mode of life and court etiquette so real to us, he plunges us into such an atmosphere of the sixteenth century, that the *raison d'être* of the whole pageant of *Circé* appears on the very surface. The thing carries the conviction of its own why and wherefore with it. Would that history were oftener written in the same spirit!

EDUCATION.

THE subject of a Higher Education for Woman is now in that state of moral effervescence which most ideas reach before arriving at any degree of excellence. We must, accordingly, await results, trusting that in time, between the froth and the dregs of discussion will remain much pure wine of truth, and that the day may not be far distant when we may be allowed to partake of it. Through all the differing shades of opinion entertained upon this subject, all agree that many and grave errors exist in the present systems of female education. The question as to what method can be adopted to secure thoroughness and allow to woman a high degree of culture, without sacrificing her physical welfare, continues to press for an answer.

Since, at such a time, no suggestions can come amiss which aim to throw a ray of light in the right direction, we desire to call

attention to a method of instruction in great favor in Paris. This method was founded by M. Colart, and is continued with very great success by M. Remy. As it has now stood the test of more than sixty years' experience, it is at least entitled to consideration.

M. Remy meets his classes but once a week, and then for a session of only two hours. This weekly recitation is nothing more or less than a careful examination of the pupils in the lessons of the previous week, but it proves so exhaustive that the pupils are obliged to devote from three to five hours each day, with the aid of parent, governess, or tutor, to their preparation. Each girl is invariably accompanied to recitations by either governess or parent. It is, indeed, quite common to see *both* parents present, busily engaged in writing the answers to the questions propounded, to be

¹ *Les Origines de l'Opéra et le Ballet de la Reine.* (1581). Par LUDOVIC CELLER. Paris: Librairie Académique, Didier et Cie.

(The last two books are to be had at Messrs. Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.)

afterwards compared with the daughter's. A delightful companionship is suggested by this community in mental pursuits.

In the classes the girls are seated in chairs placed around a long table; M. Remy occupying the middle seat at one side, while the parents and other persons present are accommodated with chairs placed in rows, as one sees at "parlor lectures."

Order being secured, the first thing done by all present is to make a note of the lessons to be learned the coming week. These are always written beforehand upon a blackboard which hangs back of the professor. This done, M. Remy proceeds to read two or three essays selected from the whole number which have been handed in. After the few words of comment suggested by the essays, follows the recitation in poetry. About forty lines are committed weekly; and, as the brief session of two hours would by no means admit of each pupil's reciting the whole, M. Remy calls upon one (we will say Mlle. A.) to begin. Mlle. A. responds promptly with the first two lines; being then interrupted by the professor's "Très bien, Mademoiselle; maintenant, Mlle. X.," Mlle. X. takes up the dropped thread, to be followed by any one whom M. Remy may chance to select. There being no regular order of succession, no pupil knows when her turn may come. It will therefore readily be perceived what complete attention is secured, and how impossible it is for any pupil to resort to subterfuge to insure her own portion.

The recitation in poetry is the only verbal one. That finished, each pupil opens one of the pile of exercise books in front of her, in preparation for recitation in history.

M. Remy by no means confines himself to the formal questions of the text-book, but makes questions of his own concerning whatever of importance the lesson suggests. Each pupil is expected to look up, by aid of encyclopedia or whatever other authority may be available, all points which will serve to a better understanding of the period of which the lesson treats. The first question being asked, each pupil proceeds to write her answer. When finished, she holds up her book for inspection by the assistant teacher who has her in charge. There are several of these assistant lady-teachers. They take their positions behind the young ladies, walking from one to another to overlook the books submitted to their criticism. If the answer proves satisfactory, the pupil receives a small counter.

At the end of each recitation the number of counters received by each pupil is set down opposite her name in the report book, thus showing unfailingly the grade of excellence.

Each lesson is conducted in the manner described as employed in history, the only sounds which one hears being the scratch of the busy pens, and M. Remy's questions. Never have we seen two hours more profitably employed, and, it may be added, judging from the animated expression of the girls' faces, never more satisfactorily.

It is impossible to convey any just idea of the dispatch attained, and the intense interest manifested in these lessons. The pupils are evidently completely *en rapport* with their instructor, who, in his turn, comports himself toward each of them as a courtier might toward his sovereign lady.

Prizes are awarded for certain degrees of excellence in the different branches. To obtain the prize in history, it is necessary to answer intelligently five hundred questions. As the course covers a period of only twenty-six weeks, and as during this period there are only *weekly* recitations, it is easy to imagine the amount of real work which is necessary to success.

It is just the peculiarity of the weekly session which we wish to consider. While it may not be advisable for all, it is especially adapted to meet the wants of that large class of girls whose health will not admit of regular and close confinement to the duties of the school-room. One perceives at a glance that with this method all danger of periodical over-exertion of mind or body can, with proper forethought, be avoided, thus securing during the *critical period* that entire rest which Dr. Clarke so wisely recommends.

This form of teaching may be essentially characterized as the *elastic method*. For it is so in more senses than one. Pecuniarily speaking, when carried on with several hours' help daily from a tutor or governess, it is of course very expensive. But where circumstances make economy necessary, an ambitious girl can prepare her lessons with the help of only a few hours' study during the week. In many cases, indeed, when either parent chooses to assist the child, this additional expense of private visiting governess can be dispensed with altogether.

The fact must not be overlooked that in these recitations each pupil is required to answer *all* questions in *writing*. The immense advantage thus secured of keeping

the pupils' minds strictly upon the subject, with no chance to wander, cannot be overestimated.

The crying evil of our present methods of instruction is undoubtedly "overcrowding" of the mind, and, as a result, mental indigestion. Cases are far too frequent of girls from twelve to fourteen years of age found studying geography, arithmetic, history, French, Latin, and music—and all these to be prepared for *daily* recitation! We can no more expect the mind to receive lasting impressions from the spasmodic glimpses which such a system affords, than we can expect a satisfactory photograph by sitting before the camera only one half the time required to procure a suitable impression. The result in both cases is much the same—and the physical blur in the one case is but too typical of the mental blur in the other.

Why cannot parents be contented if a child under ten years of age be taught absolutely nothing but reading, writing, and spelling? During the period from ten to twelve, if elementary arithmetic and geography be added, it is all that most children are capable of managing. It would be far better to prolong the time devoted to each study, giving one portion in advance and one in review, than to distract the mind with more branches.

At this age most children are or should be required to memorize daily. Every one is aware how retentive the memory is, of all which is thoroughly committed in early youth. The attempt, then, prematurely to force upon the mind of a child a knowledge of sciences, which require maturity of mental powers to appreciate, is worse than folly. Far better to store the memory with the thoughts of our old and best authors in both prose and poetry, thus securing a rich mine for future use.

We subjoin extracts from M. Remy's circular:—

Deux Cours Élémentaires. Mardi, midi. (Pupils from 5 to 7 years old.) Lecture et Orthographe simultanées; Dictées de mots; Exercices de mémoire raisonnés; Éléments de grammaire. Éléments de géographie physique et d'arithmétique. Histoire sainte. Rois de France par race et par siècle; Histoire de la 1^{re} race.

Vendredi, midi. (Pupils from 6 to 8.) Exercices de mémoire; Grammaire proprement dite; Orthographe d'usage (initiales et médiales); Verbes de la 1^{re} conjugaison; Dictées faciles; Arithmétique. Histoire

sainte repassée; Histoire ancienne; Géographie ancienne. Mythologie des Égyptiens et des Perses. Histoire de France (faits principaux des deux premières races). Géographie physique d'Europe.

Quatre Cours Moyens. Mercredi, 11 h. $\frac{3}{4}$. (Pupils from 7 to 10.) Orthographe d'usage (finales) et de règles; Verbes réguliers. Analyse grammaticale; Homonymes; Dictées; Exercices de mémoire. Arithmétique. Histoire grecque et Géographie des pays grecs; Mythologie. Histoire de France (faits principaux de la 3^e race jusqu'à Louis XII). Géographie physique des cinq parties du monde; Provinces de France et Départements.

Samedi, 2 heures. (Pupils from 10 to 12.) Exercices de mémoire; Orthographe de règles; Verbes et Homonymes difficiles; Analyse logique élémentaire. Dictées; Problèmes d'arithmétique; Fractions. Histoire romaine et fin de la Géographie ancienne. Fin de la mythologie. Histoire de France (3^e race: de François 1^{er} à Napoléon III). Géographie détaillée d'Europe et d'Asie.

Mardi, 2 h. $\frac{1}{2}$. (Pupils from 14 to 15.) Exercices de mémoire; Orthographe: Participes; Analyse logique; Famille de mots; Dictées; Narrations. Arithmétique: Exposition du système métrique. Histoire raisonnée de la France et de ses provinces. Départements de France, Préfectures, et Sous-Préfectures. Géographie détaillée d'Afrique, d'Amérique, et d'Océanie.

Mercredi, 2 heures. (Pupils from 13 to 15.) *Art poétique* (deux premiers chants); Syntaxe proprement dite. Synonymes; Paronymes; Compositions variées; Dictées. Cosmographie (1^{re} partie). Histoires de France et d'Angleterre comparées. Géographie détaillée de la France et de l'Angleterre.

Trois Cours Supérieurs. Vendredi, 2 h. $\frac{1}{2}$. (Pupils from 15 to 17.) *Art poétique* (deux derniers chants); Éléments de logique. Rhétorique; Philologie; Compositions variées. Cosmographie (2^e partie) avec problèmes. Histoire et Géographie du moyen-âge.

Jeudi, 2 heures. (Pupils of 16 and over.) Littérature ancienne et moderne de tous les peuples. Compositions et Dissertations. Histoire de chaque nation depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. Ce cours exige deux années.

Lundi, 2 heures. Cours d'Histoire contemporaine. (Pupils from 16 to 20.) M. Remy, Professeur. Exposé et développe-

ment impartial des événements accomplis dans les différentes parties du monde depuis 1815 jusqu'à nos jours.

Samedi, midi. Sciences naturelles. (Pupils from 15 to 20.) M. Paulin Teulière, Professeur. Physique ; Chimie ; Géologie ; Phytologie ; Zoologie.

— The East is rapidly opening to modern ideas and to new methods. Newsboys cry their papers under the walls of St. Sophia, and the telegraph reports at Constantinople the evil deeds of local governors at Bagdad or in the Kurdish mountains. A strong evidence of this new life amid the ruins of antiquity is found in the present demand for schools of a high character in Turkey, Egypt, and Persia. The Robert College at Constantinople has been successfully established by the munificence of a New York merchant. Another college has been founded at Beirut in Syria, for the Arabic-speaking inhabitants of Syria, Egypt, and Arabia. Both of these institutions are well patronized, but neither of them meets the wants of the interior of Asia Minor.

American missionaries have been laboring with success in that part of Turkey for the past forty years. Most of those missionaries have gone from New England, and they have carried with them the seeds of New England culture and have planted those seeds in the rich soil of that Eastern land. One result is that those who are awakened to a new intellectual and spiritual life ask for sympathy and aid in establishing a college at a well-chosen locality in Central Turkey.¹ The city of Aintab, where the college is to be, is about one hundred miles east of the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean Sea. The college will reach many millions of people,

¹ Constitution and By-laws of the Central Turkey College. Boston : Congregational House. 1874.

among whom there is no other institution of learning of high grade ; it will be open alike to the representatives of all nations and of all religions. One who has long lived in Turkey, and whose opinion is entitled to great weight, in writing of the proposed college says : —

“ The old civilizations of the many races and religions of Turkey are rapidly disintegrating, and some reconstruction or other must follow. A Christian college in these circumstances will have an influence for good, impossible to any similar institution in a normal state of society.”

We are glad to see that there is to be a medical department connected with the college, and that one well-qualified professor for that department is already on his way to Aintab. Among the many and hearty recommendations of the new college we notice especially those of Drs. Hamlin and Bliss, the able presidents of the institutions already established. The ultimate result of the introduction of the higher education into the Turkish Empire is a question of the deepest interest. How will Mohammedanism bear the shock ? What new revelations will follow in antiquarian research ?

That Eastern minds are capable of a high degree of intellectual development, there can no longer be a doubt. Certainly all friends of progress and civilization must wish success to these efforts of American citizens to introduce our methods of intellectual culture among the subjects of the Sultan.

“ Those who aid the proposed college,” writes Dr. Hamlin, “ will throw the transforming power of a high Christian education right into the heart of this great and dark empire. To what nobler purpose can wealth be applied ? ”